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DON CARLOS AND PHILIP II.*

THE DEMON OF THE SOUTH.

THE ROMANCE OF TRAGEDY.

THE arrest and death of Don Carlos, the source of stupefaction and of a thousand wild surmises to contemporaries, have ever since remained one of the mysterious problems of history. The tragic destiny of the youthful heir of the immense monarchy of Spain, the son of Philip II., the grandson of Charles V., and the descendant of Charles the Bold, has assumed a romantic form when viewed through the transforming medium of poetry; but the purposes of history can only be served by the sober reality of evidence; and our knowledge of the character of the mysterious monarch, who enveloped himself in the darkness of counsels inscrutable to the wisest of his time, who exercised so terrible an influence on the course of human affairs, and earned for himself in the North the

appellation of the "Demon of the South," is, as might be expected, capable of being considerably increased by a true explanation of the history of Don Carlos, and the motives of his unnatural father. This dark story has now been elicited by the scrupulous activity and enterprise of M. Gachard, from a mass of state papers, reports of ambassadors, and other documents reposing hitherto unexamined in the archives of almost every country in Europe. It cannot be said that no uncertainty remains as to what was the veritable character of the unhappy prince; perhaps his weaknesses might have been corrected, his capacity improved, and his moral nature elevated by the influence of proper education and mild and salutary discipline, in a congenial atmosphere of sympathy and affection; but at least by the labors of M. Gachard the veil of mystery is completely raised from his short and hapless life. The archives of Simancas, of Paris, of Belgium and Holland, of Vienna, of Turin, of the Vatican, the State Paper Office, and the British Museum, have all been thoroughly investigated for the purposes of the present

* *Don Carlos et Philippe II.* Par M. GACHARD, de l'Académie Royale des Sciences, des Lettres, et des Beaux Arts de Belgique, &c. 2nde Edition. Paris: 1867.

volume. From the archives of Vienna especially the letters of the Baron von Dietrichstein, the imperial envoy at the court of Madrid, form a most trustworthy addition to the documentary sources of knowledge on this subject, since the Emperor and Empress of Germany had a more lively interest than any of their contemporary sovereigns in being kept accurately informed of the truth respecting Don Carlos, who was betrothed to the Archduchess Anne, their own daughter.

The mother of this unfortunate prince was Doña Maria, an Infanta of Portugal, daughter of John II. and Catherine of Austria, the sister of Charles V. Her marriage with the heir of Charles V. was an alliance dictated by policy, which the correspondence of age and of personal qualities in bride and bridegroom rendered of more happy augury than is usual in such unions. The Spaniards regarded with pleasure this renewed tie between the two monarchies of the Iberian peninsula. Philip was sixteen and a half years of age, while Doña Maria was but a few months younger. The Prince of the Asturias was regarded as one of the most promising heirs of royalty of his time, and his personal appearance was good and remarkable. Maria of Portugal was possessed likewise of a graceful person and an agreeable face, with a captivating smile. The marriage was solemnized at Salamanca, on the 15th of November, 1543, and Don Carlos was born nearly two years after, on the 8th of July, 1545, at Valladolid, where Philip had fixed his residence. The news of the birth of an heir to the crown of Spain was received with rapture, both by the nation and Charles V., who was then holding the diet of the empire at Worms. This joy, however, was speedily changed into universal mourning over the untimely fate of the youthful mother, who died four days after her delivery. Philip was afflicted with profound grief, and retired into complete privacy at the monastery of Albrojo, whence he only returned to Valladolid two days after the child Don Carlos had undergone the ceremony of baptism in that city.

If we are to believe the report which Paolo Tiepolo, the Venetian ambassador, made eighteen years later to the senate, Don Carlos from his very birth manifested savage instincts, and began by

biting the breast of his nurse. Three nurses, we are told, received such injuries from the infant mouth of the Prince, that they nearly died of their effects. But it is clear that no reliance can be placed on such scraps of tittle-tattle picked up in the antechambers of the palace at Madrid long after they are said to have happened. M. Gachard has not sufficiently put the reader on his guard against the loose and indiscriminate statements which tell against Don Carlos, in the reports of the Venetian ambassadors and others, based principally on information obtained from the courtiers of Philip II., when the sure way to the King's favor was to speak ill of the son. Up, however, to the time of the termination of a nearly fatal illness of Don Carlos, Philip seems to have fulfilled, as far as was compatible with his nature and his religious opinions, the part of a not unnatural father. He gave the infant a governess, Doña Leonor de Mascareñas, a Portuguese lady of high birth, and requested her to treat the child as a mother. He placed him under the protection of his aunts, Doña Maria and Doña Juana, sisters of the King, who lived at Alcalá de Henares, from whence the child was brought to Valladolid, on the occasion of the marriage of Doña Maria with the Archduke Maximilian in the same city, an event which left Don Carlos under the sole guardianship of Doña Juana. Both these princesses exhibited the liveliest affection and solicitude for the welfare of their nephew as long as he lived, and wept over his lamentable fate with deep affliction. As the latter was subsequently eager to marry him herself, and the former was equally eager to see him married to her daughter, it is not probable that he was so incorrigible a madman or so great a monster as Philip and his courtiers endeavored to persuade the world. When Don Carlos was six years of age he was deprived likewise of his aunt Doña Juana, who married Don Juan, the heir-presumptive of the crown of Portugal. The prince showed, at this early age, that craving for sympathy and affection which was his characteristic through life. He wept bitterly for three days saying, "What will become of the child (*el niño*, as he called himself), all alone here, without father or mother, my grandfather being in Germany and my father in

Monzon?*" And the boy threw himself into the arms of Don Louis Sarmiento, one of his attendants (who had orders to accompany the princess), and prayed for his speedy return. Philip saw very little of his infant son, as he passed most of his time in Flanders, but he gave him a governor at the age of seven, and a tutor at the age of eight. The tutor appointed was Honorato Juan, who appears to have been a man of considerable learning in the classical languages and in mathematics, and to have fulfilled his charge with diligence, although, from the blame which was subsequently thrown on the early education of Don Carlos, it is probable that the duties of the early discipline and moral government of the Prince were not performed with proper judgment and vigilance. The early progress of the Prince in his studies was, however, satisfactory. Both the Emperor and Philip gave directions about their conduct, and appear to have expressed satisfaction in the result. The Emperor shortly afterwards had himself an opportunity of forming his own judgment of his grandson, when he passed through Valladolid on his way to the retreat at Yuste, when he had taken the extraordinary resolution of laying aside the imperial crown, and passing the rest of his life in a lonely monastery of Estremadura. The young Prince of the Asturias was then once more living under the protection of his aunt, the Doña Juana, who had become a widow after a brief marriage with Don Juan of Portugal, and was fulfilling the office of Regent of Spain in the absence of Philip. Don Carlos had, indeed, occupied the royal seat at the great ceremony at Valladolid, when it was proclaimed that Philip had taken possession of the crown of Spain. He sat under a dais of rich brocade, with the ambassador of Portugal on his right, the prelates, the grandees, and the great dignitaries of the court and council grouped around him, and the heralds-at-arms in front. When the *corregidor* and the *ayuntamiento* of the town brought the standard of Castille, Don Carlos rose, took it in his hands, and waving it with the aid of his governor, Don Antonio de Rojas, cried aloud, "Castille! Castille!

for the King, Don Philip, our Lord." On the news of the approach of his grandson, Don Carlos showed the liveliest symptoms of joy, and desired to go to meet him. He was persuaded, however, to send merely a letter of congratulation, and await the Emperor's pleasure. Charles appointed to meet his grandson at the village Cabezon, two leagues from Valladolid, and during his stay of two weeks at that city passed much of his time with the future heir of the monarchy. We are left in doubt as to what was the real impression made on his mind by his intercourse with his grandson. According to the almoner of the Prince—Osorio—Charles was so delighted with Don Carlos that he desired him to have a place at the council-board when important matters were discussed. According to others, he said to the dowager-queen, Eleanor, the widow of Francis I., "It seems to me he is very turbulent. His manner and disposition do not please me. I do not know what he may not become some day." And Cabrera* relates that Charles even reprimanded the boy for the little respect he showed to his aunt. Nothing, indeed, is more probable than that Doña Juana, who was still a young and pleasing person, and who, indeed, later wished to marry Don Carlos herself, should have petted the youth, and made of him a spoiled child. The little difference in their ages rendered her an unfitting guardian for a boy who needed, above all things, a severe discipline to subdue a stubborn and wilful nature. Two examples of the obstinacy of his disposition had indeed struck the attention of Charles V. himself. One of these excited the Emperor's laughter, and might be regarded as not of bad augury; the other would hardly bear a good interpretation.

The first instance occurred while Charles was narrating to his grandson the circumstances of his flight from the Elector Maurice—for the boy was never weary of questioning his grandfather about the wars in which he had been engaged. Don Carlos exclaimed with passion that he would never have fled; and

* A small town of Aragon, where the Cortes were assembled.

* The testimony of Cabrera should be received with some suspicion, when it tells against Don Carlos. M. Gachard has shown that many of his statements are not truthful. It must be remembered that he wrote under the reign of a monarch who profited by the punishment and death of Don Carlos.

on the Emperor attempting to prove to him that flight was inevitable in some cases, he replied that *he* would never be induced to fly, and with such a mien of exasperation as roused the mirth of all his hearers. In the other case, he had set his desires on possessing a stove which the Emperor had brought from Flanders for his personal use, and only desisted from his importunate requests by the assurance of Charles that he should have it after his own decease.

Not long after the Emperor had settled himself down in his monastic retreat in Estremadura, it appears that the Prince gave less satisfaction in his studies, which made so little progress, that both his governor, Don Garcia de Toledo, and Doña Juana, his aunt, besought Charles to have his grandson with him at Yuste in order that his authority might exercise a check upon the boy's unruly disposition; but the imperial hermit, who had gone into retirement with a fixed intention of leading as easy a life as was compatible with his constant fits of gout, was not anxious to assume the supervision of an intractable grandson, and turned a deaf ear to the suggestion.

Statements of the cruelty of his nature at this early age, and the extreme violence and obstinacy of his disposition, are to be found in the relation of Badoer, the Venetian ambassador accredited to Philip II. in the Low Countries. But since Badoer never was in Spain, no great reliance can be given to his statements. To this ambassador are attributed stories that Don Carlos roasted hares alive and bit off the head of a large asp. If such things really happened, the education and guardianship of the Prince must have been shamefully conducted. Other marks of character recorded by Badoer, such as his great eagerness for stories about war, excessive pride exhibited in unwillingness to stand cap in hand before his father and grandfather, and a fondness for rich dresses, may have been true enough, but were no signs of a bad and incorrigible disposition. However, with the horrible spectacles of *autos da fe* before his eyes, and the necessity imposed upon the young Prince of beholding them, it would have been but natural that he should acquire a taste for cruel sports. On the 21st of May, 1559, Don Carlos, with Doña Juana and all the

Court, was present at one of these abominable holocausts on the *Plaza mayor* of Valladolid. This detestable exhibition lasted for twelve hours, from seven in the morning to seven at night. Seven victims were burnt alive; a dozen others having recanted their heresies were strangled with the *garrote* and their corpses then delivered to the flames; a score of others were admitted to reconciliation and consigned again to a prison which was for the most part their tomb. After the sentences had been read, and the sermon called the sermon of *faith* preached, the inquisitor of Valladolid advanced to the royal platform and demanded that the young Prince and Doña Juana, the *gobernadora*, should swear to maintain the Holy Office and reveal every word and deed which should come to their knowledge against the Catholic Faith. On the 8th of October of the same year another exhibition of these human sacrifices took place on the *Plaza mayor* of Madrid, and at that also Don Carlos was present seated by the side of his father, who had just returned from Flanders. It was on this occasion that Philip made the horrible speech called the *famosa sentencia* by his Catholic panegyrists. As one of the victims was being led to the *quemadero*, he reproached the King with the cruelty of his fate, when Philip replied that if his son should offend against the Catholic Church, he himself would bear the fagots for his burning. Familiarized with such spectacles, it were little wonder indeed if the Prince, as Badoer relates, did really amuse himself with the burning of living animals. Don Carlos would but have practised on dumb creatures the same cruelties as Philip perpetrated upon human beings.

From henceforward Philip continued to reside in Spain. His return to his native country had been welcomed with the liveliest demonstrations of national joy. From the time that by the extinction of the national dynasty the crown of Spain had passed into the House of Austria, the kingdom had suffered lamentably from the continued absence of the sovereign. During his reign of forty years Charles V. had barely passed fifteen or sixteen summers in the chief seat of his dominions. Philip had been absent ever since the abdication of the Emperor.

The prolonged absence of the chief authority had thrown the affairs of the kingdom into the greatest disorder. The gravest questions remained unsettled; the obedience of the chief nobles, the diligence of the chief officers of state, were relaxed; and the Ministers distributed offices and favors according to their own caprices and private interests, to the great prejudice of the Government and the discontent of the nation, which was exhausted by the excessive supplies of money and men exacted from it year after year to sustain the authority of their princes in foreign countries. Philip II., who was a true Spaniard at heart and enjoyed residence in no country but Spain, acquiesced willingly in the national desire for his return, and not only for the remaining thirty-nine years of his life never quitted the country, but there is reason to believe, in spite of all demonstrations to the contrary, never intended to do so.

The victories of Saint Quentin and Gravelines, after which he had concluded the advantageous peace of Câteau Cambresis with France, enabled him to come back to Spain at this period. This treaty has an especial interest in connection with Don Carlos, since it was arranged by that convention that the Prince of the Asturias should marry Elizabeth de Valois, the daughter of Catherine de Medici, the course of whose destiny indeed forms a curious parallel to that of Don Carlos although romance has entirely transfigured the character of their relations.

At the time of the conclusion of that treaty Mary Tudor was living; but in the following year the death of the English Queen made Philip a widower, and the monarch determined to take the place of Don Carlos in the arrangements of Câteau Cambresis, and thus immediately secure all the advantages of the French alliance. Elizabeth of Valois, called subsequently *Isabella della Paz* by the Spaniards, by whom she was extremely beloved, was the grandniece of Charles V. and the granddaughter of Francis I. Henry VIII. was her godfather, and from him she received the name Elizabeth. She is declared by Brantôme to have been the very best princess of her time, and to have been loved by all the world. She was not only adorned with the utmost

grace of mind and person, with expressive black eyes and abundant hair of the same color, but was of an extremely amiable and sensitive nature. Elizabeth had received her education in company with Mary Stuart, and the Latin themes of the two princesses and their correspondence in Latin are still extant, and afford an interesting example of the manner in which the education of the daughters of royal families was then conducted. At the time of her marriage with Philip she was fourteen and Philip thirty-two years of age. She appears to have looked forward to the prospect of a life with Philip with dismay, and the circumstances attending her entry were not of happy augury. On taking leave of the King of Navarre, who conducted her to the frontier, she fainted in his arms; and she entered Spain on the 4th of January, 1560, during a terrible snow-storm, the worst known for thirty years. Her first resting-place was the monastery of Roncesvalles. At that place she was delivered over to the representatives of Philip and the ceremonious rigor of the Spaniards. The difficulties of etiquette, and the jealousy of French and Spanish attendants—which always attended the intermarriages of France and Spain—joined with the inclemency of the weather, did nothing to allay the forebodings of the young princess. The arrogance and despotic airs of the *camerera mayor*, the Countess d'Urcigna, were inflexible during the journey. Her first meeting with Philip took place on the 30th of January, at Guadalajara, but the bridegroom was stern and unamiable, for as the frightened child looked anxiously at the features of her future husband, he said: "What are you staring at?—to see if I have gray hairs" (*Que mirais? si tengo cañas*)? They were married on the morrow, and on the 12th of February the Queen entered Toledo in a solemn procession which lasted six hours, from one to seven in the evening. Elizabeth was received at the palace by Don Carlos, accompanied by Don Juan of Austria, his uncle, and Alexander Farnese, both of whom were of the same age as the Prince, and educated with him, and both of whom were destined to play so prominent a part in history. Don Carlos had just recovered from one of the fevers which ravaged his

youth, for he was naturally of a sickly constitution, which was increased by the little care he took of his diet. The interview of the new Queen of Spain with the heir apparent, to whom she originally had been betrothed, must naturally have excited curiosity on both sides; but there is no reason for believing that the young and graceful princess could possibly be struck with a sudden passion for a fallow-faced sickly boy of fifteen, and the interest she afterwards displayed in him may fairly be attributed to the sympathy excited by his delicate health and his misfortunes.

Ten days after her entry into Toledo, the heir to the crown received the oath of allegiance to the Cortes. The procession with which he passed through the streets to the portal of the cathedral was one of great magnificence. The young Prince, in a splendid costume, rode a white horse nobly caparisoned, beside Don Juan of Austria, while before him were marshalled Alexander Farnese and a crowd of the greatest nobles of Spain. He appears to have conducted himself with suitable dignity, and, on the Duke of Alva omitting to kiss his hand, according to the etiquette of the ceremony, he rebuked him with a look of authority which made the Duke apologize for his neglect. Nevertheless the fever which consumed him still held its course, and not long after he was sent, for the benefit of purer air, once more to Alcalá de Henarès, about six leagues from Madrid, to pursue his studies in company with Don Juan and Alexander Farnese in the residence built for the archbishops of Toledo. While here a calamitous accident threatened to put an end to his life, and its effects probably had an enduring influence on his disposition. On the 18th of April, 1562, he had made an assignation in the garden of the palace with a pretty girl, a daughter of one of the door-keepers of the place. Immediately after an early repast he hurried off with precipitation to keep his appointment. Eager to escape observation, and with thoughtless haste, he descended the winding steps of a steep back staircase, missed his footing, and fell headlong against a door at the bottom which had been purposely closed to put a stop to these secret meetings. His cries brought his

attendants to the spot, and he was carried to his room. It was found that he had a wound on the back of his head. The cut was dressed, the operation causing great pain, and he was put to bed. He perspired profusely for an hour and a half, when he took medicine, and eight ounces of blood were taken from him. On the news of his son's accident, Philip displayed every sign of emotion, and throughout the whole of this illness he watched over him with paternal solicitude. He despatched his own physicians to attend the Prince. But their skill was of no avail. Don Carlos continued to be consumed with a violent fever, accompanied with pains in the head, the neck, and in his right leg, and on the eleventh day after the wound he was considered in such a critical state that a bulletin was despatched to the King. Philip II. was engaged in an audience with the ambassador of France when two gentlemen came close one upon the other with news of his son's increasing illness, and of the decision which the physicians had come to that the skull of the young Prince ought to be laid open and examined. The King started off the same night for Alcalá, and took with him Andre Vesale, the great anatomist then attached to his person. The young Prince got rapidly worse; he suffered in turns from fever, head-ache, vomiting, sleeplessness, inflammation of the face, defective vision, paralysis of the right leg, extreme prostration, and delirium, and his lips looked like the lips of a corpse. Philip ordered public prayers to be offered for his recovery in the churches, and he himself passed hours on his knees in supplication for the life of his only child. Happy indeed had it been both for father and son if the prayer had been ineffectual. The King was unremitting in his attendance at his son's sick bed; he was present at all the consultations, some of which lasted six hours; he was observed by the ambassadors to have his eyes full of tears as he watched the deathly pallor of the prince's features, and his sorrow excited universal compassion. The Duke of Alva, Don Garcia de Toledo, Luis Quijada, Honorato Juan, and all the attendants of the Prince, rivalled each other in unceasing zeal; and all Spain took part in the King's affliction.

The churches were crowded with supplicants. At Madrid there were processions day and night—crowds subjected themselves to penitential discipline. At Toledo they counted three thousand five hundred of such penitents. The Queen, Elizabeth of Valois, and Doña Juana, passed nights in prayer before an image of the Virgin: Doña Juana even went barefoot on pilgrimage to the Segovian monastery of Nuestra Señora de la Consolación. Nine physicians and surgeons were congregated round the sick boy's couch; they exhausted all the remedies of such art as they possessed; and on the 8th of May declared the Prince had but three or four hours to live. The King was besought to spare himself the pain of the young Prince's last agony; and he departed from Alcalá in the middle of a dark and tempestuous night, in unspeakable grief, ill himself with a fever, the result of the severe trial of body and mind through which he had passed, and leaving behind him instructions for the performance of the obsequies of his son.

After the departure of the King, André Vesale and the doctors held another consultation, the result of which was that they resolved to trepan the skull. The operation was performed. Shortly after, in accordance with the superstitions of the time, the body of a monk, Fray Diego, who had died in the odor of sanctity, was brought into the chamber of the Prince, and the patient was requested to touch it. It is said that he immediately felt relieved, and that a vision of the monk appeared to him the same evening. The state of the Prince improved from that hour, and the amelioration was ascribed, not to the operation of trepanning, but to the intervention of Fray Diego. A Morocco doctor was also called from Valencia, at the request of the King, and his ointments were applied to the wound; and after various other chirurgical expedients, the life of the Prince was, on or about the 16th of May, declared to be out of danger.

The King returned to Alcalá soon after the first news of the favorable change, and remained another week by his son's side, who was not, however, able to leave his bed before the 14th of June. The wound was entirely healed before the first of July, when he quitted

Alcalá to join the royal family at Madrid, and was received in triumph by the people and the grandees of Spain.

During this illness Don Carlos was the object of universal care and affection, from the King down to the King's lowest subject; and it was, consequently, in this sense the most interesting period of his brief existence, for not long after his recovery discord between the father and son arose and became constant, till it degenerated on both sides into fixed and inextinguishable contempt and hatred. After his recovery from the effects of his fall, the young Prince was again attacked by the fever, which never left him except at rare intervals. Its intensity was aggravated by the excesses of the table to which he abandoned himself. Nothing could be more repulsive to the sober and precise Philip II. than such gluttonous extravagance; and he reprimanded his son severely, who submitted to his rebuke in anger and sullenness. The Prince was the less inclined to receive kindly his father's admonitions in this respect, as he nourished an ill-concealed rancor against his parent for not having already admitted him to a participation in some of the great offices of state, and for not having been entrusted with the government of some of the provinces. Philip at an earlier age, had been loaded by his father with dignities of the most important character, and Don Carlos chafed and raged in desperation from a sense of neglect and insignificance. At the age of nineteen, however, Philip II. admitted him to a seat at the council of state, and reorganized the establishment of his household on a more princely footing; but these favors were more than counterbalanced in the eyes of the Prince by the appointment of Ruy Gomez de Silva, the Prince of Eboli, the great confidant of Philip from his earliest youth, to the charge of *ayo* and Grand Master of the heir-apparent. To Ruy Gomez, Don Carlos had ever shown a violent antipathy; he always accounted him through life his greatest enemy, and he behaved towards him with great violence on several occasions, and used menaces of future vengeance, which were carried to the ears of Philip, who had placed his early associates and most devoted attendants about the person of Don Carlos express-

ly for the purpose of keeping a closer watch on his actions. The young Prince was perfectly sensible that he was subjected to a system of espionage, but so far from endeavoring to conceal his ill-humor, he broke loose on all occasions with increasing bitterness against the treatment of his father and the want of consideration which was given to his position as heir-apparent.

The portraits given of him by various ambassadors at this period agree with each other in representing him as of somewhat low stature, with one leg shorter than the other, and one shoulder higher than its fellow; he had a slight hump upon his back; his chest was hollow, his forehead low, his eyes gray, his beard small, his hair brown; his voice was squeaking, and he articulated with difficulty, especially the letters *l* and *r*; he took no pleasure in the practice of arms, or riding, or in the exercises common to the youth of his time; he was obstinate in his opinions; his manners were rough to all the world; and he showed himself especially hostile to the attendants his father placed about him.

Such are the strange anomalies attached to royal birth, that this eccentric cripple, whose life had, been despaired of at the age of fourteen, and who was destined to leave a name of gloom and terror as the victim of his own passions and of his father's severity, was an object of intrigue to nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. Not a single court, with the exception of that of Elizabeth of England, who herself in a jesting way complained that they had not married her to Don Carlos, but wanted to give a wife to this sickly, passionate youth, and not a single princess but would have been proud to accept his hand. As long as there was any hope left, the negotiations were incessant. Among the princesses to whom it was proposed to marry him, were Marguerite de Valois, afterwards the wife of Henri IV., Mary Queen of Scots, his aunt Doña Juana, and the Archduchess Anne of Austria. The wily Catherine de Medicis, besides trying every diplomatic manœuvre through her ambassadors, wrote the most pressing letters to her daughter Elizabeth to use all her influence to bring about the marriage of Don Carlos with her only unmarried daughter, and never desisted

from her pertinacity till Philip II. himself was obliged to inform her that his engagements would not permit him to encourage her hopes any longer. The subtle monarch had acquired all the benefits he could possibly acquire from a French alliance by his own marriage with a daughter of France, and was not to be seduced by any representations of the charms of Marguerite de Valois. The alliance of Mary Queen of Scots was one he regarded with greater favor, and he allowed negotiations to be set on foot, which were conducted with all the duplicity and procrastinating artifices in which this great master of dissimulation was so perfect an adept. Mary Stuart was two years and a half older than Don Carlos, endowed not only with charms of mind and person, celebrated in every tongue from that time to this, but with a reversory right to the Crown of England. In the hope of uniting England with the Spanish monarchy and of recovering the island from the dominion of heretics, Philip had nine years previously espoused Mary Tudor, many years older than himself, without charms of person, manners, or intelligence. After the death of his melancholy English queen, he had for the same reason sought the hand of her Protestant sister in spite of the very probable chance of a refusal calculated to lower his consideration in the eyes of Europe; and now it seemed possible to secure for his son the alliance of the most accomplished princess of her time, with graces of person rivalling those of her mind, who would bring into his family not only prospective rights to the throne of England, but would place immediately upon his head the crown of Scotland. If he neglected to seize this auspicious occasion, Austria was not unwilling, and France would certainly make every effort to profit by his neglect and secure the hand of the Queen of Scotland for one of their own royal family. His perplexity was great, and with his usual habit of procrastination, he was unable for some time to take any decided steps. Two other marriages seemed to him to offer equal if not superior advantages, and he had in some measure engaged himself in both cases.

* In the first place, Doña Juana, the sister of Philip II., the early guardian

of her nephew, who had been left a widow at eighteen and a half years of age, by the death of her husband, the infant Don Juan, the heir of the Crown of Portugal, put forward her own claims to the hand of Don Carlos. She was at that time ten years older than the prince; but she was reputed to be one of the most beautiful and graceful women of all Castille; and after her marriage of barely two years' duration with Don Juan, on her return to Spain, and in the absence of Philip II., she had not only taken charge of Don Carlos, but had conducted the affairs of the monarchy in a manner which had gained the esteem and admiration of her brother and his subjects.

The crown of the Queen of Spain seemed alone capable of replacing that which she had lost by the death of the Infante of Portugal, and the Cortes of Castille, in a solemn address to Philip, earnestly recommended the marriage; to which recommendation he had replied in favorable terms. But Don Carlos was not in a humor to accept for princess a wife out of complaisance to his father or as a matter of state. He broke out into terms of violence and repugnance at the mere mention of a union with his aunt, and had already resolved with all the obstinacy of his nature on another marriage, which had been recommended on his death-bed by the Emperor Charles V. The princess in question was the Archduchess Anne of Austria, the daughter of Maximilian, the King of Hungary and Bohemia, and Doña Maria, Philip's sister, and one of the former guardians of Don Carlos. Philip and Maximilian had, in spite of much early antipathy, seen the advantage of keeping up the family alliance between Austria and Spain, and the sons of Maximilian, the Archdukes Rodolph and Ernest, had been sent to Spain to receive their education. The Emperor Ferdinand, the father of Maximilian, had made overtures to the ambassador of Philip for the marriage of his granddaughter with Don Carlos. The Spanish King was fully alive to the advantages of the alliance. The continuous state of revolt of the Low Countries and the indomitable obstinacy of the heretical party who fostered it, the danger of an alliance between the insurgents and the House of Valois, and

between the Houses of Valois and Austria, were strong arguments for securing the friendship of the King of the Romans. At the same time, as he became disabused of the notion that it was possible to secure the annexation of England and Scotland to the Spanish monarchy, or to hope for the extinction of Protestantism in those countries, he receded more and more from the project of a marriage with Mary Stuart. On the other hand, Don Carlos had conceived a strong attachment for his cousin; he had seen her portrait and found her features and her person eminently pleasing; he had declared that he would never marry any other person; and on one occasion, when riding in the park at Segovia with the Queen Elizabeth, on being asked by his young mother-in-law, after a long interval of silence, where his thoughts were, he replied they were at two hundred leagues from there; and on being pressed again, replied that they were with his cousin. Under the influence of all these considerations, Philip proceeded so far that when Catherine de Medicis once more made propositions about the marriage with Marguerite de Valois, he was obliged to say that, as regarded the marriage of his son, he had contracted engagements from which it was impossible to draw back.

At the same time the antipathy between father and son increased daily, and the delay with which Philip thought it necessary to prolong the negotiations for the Austrian marriage did no little towards increasing it. Philip and Don Carlos were both well aware that a necessary consequence of such a marriage would be that the latter must be provided with some great office of state, and that the government of the Low Countries, for which he had been designated from his early youth, could no longer be refused him.

The Spanish education of Philip had resulted in giving him a nature entirely different from that of the great Emperor, who remained always a Fleming in his tastes, in his frankness and his good humor, his conviviality and his friendly courtesy towards his nobles and attendants. Philip, with the blond hair, blue eyes, and outward appearance of a Fleming, became more Spanish than the Spaniards themselves. His haughtiness

his pride, his reserve, his imperturbable aspect, his abstinence from every show of emotion, the unchangeable *sosiego* which characterized his life and conduct, resumed in a complete manner the peculiarities which distinguished the Spanish grandees of his time. Charles V. could talk fluently in all the languages of Europe; but Philip would use no tongue but the Spanish. Charles would admit freely to his table princes, counsellors, and nobles; but Philip dined always alone. Nobody was considered worthy of sitting at meat with him. Even his queen and his son and his sister were only allowed to partake of that honor from time to time, after intervals of many months' duration. Charles V., when he was escorted home to his palace, turned back and courteously saluted his nobles; he esteemed himself but the first among them. Philip went straight into his apartments, neither looking to the right nor the left. Charles was fond of all manly exercises, and was impassioned for the chase. He was esteemed the best horseman and jousting of his time; he had killed a bull in the arena; he was incessant in travel; in active life he lived in the public gaze; he never avoided war, and exposed his person fearlessly on all occasions in energetic action; he was rapid in decision. Philip detested physical activity; he disliked the turmoil of the battle-field; he hated travel; he loved solitude and seclusion; he expended all his activity in the silent recesses of his cabinet, eternally scrawling marginal notes on despatches; with an obstinate and imperious nature, he was never able to come to any conclusion on any matter, so that he was called the very "father of indecision," and it is said he was decided in nothing but in remaining undecided. Charles V., though not intemperate, loved good cheer with all the zest of a Fleming, and would not abstain from his game, his trout, his Flemish sausages, his highly-spiced dishes, and his beer, however imminent was the risk of a fit of gout. Philip was as reserved in the use of the pleasures of the table as in all other things, and at dinner drank but twice out of a crystal goblet of small size. The only resemblance in his way of living to his father was in his amours, and he does not appear to have been

faithful to any of the four wives who successively shared the rigor of his sombre existence. In his dress he was remarkably neat and precise, though never arraying himself like Charles V. in the gorgeous robes of a descendant of the House of Burgundy; but always in black velvet and satin, with shoes likewise of velvet. He never betrayed his inward emotions or change of feeling, and was most courteous and smiling to those on whose destruction he was inflexibly resolved—so that it was said, "From his smile to his knife there was but the thickness of the blade." Every expression of his face, and every word of his mouth, were framed upon calculation. He was familiar with no one during his whole life, and preserved ever a severe and imperturbable gravity, exhibiting in this a great contrast with Charles V., who was never unwilling to joke with his attendants, and found pleasure in a humorous reply. If his Ministers once incurred his disfavor, they never recovered it. He governed Spain with a rod of iron, and a simple tap on the shoulder from the rod of one of his *alguazils* was sufficient to make the greatest grandee surrender at discretion. In justice he was inflexible, and never was known to pardon a criminal. He never forgot an injury, and if his vengeance was slow it was implacable.

As a natural consequence of such a disposition, he hated noise, scandal, and all manifestations of an ill-governed nature. It may easily be imagined how odious to such a disposition, how discordant with such habits, were the outbreaks and eccentricities of his son Don Carlos, who concealed nothing, whose word, it was said, was as rapid as his thought, and whose ill-balanced and grotesque nature exploded in daily acts of unseemly violence and brutality. Every extravagant and eccentric incident was immediately carried to the King's ear, who brooded in quiet on the strange nature of his son, and reflected on the evil which he might bring on his government, and the detriment which he must cause to his authority. The virtues his son possessed—generosity, truthfulness, incapacity of dissimulation, and open-hearted dealings with those he esteemed as friends and foes, were precisely the qualities which Philip held in suspicion and dis-

like. While the excesses of food, the outbreaks of temper, the outrages and ill-treatment to which Don Carlos subjected the objects of his aversion, and the scandal of his disorderly conduct in public, were vices which he deemed worse than crimes, because they were not only disgraceful, but useless and prejudicial to his own dignity. The vexatiousness of Don Carlos, on the other hand, at the neglect of his father, and his own political insignificance, found vent in angry speeches, and at no interview could he conceal his ill-humor. His place in the Great Council was a mere mockery, since affairs of real importance were rarely submitted to that body. Such discontent, increased by the procrastinating manner in which Philip carried on the negotiations for his marriage, at last displayed itself in disrespectful jests and sarcasms, which were precisely calculated to wound the pride of the King in its most sensitive part—his conceit of his own kingly dignity—by casting ridicule on his sedentary and secluded habits of government, and his antipathy to an active life.

The discontent on both sides took at last the character of aversion, and the Prince extended this feeling to all the ministers and attendants, and to every one whom Philip honored with his favor and confidence, and showed itself in acts of extreme violence. It is said that he put his hand on his dagger and threatened the life of Don Diego d'Espinosa, the president of the Council of Castille, for preventing a comedian, Cineros, from playing before him, and that he only desisted from extremities when the president fell down upon his knees. Another still more significant act of violence of the Prince is recorded, and gives a renewed proof of the chagrin and anger which he felt at being excluded from the councils of the King. On another occasion when Philip had shut himself up in council with some of his Ministers, Don Carlos arrived and listened at the key-hole, in the sight of the ladies of honor of the Queen and the pages of the court. Don Diego d'Acuña, one of his gentlemen, ventured to suggest how unpleasant a scene would follow if the King were to come out suddenly. Don Carlos nursed a deep resentment for his interference, and on a subsequent oc-

casional struck him with his fist, which drew down on the Prince a severe reprimand from his father, who allowed Don Diego to withdraw from the service of the Prince, and promoted him to a richer benefice about the court.

The intractable nature of Don Carlos only became pliant beneath the unwearied kindness and solicitude of Elizabeth. He who could place no bounds to his imperiousness and arrogance in the case of others, whom all approached with fear and trembling, showed himself full of respect and submission in the presence of the Queen, and obeyed her slightest commands. He sought every means of giving her pleasure, and professed on all occasions the deepest sympathy in her hours of trial and difficulty; and in his account-books there are many records of expenses incurred for presents to Elizabeth and her ladies of honor, with which he sought to show his sense of her compassionate consideration. The few other friends whom Don Carlos possessed—his grandmother the Queen-dowager of Portugal, his old preceptor Honorato Juan, bishop of Osuna, whom he always treated with respect and affection—used every effort to change the sentiments of Don Carlos for Philip; and it may be surmised from the grateful manner in which he responded to their remonstrances, as well as to the attentions of the Queen, that with a kind and considerate treatment much of the rudeness and asperity of his nature might have been subdued.

But the period was now arrived when the troubles of the Low Countries, on the government of which Don Carlos had fixed an obstinate hope, were destined to exercise a powerful influence on the fate of the unhappy Prince. Philip II. on quitting these provinces in 1559, had left behind him a vast amount of discontent, principally owing to an infringement of their liberties by placing garrisons of Spanish troops in their strong places and frontier-towns. The free-spirited Flemings were not disposed to become enslaved to the crown of Spain in the same manner as the duchy of Milan and the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily and Sardinia, and Philip, with much ill-will, had been constrained at last to yield to the national wish, and remove his troops.

But the great causes of grievance were

the rigorous execution of the *placards* (as the edicts of the sovereign were usually styled in the Netherlands) which had been promulgated for the propagation of the Catholic faith and the establishment of the Papal Inquisition. Both these innovations had been introduced by Charles V. The *placards* were of Dominican severity. People were made subject to the penalty of death for even having an heretical book in their possession, and for attending a Calvinistic sermon. Men were to be executed with the sword, women were to be buried alive, and obstinate heretics were to be burnt. During the life of Charles V. these dreadful edicts had excited less opposition from the leniency with which they were carried out. But Philip II. was resolved to have them executed without mercy, ordered his Ministers to proceed upon them with the extremest rigor, without respect of persons, and issued an ordinance enjoining a scrupulous and cruel severity in the persecution of all persons suspected of heresy; he declared repeatedly that he was prepared rather to lose the sovereignty of the Netherlands altogether than make any concessions to the bold remonstrances of the Netherlanders, or to innovators in matters of religion.

The free spirit of the inhabitants resolutely resisted the infraction of their privileges, and ideas of religious freedom took such strong root in the minds of the nobles and burgesses that the conflict between the representatives of Philip and the Inquisition, and the whole mass of the people, assumed rapidly a more perilous aspect. The people publicly assailed the officers of justice in the execution of their duty, and delivered by force from prison the victims who were destined to the flames. The magistrates themselves declined to carry out the merciless requisitions of the *placards*, and not only refused their aid to the servitors of the Inquisition, but ordered some of its functionaries to be imprisoned. The leading nobles of the Council of State declared for religious toleration; and even in the private council of the King's sister, Margaret of Parma, Ministers recommended a cessation of the persecution of heretics.

Emigration of fugitives on a large scale from the terrors of Philip's government depopulated the country—twenty

thousand Flemings settled in London, Sandwich, and their neighborhoods. The state of the finances in the midst of such confusion was deplorable; and with an empty treasury and a hostile population who refused all votes of supplies, Margaret of Parma determined at last to send the Count of Egmont, the victor of Saint Quentin and of Gravelines, to Spain, to lay before the King the necessity of a change of policy and of immediate assistance to the pressing necessities of the government of the Netherlands. The reception of Egmont by Philip and by the court of Madrid was of a highly flattering nature; the King loaded him with personal favors, and listened to his remonstrances with the most gracious condescension; but he changed his policy in nothing; and the Flemish nobleman, one of the most accomplished cavaliers of his time, departed from Madrid without effecting any change in the intolerant resolves of Philip, who signified the result of his deliberations on the subject of the appeal made to him, in letters dated the 17th and 20th of October, 1565, reiterating commands for the strict observance of the *placards*, and the maintenance of the Inquisition in all its authority. "Sans la religion," he declared in a French dispatch to his sister, "mes pays de delà ne vaudront rien." The news of the inflexible resolutions of the King roused up the hidden fires of revolt throughout the Netherlands, where the excessive dearness of corn, and the destitution of the people caused by the stagnation of industry and commerce, added to the fermentation of the public mind, while the government could not rely on the fidelity of their troops, who had remained twenty-seven months without pay. The nobility of the country were irritated in an extreme degree; the governors of the provinces declared that they would not lend the slightest assistance to the burning of fifty or sixty thousand people. The Prince of Orange demanded to be replaced in his public functions. The Marquis de Berghes, who had frequently made a similar request, solicited his dismissal from office, and the Count of Egmont followed his example. The chief towns of Barbant presented strong remonstrances against the King's orders. News reached the Regent of a confed-

eration among the nobility similar to such as had taken place in France; and in the extremity of despair she again determined to appeal to Philip, and selected the Marquis de Berghes and the Baron de Montigny for a mission to Spain, to solicit concessions from the King which could not be refused without rousing a general conflagration throughout the Netherlands.

An accident which confined the Marquis de Berghes to his bed prevented his departure at the same time as Montigny, who arrived at Madrid alone. Each of these noblemen was an object of extreme dislike to Philip, who had been kept well informed of their conduct and expressed opinions. He regarded both as detestable Catholics. Montigny had publicly eaten meat in the Holy Week; both had declared that there was no justification—human or divine—for shedding blood in the cause of religion; and both, with the frankness of Flemings, had spoken in severe terms of the duplicity and intolerance of Philip. Berghes had even gone further. He had asked the dean of Sainte Gudule to show him a passage of Holy Writ which justified the burning of heretics, and said that the King, if he would preserve the Low Countries, must be content to be served by heretics, unless he could bring their fathers and grandfathers down from heaven to his assistance. Montigny rendered himself still more suspected, by visiting, on his way through France, the great Huguenot family of the Châtillons, to whom he was related and with whom he was in constant intercourse.

Philip, however, with his usual powers of dissimulation, concealed his animosity, and captivated the free Flemish nobleman by an affected affability, and by the patience with which he listened to his representations. Philip, there is every reason to believe, had already resolved to put to death both Montigny and Berghes; but as Berghes was not yet in his power, he continued his game of deception until he should entice him to Madrid, and be able to throw off the mask with advantage. Berghes, who was perfectly conscious of the uselessness of his journey, only undertook the mission at the urgent persuasion of the Duchess of Parma, and Egmont and Montigny. Still suffering from his wound, he arrived at

Lusignan, near Poitiers, when he was unable to proceed from the weakness of his health, and despatched his *majordomo* Aguilera to Montigny, to request permission to return home. But Philip, with every expression of interest and concern at the state of the health of the Marquis, lured him, with a letter written by his own hand, into his clutches, from which the doomed man was not intended to escape. Berghes, on his arrival at the Spanish Court, was received by the King with the same cordiality as Montigny; but there was one fatal sign—the chief noblemen of the Court omitted to visit him, a mark of courtesy which they had paid to the fellow-envoy. The King's resolution being irrevocably taken, he amused the Flemish noblemen with every mark of condescension and kindness, till the moment should arrive at which he could dispose of them in secrecy and with advantage. The news of the destruction of the churches in the Netherlands, which had been carried out in imitation of the violences of the French Calvinists in 1561 and 1562, served still further to exasperate the Spanish King, and make him more obstinate in his cruel resolves. The signs of inward agitation were more manifest in him than at any other time of his life, and this was evidently one of the greatest crises of his existence.

As regards the subject of the present article, the chief point of interest in this great European movement is how far the destiny of Don Carlos was affected by it. It was believed in the Low Countries that Don Carlos entered into relation with the Flemish deputies, and had either partly engaged or made overtures for engaging in a conspiracy against his father in the Low Countries. Catherine de Medicis also declared to Alava, the Spanish ambassador, that she had a similar account from Coligny, who was a relative of Montigny; and Cabrera, the historian of Philip II., confirms the statement. M. Gachard rejects, but on insufficient grounds, all notion of any relation of the Prince either with Egmont, Berghes, or Montigny.

It is in the highest degree improbable that Don Carlos, with whom the government of the Low Countries and his marriage with the Archduchess Anne were fixed ideas, whose hatred of his father

and discontent with his position at Madrid were daily growing in intensity, should not have put himself in communication with those Flemish noblemen. And, on the other hand, nothing can be more likely than that Philip, with his suspicious character and his habits of secrecy, should have suppressed all record of such a conspiracy, and denied continually all existence of any such intention in the brain of Don Carlos. Few things could be more injurious to his position in the Low Countries than a belief in the public that they had an ally in the Prince of the Asturias, the heir-presumptive of the Spanish monarchy, and that subsequently he fell a martyr to his sympathies with his father's revolted subjects. As regards Berghes and Montigny, Philip had resolved never to allow them to leave Spain, either because he was afraid of their divulging the dangerous knowledge which they had acquired at the Court of Madrid, or because he was afraid of their influence in the Low Countries. He continued to show them a deceitful face of favor, and while pretending to listen favorably to all their proposals for the pacification of the Flemish dominions, wrote despatches to the Regent enjoining the same unchangeable line of policy. Such slight concessions as he was induced to grant with the pen he, with the usual casuistry of his Jesuitical conscience, revoked inwardly in his mind, and made a written declaration before his confessor, that his slight show of leniency was adopted merely as a temporary expedient, and to avoid worse acts for a time. Berghes and Montigny, convinced of the hopelessness of their mission, demanded urgently permission to return to Flanders. He temporized with them as long as temporization was possible. But his implacable spirit had resolved on their speedy destruction. He was saved the crime of putting to death the Marquis de Berghes, who was seized with a fatal attack of the malady which had long consumed him. When Philip was informed that he had not many hours to live, he sent him the permission to leave Spain which he had so long demanded in vain, and after his decease, had magnificent obsequies celebrated for the victim he was about to immolate, in order—to use his own words—to show the esteem

in which he and his Ministers held the nobles of the Low Countries. With Montigny he used less ceremony. On the day of the arrival of the news of the imprisonment of the Counts Egmont and Horn, he threw off the mask. The Flemish envoy was seized and shut up in the Alcazar of Segovia, whence he was taken to the castle of Simancas, secretly strangled there on the 16th of October, 1570, and buried by night without ceremony.

In the presence, however, of the great difficulties which beset him in the Netherlands, Philip had convoked the Cortes of Castille, and opened them in great state on the 11th of December, 1566, at his palace at Madrid, surrounded by the great officers of his household, with the Prince his son by his side, seated under the chair of state. The King's address was read by his secretary of state, Francisco de Erasso. He laid before them the necessity of combating the Turks and the Algerines; the troubled state of the Low Countries, owing to the new doctrines in religion, and the consequent commotions of which they had been the cause; his need of supplies to meet the large expenditure of the great work of pacification which he had in hand; and his intention of going in person to the scene of disturbance to superintend the execution of the remedial measures which the state of affairs rendered necessary. He concluded by declaring the necessitous condition of his treasury, the encumbered situation of the royal patrimony, by reason of the wars of his own and the preceding reign, and the impossibility, without assistance, of fulfilling the duties incumbent on the possessor of the crown. Cristobal de Miranda of Burgos, one of the *procuradores* or deputies, replied in the name of the assembly, in grandiloquent Castilian style, recognizing the necessity of combating at the same time the Turk, the great enemy of the Christian name, and the errors and evil doctrines which were being disseminated throughout Christendom. He acknowledged the perilous condition of the Low Countries, which in part, at least, had separated themselves from the communion of the Catholic Church, and abjured at once the obedience due to God and their lawful sovereign. He admitted that the presence of the King in that part of his dominions seemed necessary, but insinuated how

grateful it would be to his subjects of Castille could he manage affairs without going there, and added a magnificent eulogy of the many holy virtues of the King, and of the felicity and prosperity of his subjects. The orator concluded by an adulatory supplement on the virtues of Don Carlos, which, when contrasted with the approaching tragic destiny of the ill-fated youth, reduces to strange insignificance the value of the high-flown language he had just bestowed upon Philip. "And this felicity and prosperity is the greater as it perpetuates itself in the very noble and very powerful Prince our lord, in whom admirably shine forth the grandeur, clemency, magnanimity, and magnificence, and other great virtues of your Majesty, in most fortunate imitation."

To make still more flagrant the vanity of this extravagant adulation, the unfortunate Prince committed, before the rising of the Cortes, the greatest act of public scandal of which he had yet been guilty, and that in the presence of the Cortes themselves. The deputies deliberated upon the position of affairs, and the nature of the government to be established in the King's absence. The majority were of opinion that the Prince of the Asturias should remain at Madrid as the lieutenant-general of his father, and occupy the same position as Philip had occupied in the absence of Charles V. Don Carlos became acquainted with the tenor of their propositions; but he had sworn to accompany the King to Flanders, and had begun to make arrangements for the journey, the early and constant object of his desires. Philip quitted Madrid, according to his custom, at the epoch of the great religious festivals, to pass Christmas at the Escorial. Don Carlos profited by his absence to go alone to the chamber of the Cortes, and, after having assured himself that all the *procuradores* were present, addressed them in a violent speech, declaring his fixed intention to go to Flanders with the King, reproaching them with having expressed a wish that he should marry with his aunt—since he found it strange that they should meddle with the affairs of his marriage at all—and threatening with his implacable vengeance all who should venture to interfere in these matters in any way. After which he turned his back on the

procuradores, stupefied at this unexpected display of violence.

In spite of the strict injunctions of the Prince to secrecy, the words which he had uttered became known all over Madrid. Don Carlos from this time laid aside all care for public opinion, and behaved in so reckless and violent a manner, that he offered some excuse to Philip for the acts of severity which cut short his eccentric career. Indeed, the extravagance of his subsequent conduct can only be explained by a strong vein of insanity in his nature; it is by no means improbable that the accident to the head, which we have related, and the operation of trepanning the skull, performed on Don Carlos, may have caused some permanent lesion of the brain and affected his mental faculties in after life. It is impossible to say how far this tendency was brought out and developed by the harsh treatment of his father, the uncongenial atmosphere in which he lived, and the absence of any occupation for a spirit anxious for employment and a position becoming his rank; but that his wild follies and disorders arose in great part from these causes, there can be no doubt whatever. He gave blows to one of his attendant gentlemen, called another by opprobrious names, drew his dagger upon another, caused children to be beaten, and, according to the historian Cabrera, wanted to burn a house down, because some water had fallen upon him from one of the windows. His violence extended itself even to animals; he maimed the horses in his own stables, and so ill-treated one which his father held in particular affection that the unfortunate animal died in a few days. At the same time, these cruelties and eccentricities were not unaccompanied with generous actions; for among the list of his expenses may be found proofs that he paid the charges of the education of children thrown upon the world without resources, notwithstanding that he was at this time much embarrassed with debt.

Moreover, he allowed the few whom he held in affection to remonstrate with him on the folly of his conduct. The Doctor Hernan Suarez de Toledo, the *alcade de casa y corte*, the master of his household, from early times had succeeded in winning his confidence, and responded to the goodwill of the Prince with un-

remitting devotion. Letters of the most urgent character are extant in which Suarez appealed pathetically to his young Prince to change his habits and his conduct, and from these we learn that Don Carlos had ceased to make regular confession, and that there were "terrible things," "*cosas terribles*," which, if discovered, and in the case of another person, would place his young master in the power of the Inquisition to know if he were Christian or no—*para saber si era cristiano o no*. These letters, as bold in substance as they were respectful in form, did not diminish the affection of Don Carlos for the writer; since he subsequently signed a bond promising Suarez 10,000 ducats for the marriage of his daughters, and styled him therein his very great friend, "*mi grandísimo amigo*," but he did not change his conduct in the slightest degree.

On the contrary, he began now to behave as insolently to the highest personages of the state as he had behaved to his own attendants. Whether Philip ever really intended to go to Flanders cannot now be determined; all the immense expenditure to which he put himself and the country by way of preparing for it may have been, in his very double-dealing nature, merely a blind to mislead public opinion. On the other hand, his perplexity about his journey must have been increased by the rebellious nature of his son. If Philip went in company with Don Carlos, the Prince would be a mark for the intrigues of heretics and rebels, and might add to the difficulties in that quarter. If he left him behind in Spain, he might be the source of endless embarrassment to the home government. For the time at least he decided to remain in Spain, and to send the Duke of Alva in his place on that mission of massacre and terror which has made his name infamous for all time. The Duke went to take his leave of Philip at Aranjuez; and as the Prince was also there he could not dispense with the visit of ceremony which was his due. Don Carlos immediately on his entrance flew into a fit of violent fury; he declared that he alone, Don Carlos, ought to have the mission to Flanders, and threatened to kill the Duke if he took his place. Alva endeavored to mitigate the anger of the Prince with every argument in his power

and every show of respect, but in vain. Don Carlos drew his dagger upon him and made two attempts to stab his visitor, from which he was only prevented by the superior strength of his antagonist. After this scene of violence, Philip, either from dissimulation or from a wish to see if better treatment would moderate the violent nature of his son, conferred upon Don Carlos several marks of favor—he named him President of the Council of State and of War; gave him complete jurisdiction in several matters of government, increased his pension from sixty thousand to a hundred thousand ducats; and made him a formal promise to take him to the Netherlands. For some time the relations between father and son improved, and Don Carlos fulfilled the duties of his new functions with industry and regularity. But according to the statement of the King's confessor made to the ambassador of Venice, this improvement was of short duration; and the Prince, in spite of his increase of pension, continued to contract debts to a very large amount; he threatened the life of a Genoese banker who had refused to advance him 100,000 crowns, and bought jewels of immense value when he had not a ducat of his own to pay for them.

After endless tergiversation and circuitous long-winded letters to the Pope and to the Emperor, Philip finally announced his determination not to go himself to the Netherlands, and this resolution deranged all the projects and expectations of Don Carlos. His establishment in the Netherlands was farther off than ever, his marriage with the Archduchess Anne, the subject of never-ending negotiations and of incessant appeals to the inflexible Philip, both from himself and the Emperor Maximilian, who persisted in desiring the union, in spite of full knowledge of the eccentricities and violence of Don Carlos, was indefinitely postponed, and he was obliged to remain at Madrid, subject to the espionage and authority of a father whom he hated and despised. His detestation of the King increased to madness incapable of control, and he began now to entertain the project of a secret flight from Spain, and to make all preparations for putting it into execution. The idea was no new one with him. Such an escape from an intolerable state of exist-

ence had been frequently the subject of his deliberations. To put his plan into execution he had need of a large sum of money, and he had none. At Madrid his credit was exhausted; but he sent two of his gentlemen of the bedchamber to Toledo, to Medina del Campo, to Valladolid, and to Burgos to endeavor to raise funds; but some few thousands of ducats were all they were able to collect, and six hundred thousand, according to his calculation, were at least necessary for his journey. He sent anew to Seville one of his confidants, with twelve letters of credit in blank, signed with his own hand, and with strict injunctions to secrecy and caution; but this mission likewise seems to have been without much result. He next sent letters of invitation to several of the leading *grandees*, to accompany him on a journey of great importance. Four replied affirmatively, but the rest either in an evasive manner, or by sending his letters to the King. He prepared likewise a number of other letters addressed to the King, to the Pope, and all the chief princes of Europe, and to the principal officers of state and the chief men of Spain, to be despatched as soon as he should have started from Madrid, explaining the reason of his meditated flight, giving a history of his ill-treatment, and setting forth all causes of grievance against his father. With a character so imprudent and wild as that of the Prince, it was impossible that any of these measures could have been taken without the knowledge of Philip. The preparations of Don Carlos lasted for several months, and that Philip made no attempt, as a kind and considerate father, to remonstrate with his son increases our opinion of the harshness and insensibility of his character. With his usual duplicity, he gave no signs of displeasure when he met the Prince in public or private. On the contrary, he showed him such a smiling countenance as he was wont to show to those whom he was about to destroy. And nothing can be more clear than that he purposely let him go to ruin his own way.

But another prince was concerned in bringing about the tragic catastrophe, whose conduct one could wish to judge with less severity. The gallant and romantic nature of Don Juan of Austria,

his splendid achievements, our acquaintance both from history and art with his noble form and bearing, and the interest excited by his premature end, excite regret that any suspicion should exist of his having played false to Don Carlos, and having conspired to betray the unhappy youth's follies and rashness to his implacable father. Don Carlos was, we have seen, brought up as a youth with his uncle Don Juan, as a companion in his studies and his sports. Indeed, since 1559 they had rarely quitted each other. He had given all his affection and his confidence to the future victor of Lepanto, and always said that Don Juan was his best friend in the world. They were on terms of the most familiar intimacy. In the account-books of Don Carlos the list of expenses incurred for presents made by the Prince to Don Juan form no mean item; and when the King, in the very previous month of October, conferred on Don Juan the supreme command of the Spanish navy, Don Carlos had, in spite of his antipathy to his father, made a journey to the Escorial, for the express purpose of giving thanks for the promotion of his fellow-student and comrade.

Don Carlos counted then on the assistance of Don Juan in his flight, since he had determined to embark in a ship at Carthage, which was naturally under the orders of the new "general de la mar." Accordingly, on Christmas-eve, 1567, he sent for Don Juan, and explaining to him his intentions, demanded his aid, and asked him, with magnificent promises, to attach himself to his fortunes. Don Juan, who was prudent as well as ambitious, and had been treated with great favor by Philip, was naturally not ready to attach himself to the fortunes of so wild and strange a character as his nephew. He endeavored to dissuade him from his projects by exposing their difficulties and perils. But as Don Carlos refused to listen to his reasons, he asked for twenty-four hours for reflection. He departed, and on the morrow, after writing to Don Carlos, and causing the report to be spread about Madrid that he had been suddenly called to the Escorial on affairs of state, went and narrated the whole interview to the King. Philip allowed no expression in his outward demeanor

to notify the perplexity he was in or the nature of the resolve he had taken. He made no change in the performance of the public ceremonies he had fixed for the ensuing festival, although a new incident occurred which convinced him further, if he still wanted convincing, of the implacable enmity in which his son now held him. It was necessary that Don Carlos should publicly take the sacrament at Christmas, and should accordingly obtain previous absolution. Don Carlos had, in the course of confession to one of his spiritual advisers, declared that he nourished a deadly hate against a person whose name he concealed, and the monk to whom he addressed himself refused him absolution, and advised him to consult some theologians. The Prince appealed to a body of fourteen monks of the monastery of Atocha and two others, to reverse the decision of his confessor. He argued the matter with them in vain, and demanded at last that he might receive an unconsecrated wafer in public, so that he might appear to have gone through the rite of communion and avoid scandal. His theological council cried out that he requested them to sanction an act of sacrilege. The debate, nevertheless, lasted till two o'clock in the morning; at the close of which the prior of Atocha was able, by adroit and wily interrogation, to get from the Prince the name of his enemy, and the whole affair was revealed to the King. Three weeks elapsed, and the King made no sign. On the contrary, on his return to Madrid Don Carlos and his father met in the apartment of the Queen. The Prince treated Philip with all due respect, and the King showed no sign of the slightest discontent. On quitting, however, the apartment of the Queen, Don Carlos took Don Juan, who was in attendance on the King, to his own apartment, and shut the door. The exact nature of the interview between them cannot be known; but according to the most trustworthy account, Don Carlos informed Don Juan that his preparations for flight were all made, that post horses had been ordered all along the road to Carthagena, and insisted on having the despatches necessary for his embarkation before midnight on that very evening. Don Juan tried to gain time. He treacherously per-

suaded the Prince to put off his journey till the morrow, and promised to return at mid-day, and make all due arrangements for the proposed evasion. With this promise, the Prince allowed Don Juan to leave his apartment, upon which the latter went straight to the King and informed him of what had just taken place.

This interview with Don Juan was on Saturday the 17th of January. Philip had resolved to have the Prince arrested on the night of the Sunday; but he allowed not a trace of trouble or perplexity to appear in his outward bearing. He received ambassadors, attended mass with the Prince in his suite, and not a person present could remember a sign that anything unusual was about to happen. Only some of the persons of the Court remarked that frequent messages passed backwards and forwards between the King and the President of his Council, Espinosa—him whom Don Carlos had once threatened with his dagger. Don Carlos expected Don Juan on the morrow, according to his promise; but received an evasive note, putting off his visit till the following Wednesday. Then, indeed, the Prince seems to have suspected that the King knew all. He took to his bed, on the pretext of ill health, to avoid being sent for. At six in the evening he rose, and at half-past eight supped on a boiled chicken, the only food he had taken during the day, and went to bed immediately afterwards. Philip kept himself informed from minute to minute of the way in which his son passed his time throughout the day. As soon as he knew that he was in bed he began to complete the arrangements for the arrest of the Prince, and proceed to immediate execution. At eleven at night he sent for Ruy Gomez, the Duke of Feria, the prior Don Antonio, and Luis Quijada. The King had a helmet on his head, armor under his clothes, and a sword under his arm. After a short address from Philip, the whole party descended to the apartment of the Prince; two gentlemen-in-waiting, two of the domestics of the royal chamber, carrying hammers and nails for fastening up the Prince's windows, followed them, as well as a lieutenant and twelve men of the King's body-guard. Feria marched first with a light

in his hand, and the party proceeded through the dark corridors of the palace to the apartment of the Prince, who had fondly dreamed of gaining, on this very day, a liberty he had never known. Don Carlos was asleep, still in a sort of fancied security, for he had caused a French clockmaker, De Foix, in the service of Philip, to execute a contrivance for barricading his door in the inside, in such a way that, by means of ropes and pulleys, he might be able to open it while in bed; but Philip had taken the precaution of getting De Foix to make such alterations, unknown to the Prince, as rendered the arrangement useless. He slept, moreover, with a sword and dagger, and a loaded arquebuse under his pillow; and there can be no doubt that had he not been surprised, he would either have made a desperate resistance or would have destroyed himself. Philip's minister entered first, and found no difficulty in coming suddenly upon the sleeping youth, and seizing his arms. The noise and the light awoke the Prince, who started up, crying, "Who is there?" The "Council of State" was the reply. Don Carlos made a rush from his bed to get at other weapons, which he had concealed in his room, when the King appeared. "What does this mean?" said the Prince. "Will your Majesty kill me?" The King exhorted him to return to his bed, and to remain quiet; saying that he would soon know his determination; that there was no question of doing him harm, but that all was for his good, and his soul's welfare. He ordered his chamber-attendants to nail up the windows of the Prince, to take away every weapon and piece of iron from the room, even the fire-dogs from the chimney, and presided over a search he ordered to be made for his son's papers, which were found in a box and carried to the King's cabinet.* All the money found in the room was likewise removed. In the extremity of anguish and despair, the young Prince threw himself at the knees of his father, and said, "Let your Majesty kill me, and not arrest me; for it will be a great scandal for these kingdoms. If your

Majesty does not kill me, I will kill myself." The King replied, "If you kill yourself, it will prove that you are mad." "I am not mad," replied the Prince, "but driven to despair by the ill-treatment of your Majesty." The rebellious spirit of the unhappy Prince broke down in the extremity of his situation and despair. He burst into sobs of grief and inarticulate words, in which reproaches against his father for his tyranny and his hardness of heart were alone intelligible. "I will no longer treat you as father," said Philip, "but as King."

The hopeless and friendless youth took silently again to his bed, and Philip gave orders for his being kept in so sure a guard that the Prince was from henceforward as much cut off from the world as though he had already been interred in the vaults of the Escorial. The Duke of Feria was to keep personal watch over him, assisted by Ruy Gomez, the prior Don Antonio, and Luis Quijada, so that one or the other of them was never to leave the Prince day or night. The Count de Lerma and Don Rodrigo de Mendoza were to be in attendance on the prisoner; but were not to allow him to have verbal or written intercourse with a single human being, and were to observe and make report of every action. "I count," said the King to these six gentlemen, "on the fidelity and loyalty which you have sworn to observe."

Having thus reduced his son to the most miserable of human conditions, Philip showed in public not a sign of emotion in his imperturbable face, and the ambassadors, in narrating the event, wrote to their courts with wonder and astonishment at his calm demeanor as something quite miraculous. Philip, however, had reserved to himself the privilege of giving notice of this great event to the world. Until his despatches were ready for the chief courts of Europe, for his great nobles, the great cities, the religious orders and the chief authorities of Aragon, Valencia, Navarre, and Catalonia, not a horseman or footman was allowed to pass without the gates of Madrid. For the most part he gave only general reasons of pressing necessities of state for the measures he had adopted. To the Emperor Maximilian and his Empress, and to the Pope Pius V. he was, however, more explicit. Ruy

* Among his papers were found lists of his friends and his enemies; among the former was written the Queen.

Gomez gave information to the Ambassadors of France, Venice, and England, of what happened, and subsequently communicated to them such a version of the King's reasons for so acting as he chose to communicate.

Such an event, the arrest of the first-born child and only son of the most powerful monarch of his time by his own father, could not but excite an immense interest and curiosity in Spain and throughout Europe. In Spain, the person who most lamented his misfortunes was the gentle-hearted Queen Elizabeth, herself destined to share, within a very short time, the premature end of her step-son. The sweet-natured lady mourned over the misfortune of the heir-apparent as though, as she herself said, he had been her own child. She had herself sufficient experience of Philip's insensible nature to feel that with such a father the poor boy had been something worse than an orphan, and that it was hardly possible that he could, with such a character, and under such a system of neglect, isolation, and stern treatment, have turned out other than he became. For nearly two months after the arrest of the Prince, the sorrow of the Queen was so excessive that her health suffered, and that to a dangerous degree, since she was far advanced in pregnancy. It was not indeed a very animating prospect for a young wife and mother to have to live with, and bear children to, so inhuman and pitiless an incarnation of tyranny. The Princess Doña Juana forgot the repugnance which her nephew had shown for a union with herself, and partook of the sorrow of the Queen. Don Juan of Austria, as though out of remorse for the part he had played, wore mourning in public, till the King, in displeasure, ordered him to desist. The Duke de Infantado, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, and other grandees, whose political importance had been annihilated during the two last reigns, and whose privileges were reduced to the solitary one of wearing their hats in the royal presence, replied to the King's letter in terms evidently concerted between them, and of no significance. The *Condestable* of Castile alone showed an independent spirit, which wounded the pride of Philip, for he declared that since the grandees had sworn fidel-

ity to the Prince, he thought it strange that the King should deprive him of his liberty, without demanding their advice. For the rest, in the words of the historian Cabrera, prudent people in the streets of Madrid, at mention of the strange event, placed their finger on their lips. The bolder made no scruple of blaming strongly such an act of severity; and among the common people, by whom the government of Philip was detested, the fate of the young Prince was deplored. Milder treatment, it was said, would have cured him of many of his weaknesses; and a king, it was argued, who had such small regard for his children, would have even less for his subjects. At the Courts, however, the courtier spirit prevailed, and while in the garrets of the poor the sad fate of the imprisoned heir of the monarchy was daily lamented, within the walls of the palace, as a Genoese envoy said, there was, in a short space of time, no more word spoken about the Prince "than as if he were already among the dead, where, I think, he may be reckoned."

Every precaution, indeed, was taken by Philip to envelop the wretched existence of his son in a silence and mystery as impenetrable as that of the tomb; but nevertheless with such interested sojourners at the Spanish Court as the Papal Nuncio and the Ambassadors of Venice, France, and Austria, it was impossible but that some of the incidents of his captivity should transpire abroad, and become registered for the instruction of their courts and of posterity. It is from the despatches of these foreign envoys brought to light and studied in our own time that the true story of his imprisonment and death, so far as it is possible to be told, has at length been discovered.

The captivity of Don Carlos lasted six months, and was, as is known, terminated by his death. That public rumor should immediately attribute his demise to a violent cause, and make Philip the author of it, could not be otherwise than expected. The practice of private assassination not unfamiliar to the King, the opportune removal of so great a cause of perplexity and trouble, and the dark mystery which enveloped the prison-chamber of the defenceless and solitary captive, all con-

spired to make such a story credible. The mass of the people in Spain would hear of no other version, and subsequent historians, taking up the common rumor, repeated it with many variations. De Thou declares that Philip poisoned his son with a bowl of broth; Llorente that he gave him a slow poison; Pierre Mathieu that he had been strangled; Brantôme that he caused him to be smothered; and Saint-Simon that he was beheaded, and buried with his head between his legs. As all of these accounts could not be true, the probability was that none of them were so. But if Philip did not bring about the death of his son by actual violence, he cannot be acquitted of having, by cruelty and a terrible captivity, driven him to such a state of despair that he looked upon death as the only escape from his miseries. Don Carlos, after vainly attempting to starve himself to death, sought for a release in a manner as unromantic as his life and his person, and succeeded in finding it in the end.

The Prince, within a few days after the period of his first arrest, received intimation that his habitation was to be changed. The old mediæval palace of the kings of Spain, enlarged by Charles V. and burnt down in 1784, was a far different structure from the enormous modern edifice which now occupies its place. The apartment of Don Carlos was in one of the entresoles; at the end of his apartment was a tower which had a single window and but one entrance. This confined space was assigned to him for a prison. The window was barred so as to let the light come in from above only. The fire-place was grated in with iron to hinder the prisoner from throwing himself into the fire. In the wall an opening was made into the next chamber, filled in with a trellis of strong wood-work. Through this he was to have the opportunity of being present at mass, which was to be performed for him in the next room. The rest of the apartment of Don Carlos was given up to Ruy Gomez, who occupied it with his wife, the famous Princess of Eboli, and thus the mistress of Philip was in a manner the gaoler of the Prince. With the exception of the Count of Lerma, not one of his old attendants, not even

Louis Quijada, the old companion of Charles V. at the monastery of Yuste, was to remain with him. Five fresh noblemen were, together with Ruy Gomez, appointed for his service. There was but one gentleman in his service for whom Don Carlos had real affection—Don Rodrigo de Mendoza, a young courtier of great nobility of character and high intelligence. When the unhappy Prince received intelligence of these changes from Ruy Gomez, he made but one question, "And Don Rodrigo de Mendoza, my friend, does His Majesty take him away likewise?" "Yes, my Lord." Don Carlos sent for Mendoza, and, holding him in his arms, said, "Don Rodrigo, I regret not to have shown by my actions the love I have, and always shall have, for you. May it please God that some day I may be in a situation to give you proof of it." And, with eyes full of tears, he embraced him so passionately that it was with difficulty they were separated, and the Prince was severed from the last friendly face he was doomed to see. All his household were now dismissed, the horses of his stables divided among various persons, of whom Don Juan was one, and some of his attendants pressed into the service of the King. Don Carlos now abandoned himself utterly to despair. These measures left him without a gleam of hope. There could be no doubt that the King had resolved to immure him for life. The prospect, at the age of twenty-two, of an existence to be passed within the narrow and gloomy walls of a dungeon, to hear no more the sound of a friendly voice, and to be ever under the guard and espionage of the great enemy of his life, Ruy Gomez, seemed intolerable. He exclaimed, that a prince so outraged and dishonored ought not to live. He resolved to die. As he was without a single weapon of any kind, he endeavored at first to starve himself. He refused to eat for days together; he succeeded so far as to reduce his body to a ghastly state of emaciation. His eyes sank into their orbits, and his debility became so great that his medical attendants thought, on the last day of February, he could not recover.

The King was informed of his condition, but he replied, "He will eat as

soon as he is hungry." Nature, indeed, proved too strong for the unhappy Prince, and he again took food. While the King, to show how little he was touched by the despair of his son, laid down anew, on the 2nd of March, a series of rules for the *surveillance* of the prisoner of the most rigorous severity. Don Carlos, on recovering his strength, made another abortive attempt to kill himself by swallowing a diamond ring which he carried on his finger. After this he became for a while more resigned, and showed signs of great contrition and amendment of character; and as though to prove that the reports which Philip and his ministers circulated of his madness were untrue, he prepared himself for the religious solemnities of Easter with an exemplary show of piety. He made confession of his own accord to Fray Diego de Chaves, his spiritual adviser, and prepared himself for the sacrament with fasting and prayer. Fray Diego requested permission of the King to administer the sacrament to the Prince; but Philip hesitated to grant it; he was afraid of the impression which the news of the communion of the Prince betokening a pious and satisfactory frame of mind in the eyes of his confessor, would produce upon the world. The delay which was thus opposed to the pious wish of the Prince affected him with the deepest grief and desolation. His confessor endeavored to appease him with various pretexts till he received the requisite permission from Philip, who, finding after consulting his theological advisers that he could no longer refuse, hastened by despatches to the Emperor and the Pope to explain that such a proceeding by no means indicated a return to a sound state of mind on the part of Don Carlos, but had been permitted only out of regard to the representations of his confessor. Nevertheless, under the influence of religious sentiments and the chastening influence of the trials which had befallen him, the nature of Don Carlos had become quite changed—he had grown gentle and calm, and from henceforward not a word of hatred or contempt against his father escaped from his lips. A reconciliation between Philip and his son seemed possible to all who knew the change which had taken

place in him, and many thought that three months of such severe seclusion was sufficient punishment for his follies and his faults. No repentance in Don Carlos, however, no human advocacy, would have availed to soften the implacable resolve of Philip, and the patience and resignation of the Prince failed him anew amid the frightful monotony and gloom and desolation of his life. He resolved once more on self-destruction, and this time he chose a method by which he could more certainly get rid of the burden of so terrible and humiliating an existence. He now determined to destroy his health by committing every excess within his power, and subjected his body to every trial which he could impose upon it; and there can be no doubt that Philip speedily apprehended the intentions of the Prince and lent himself with good will to further them as far as he could with prudence. Most of what we know of the manner in which the Prince compassed his end we learn from Philip's own despatches. From them we gather that the Prince passed his days and nights entirely without clothes, with his window open. That he paced the narrow bounds of his prison with bare feet after it was daily watered. That he put ice in his bed; ate sometimes immoderately of all kinds of indigestible fruits; and that for eleven days together he took nothing but immense draughts of iced water, which he drank at all hours. Such is the King's own account of the origin of Don Carlos's illness, and the seclusion of the prisoner of the tower under the guardianship of Ruy Gomez was so strict that no means exists for its contradiction. Only the ambassador of Venice was informed by one of those most intimate with the secrets of the palace, "that the young Prince was kept in such a state, that if he did not lose his reason, it would be a proof that he had already lost it." However, some details of the days preceding his death have escaped from the secrecy of his prison-chamber, which were consigned in the reports of the ambassadors at the Court of Madrid. About the middle of the month of July, a huge pasty highly seasoned, containing four partridges, was served at the table of Don Carlos. Although he had already eaten of sev-

eral other dishes, he devoured the entire pasty; and to appease the violent thirst which seized him after so immoderate a repast, drank an immense quantity of water iced with snow. His system being already in a most disorganized state from the abuses to which he had daily subjected it, a violent fit of indigestion, vomiting, and other signs of a dangerous character were the result. The doctors were called in, but the Prince refused to take any of their remedies. On the 19th of July his condition was considered hopeless. The Prince viewed the signs of his approaching end with satisfaction, while a transformation took place in his language and sentiments which astonished all who surrounded him.

Assured of a speedy termination to his sorrows, he directed all the forces of his mind toward putting his soul at peace with the world, and preparing for another life. He made confession to Fray Diego de Chaves with exemplary devotion; and as the vomitings, which were unremitting, did not permit of his taking the holy sacrament, he adored it with all marks of humility and perfect contrition. He consented to receive the care of his doctors, and demanded to see his father; but Philip not only refused for himself, but declined to let the Queen or Doña Juana visit the dying penitent, or to send him a single word of kindness. The Prince now dictated anew his last will, by which he provided for the payment of some of his debts, prayed the King to discharge the rest, and recommended to him the officers of his household, whom he acknowledged he had often maltreated. After many gifts to pious uses and to his friends, to show that he forgave all injuries, he left presents to several of his principal enemies, including Ruy Gomez, whom he regarded as the chief author of all his misfortunes.

The saint to whom he paid especial devotion was Saint James of Compostella, whose feast was to be celebrated on the 25th of July. He expressed a wish to die on the eve of that day, but he found his strength decrease so rapidly that he feared that he should not live to see it. He died at one on the morning of the 24th. He continued to the last moment in his sentiments of resignation to Divine mercy, and expressed forgiveness for his

father, for Ruy Gomez, and all concerned in his detention. He adored to the last moment a crucifix, which he caused to be placed on his breast, and a short time before he gave up his last breath took, in example of Charles V., a taper into his hand; and invited those by his bedside to repeat the prayer the Emperor himself had used on that occasion, and pronounced himself words among which were distinguished, "*Deus propitius esto mihi peccatori.*" A few minutes before his end the gown of a Franciscan friar and the hood of a Dominican were laid upon his bed, and in these, according to his desire, his corpse was laid out and buried.

Ruy Gomez, as the grand master of the Prince, conducted the funeral, which took place the same evening, in royal state; the mockery of funereal pomp, heraldic blazonry, and the mourning mantles of nobles and princes were never more unmeaningly displayed. The body was temporarily placed at the monastery of Saint Dominic to await its final journey to the Escorial. A long line of monks and friars led the procession. The body was carried by the Dukes of Infantado, of Medina de Rioseco, by the Prince of Eboli, the Prior Antonio of Toledo, the Constable of Castille, the Marquises of Sarria and Aquilar, the Counts Olivarez, Chinchon, Lerma, Orgaz, and the Viceroy of Peru. The Bishop of Pampeluna walked behind the body assisted by his chaplains, in capes of black brocade. Then came on the right the Nuncio in the middle of the ambassadors, on the left the Councils of State and the Court, and, lastly, the Archdukes Rodolph and Ernest. The King saw the procession pass from a window of the palace.

The death of Don Carlos caused in Spain universal grief. His end was lamented both by the nobles and the people. The nobility, whose part in the government had been reduced to the empty privileges of waiting in the antechamber and figuring in state ceremony, and who felt their insignificance the more from the gloomy austerity and haughty seclusion of a Monarch, shrouding his councils and his throne from their sight in a cloud of impenetrable darkness, hoped that the frank and generous qualities which undoubtedly existed in the nature of Don Carlos would, when he mounted the

throne, find pleasure in giving the monarchy its old aspect, and in admitting the nobility to their ancient share in its administration. The people likewise looked forward to a change of government of a more liberal and humane aspect, and a deliverance from the oppressive terror and gloom which weighed heavily on the whole nation; and the fervency of such hopes is vividly expressed in the popular poetry of the time—the most undeniable testimony of national feeling. But perhaps the most convincing proof that the nature of Don Carlos was not so incorrigible as Philip and his courtiers endeavored to have it represented, is to be found in a despatch of the Baron von Dietrichstein, in which he gives an account of a conversation which he held a short time before the death of Don Carlos with Fray Diego de Chaves, the confessor of the Prince; and who, from having been placed in that position by Philip himself, may naturally be supposed not to have been hostile to the King. The confessor assured Dietrichstein that the Prince was as good a Catholic, and had as firm a belief in the truths of religion, as was possible. That not only had he never entertained the notion of attempting the life of his father, but such an idea had never entered his head. He said that Don Carlos had many defects which he would neither deny nor excuse, but added, that in his opinion, these were to be attributed rather to the defects of his education and to the stubbornness of nature which characterized him, than to any want of reason; that he trusted the punishment inflicted upon him would serve as a *correctio morum*, and teach him to know himself; and that in time, if that were realized, as he, Fray Diego de Chaves, believed, he was persuaded that Don Carlos would become a good and virtuous prince, for that really good qualities were to be observed in him by the side of his vices.

The opinion of Brantôme, who had known the prince, coincides with that of the confessor. "I believe," he wrote, "that after the Prince had cast away his wild passions, like the young colts, and had passed the great heats of his first youth, he would have become a very great prince, and a warrior and a statesman."

The Emperor Maximilian likewise persevered, as long as the Prince was alive,

in entertaining hopes of the restoration of Don Carlos to liberty and of the permanent reformation of his life and character. He continued to reiterate supplications to the King in behalf of his unfortunate nephew, and never abandoned the idea that the engagement to the Archduchess Anne was still to be fulfilled, and he declined all consideration of a French proposal for the hand of his daughter, who herself became seriously indisposed from sympathy with the misfortunes of her betrothed Prince. Finding that his prayers by letter were of no avail to change the purpose of Philip, he resolved, first to go himself to Madrid and use his personal entreaty with his brother-in-law, but the affairs of Germany making it impossible for him to quit Vienna, he determined to despatch his brother the Archduke Charles with an autograph letter. The departure of the Archduke was fixed for the 4th of September, but a short time before that date, news of the death of Don Carlos reached Vienna.

The disturbed condition of Germany, and the exasperated state of public feeling caused by the arbitrary acts and the sanguinary cruelties of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, still rendered the journey of the Archduke Charles desirable, who accordingly started from Vienna on the 22nd of October, and reached Madrid on the 10th of December; while on the road, he had intelligence of the death of the gentle-hearted Isabella de la Paz, at the age of twenty-three, surviving Don Carlos not much more than two months. The Archduke had received instructions to obtain the consent of the King to the marriage of the Archduchess Anne with Charles IX.; but when informed of the death of the Queen of Spain, Maximilian changed his plans, and the hand of the Archduchess was offered to Philip himself, who thus became, by another singular caprice of destiny, for a second time the husband of a princess who had been betrothed to his unfortunate son.

This, his fourth wife, Philip also was destined to survive. She was, however, the longest-lived of all his queens, dying in 1580. Their married life thus lasted ten years. Philip had by her the son who succeeded him, Philip III., endowed with a gloomy nature, more congenial to his own than the wild and impetuous Don Carlos. By Elizabeth of Valois, Philip II.

had two daughters, one of whom, Catherine, married Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy; the other, Clara Isabella, was his favorite child, and attended him on his death-bed; this princess, during the time of the League, was put forward as a claimant for the crown of France on the extinction of the males of the House of Valois; she eventually married the Archduke Albert, and became Regent of the Low Countries. Mr. Motley relates that it was with reference to her that Philip formed the inconceivable design of a marriage with his own daughter.

The body of Don Carlos was subsequently removed to the Mausoleum of the Escorial; the mystery which enveloped his fate, and a tradition of his having been decapitated, caused his coffin to be twice violated and laid open—once in 1795 by a monk of the Escorial, who has left a written account of his examination, and subsequently by Colonel Bory de Saint-Vincent, of the French army, in 1812. The former visitor satisfied himself that the head was unsevered from the body. From the result of both investigations it appeared that Don Carlos when he died was in a very attenuated condition, and Colonel Bory found a good deal of the hair of the unfortunate Prince red and brittle with the action of time and of the quick-lime with which the coffin was filled up.

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Cornhill Magazine.

ERUPTIONS OF VESUVIUS.

THE eruption in progress, as we write, from Mount Vesuvius, and the numerous and violent eruptions from this mountain during the two last centuries, seem to afford an answer to those who would see traces of a gradually diminishing activity in the earth's internal forces. That such a diminution is taking place we may admit, but that its rate of progress is perceptible—that we can point to a time within the historical epoch, nay even within the limits of geological evidence, at which the earth's internal forces were *certainly* more active than they are at the present time, may, we think, be denied absolutely.

When the science of geology was but young, and its professors sought to compress within a few years (at the outside) a series of events which (we now know)

must have occupied many centuries, there was room, indeed, for the supposition that modern volcanic eruptions, as compared with ancient outbursts, are but as the efforts of children compared with the work of giants. And, accordingly, we find a distinguished French geologist writing, even so late as 1829, that in ancient times "*tous les phénomènes géologiques se passaient dans des dimensions centuples de celles qu'ils présentent aujourd'hui.*" But now we have such certain evidence of the enormous length of the intervals within which volcanic regions assumed their present appearance; we have such satisfactory means of determining which of the events occurring within those intervals were or were not contemporary, that we are safe from the error of assuming that Nature at a single effort fashioned widely extended districts just as we now see them. And accordingly, we have the evidence of one of the most distinguished of living geologists, that there is no volcanic mass "of ancient date, distinctly referable to a single eruption, which can even rival in volume the matter poured out from Skaptär Jokul in 1783."

In the volcanic region of which Vesuvius or Somma is the principal vent, we have a remarkable instance of the deceptive nature of that state of rest into which some of the principal volcanoes frequently fall for many centuries together. For how many centuries before the Christian era Vesuvius had been at rest, is not known; but this is certain, that from the landing of the Greek colony in Southern Italy, Vesuvius gave no signs of internal activity. It was recognized by Strabo as a volcanic mountain, but Pliny did not include it in the list of active volcanoes. In those days, the mountain presented a very different appearance from that which it now exhibits. In place of the two peaks now seen, there was a single, somewhat flattish summit, on which a slight depression marked the place of an ancient crater. The fertile slopes of the mountain were covered with well cultivated fields, and the thriving cities Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae, stood near the base of the sleeping mountain. So little did any thought of danger suggest itself in those times, that the bands of slaves, murderers, and pirates, which flocked to the standard of Sparta-

cus, found a refuge, to the number of many thousands, within the very crater itself.

But though Vesuvius was at rest, the region of which Vesuvius is the main vent was far from being so. The island of Pithecusa (the modern Ischia) was shaken by frequent and terrible convulsions. It is even related that Prochyta (the modern Procida) was rent from Pithecusa in the course of a tremendous upheaval, though Pliny derives the name Prochyta (or "poured forth") from the supposed fact of this island having been poured forth by an eruption from Ischia. Far more probably, Prochyta was formed independently by submarine eruptions, as the volcanic islands near Santorin have been produced in more recent times.

So fierce were the eruptions from Pithecusa, that several Greek colonies which attempted to settle on this island were compelled to leave it. About 380 years before the Christian era, colonists under King Hiero of Syracuse, who had built a fortress on Pithecusa, were driven away by an eruption. Nor were eruptions the sole cause of danger. Poisonous exhalations, such as are emitted by volcanic craters after eruption, appear to have exhaled, at times, from extensive tracts on Pithecusa, and thus to have rendered the island uninhabitable.

Still nearer to Vesuvius lay the celebrated Lake Avernus. The name Avernus is said to be a corruption of the Greek word *Aornos*, signifying "without birds," the poisonous exhalations from the waters of the lake destroying all birds which attempted to fly over its surface. Doubt has been thrown on the destructive properties assigned by the ancients to the vapors ascending from Avernus. The lake is now a healthy and agreeable neighborhood, frequented, says Humboldt, by many kinds of birds, which suffer no injury whatever even when they skim the very surface of the water. Yet there can be little doubt that Avernus hides the outlet of an extinct volcano; and long after this volcano had become inactive, the lake which concealed its site "may have deserved the appellation of 'atrijanua Ditis,' emitting, perhaps, gases as destructive of animal life as those suffocating vapors given out by Lake Quilotoa, in Quito, in 1797, by which whole herds of cattle were killed on its shores, or as those deleterious emanations which

annihilated all the cattle in the island of Lancerote, one of the Canaries, in 1730."

While Ischia was in full activity, not only was Vesuvius quiescent, but even Etna seemed to be gradually expiring, so that Seneca ranks this volcano among the number of nearly extinguished craters. At a later epoch, Ælian asserted that the mountain itself was sinking, so that seamen lost sight of the summit at a less distance across the seas than of old. Yet within the last two hundred years there have been eruptions from Etna rivalling, if not surpassing, in intensity the convulsions recorded by ancient historians.

We shall not here attempt to show that Vesuvius and Etna belong to the same volcanic system, though there is reason not only for supposing this to be the case, but for the belief that all the subterranean forces whose effects have been shown from time to time over the district extending from the Canaries and Azores, cross the whole of the Mediterranean, and into Syria itself, belong to but one great centre of internal action. But it quite certain that Ischia and Vesuvius are outlets from a single source.

While Vesuvius was dormant, resigning for awhile its pretensions to be the principal vent of the great Neapolitan volcanic system, Ischia, we have seen, was rent by frequent convulsions. But the time was approaching when Vesuvius was to resume its natural functions, and with all the more energy that they had been for awhile suspended.

In the year 63 (after Christ) there occurred a violent convulsion of the earth around Vesuvius, during which much injury was done to neighboring cities and many lives were lost. From this period shocks of earthquake were felt from time to time for sixteen years. These grew gradually more and more violent, until it began to be evident that the volcanic fires were about to return to their main vent. The obstruction which had so long impeded the exit of the confined matter was not however readily removed, and it was only in August of the year 79, after numerous and violent internal throes, that the superincumbent mass was at length hurled forth. Rocks and cinders, lava, sand, and scorix, were propelled from the crater and spread many miles on every side of Vesuvius.

We have an interesting account of the great eruption which followed, in a letter from the younger Pliny to the younger Tacitus. The latter had asked for an account of the death of the elder Pliny, who lost his life in his eagerness to obtain a near view of the dreadful phenomenon. "He was at that time," says his nephew, "with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud of very extraordinary size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and, after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, had retired to his study. He arose at once, and went out upon a height whence he might more distinctly view this strange phenomenon. It was not at this distance discernible from what mountain the cloud issued, but it was found afterwards that it came from Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of the figure than by comparing it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up to a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I suppose, either by a sudden gust of air which impelled it, whose force decreased as it advanced upwards, or else the cloud itself, being pressed back by its own weight, expanded in this manner. The cloud appeared sometimes bright, at others dark and spotted, as it was more or less impregnated with earth and cinders."

These extraordinary appearances attracted the curiosity of the elder Pliny. He ordered a small vessel to be prepared, and started to seek a nearer view of the burning mountain. His nephew declined to accompany him, being engaged with his studies. As Pliny left the house he received a note from a lady whose house, being at the foot of Vesuvius, was in imminent danger of destruction. He set out accordingly with the design of rendering her assistance, and also of assisting others, "for the villas stood extremely thick upon that lovely coast." He ordered the galleys to be put to sea, and steered directly to the point of danger, so cool in the midst of the turmoil around "as to be able to make and dictate observations upon the motions and figures of that dreadful scene." As he approached Vesuvius, cinders, pumice-stones, and black fragments of burning-rock, fell on

and around the ships. "They were in danger, too, of running aground owing to the sudden retreat of the sea; vast fragments, also, rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore." The pilot advising retreat, Pliny made the noble answer, "Fortune befriends the brave," and bade him press onwards to Stabiae. Here he found his friend Pomponianus in great consternation, already prepared for embarking and waiting only for a change in the wind. Exhorting Pomponianus to be of good courage, Pliny quietly ordered baths to be prepared; and "having bathed, sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (which is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it." Assuring his friend that the flames which appeared in several places were merely burning villages, Pliny presently retired to rest, and "being pretty fat," says his nephew, "and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore." But it became necessary to awaken him, for the court which led to his room was now almost filled with stones and ashes. He got up and joined the rest of the company, who were consulting on the propriety of leaving the house, now shaken from side to side by frequent concussions. They decided on seeking the fields for safety, and fastening pillows on their heads to protect them from falling stones, they advanced in the midst of an obscurity greater than that of the darkset night, though beyond the limits of the great cloud it was already broad day. When they reached the shore they found the waves running too high to suffer them safely to venture to put out to sea. Pliny "having drunk a draught or two of cold water, lay down on a cloth that was spread out for him; but at this moment the flames and sulphureous vapors dispersed the rest of the company and obliged him to rise. Assisted by two of his servants, he got upon his feet, but instantly fell down dead; suffocated, I suppose," says his nephew, "by some gross and noxious vapor, for he always had weak lungs and suffered from a difficulty of breathing." His body was not found until the third day after his death, when for the first time it was light enough to search for him. He was found as he had fallen, "and looking more like a man asleep than dead."

But even at Misenum there was danger, though Vesuvius was distant no less than fourteen miles. The earth was shaken with repeated and violent shocks, "insomuch," says the younger Pliny, "that they threatened our complete destruction." When morning came, the light was faint and glimmering; the buildings around seemed tottering to their fall, and, standing on the open ground, the chariots which Pliny had ordered were so agitated backwards and forwards that it was impossible to keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea was rolled back upon itself, and many marine animals were left dry upon the shore. On the side of Vesuvius, a black and ominous cloud, bursting with sulphureous vapors, darted out long trains of fire resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Presently the great cloud spread over Misenum and the island of Capreae. Ashes fell around the fugitives. On every side, "nothing was to be heard but the shrieks of women and children, and the cries of men; some were calling for their children, others for their parents, others their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one was lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wished to die, that they might escape the dreadful fear of death; but the greater part imagined that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together." At length a light appeared, which was not, however, the day, but the forerunner of an outburst of flames. These presently disappeared, and again a thick darkness spread over the scene. Ashes fell heavily upon the fugitives, so that they were in danger of being crushed, and buried in the thick layer rapidly covering the whole country. Many hours passed before the dreadful darkness began slowly to be dissipated. When at length day returned, and the sun even was seen faintly shining through the overhanging canopy of ashes, "every object seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes as with a deep snow."

It is most remarkable that Pliny makes no mention in his letter of the destruction of the two populous and important cities, Pompeii and Herculaneum. We have seen that at Stabiae a shower of ashes fell so heavily that, several days

before the end of the eruption, the court leading to the elder Pliny's room was beginning to be filled up. And when the eruption ceased, Stabiae was completely overwhelmed. Far more sudden, however, was the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

It would seem that the two cities were first shaken violently by the throes of the disturbed mountain. The signs of such a catastrophe have been very commonly assigned to the earthquake which happened in 63, but it seems far more likely that most of them belong to the days immediately preceding the great outburst in 79. "In Pompeii," says Sir Charles Lyell, "both public and private buildings bear testimony to the catastrophe. The walls are rent, and in many places traversed by fissures still open." It is probable that the inhabitants were driven by these anticipatory throes to fly from the doomed towns. For though Dion Cassius relates that "two entire cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, were buried under showers of ashes, while all the people were sitting in the theatre," yet "the examination of the two cities enables us to prove," says Sir Charles, "that none of the people were destroyed in the theatres, and, indeed, that there were few of the inhabitants who did not escape from both cities. Yet," he adds, "some lives were lost, and there was ample foundation for the tale in all its most essential particulars."

We may not here, in passing, that the account of the eruption given by Dion Cassius, who wrote a century and a half after the catastrophe, is sufficient to prove how terrible an impression had been made upon the inhabitants of Campania, from whose descendants he in all probability obtained the materials of his narrative. He writes that, "during the eruption, a multitude of men of superhuman stature, resembling giants, appeared, sometimes on the mountain, and sometimes in the environs; that stones and smoke were thrown out, the sun was hidden, and then the giants seemed to rise again while the sounds of trumpets were heard"—with much other matter of a similar sort.

In the great eruption of 79, Vesuvius poured forth lapilli, sand, cinders, and fragments of old lava, but no new lava flowed from the crater. Nor does it ap-

pear that any lava-stream was ejected during the six eruptions which took place during the following ten centuries. In the year 1036, for the first time, Vesuvius was observed to pour forth a stream of molten lava. Thirteen years later, another eruption took place; then ninety years passed without disturbance, and after that a long pause of 168 years. During this interval, however, the volcanic system, of which Vesuvius is the main but not the only vent, had been disturbed twice. For it is related that in 1198 the Solfatara Lake crater was in eruption; and in 1302, Ischia, dormant for at least 1,400 years, showed signs of new activity. For more than a year earthquakes had convulsed this island from time to time, and at length the disturbed region was relieved by the outburst of a lava stream from a new vent on the south-east of Ischia. The lava stream flowed right down to the sea, a distance of two miles. For two months, this dreadful outburst continued to rage; many houses were destroyed; and although the inhabitants of Ischia were not completely expelled, as happened of old with the Greek colonists, yet a partial emigration of the inhabitants took place.

The next eruption of Vesuvius took place in 1306; and then, until 1631, there occurred only one eruption, and that an unimportant one, in 1500. "It was remarked," says Sir Charles Lyell, "that throughout this long interval of rest Etna was in a state of unusual activity, so as to lend countenance to the idea that the great Sicilian volcano may sometimes serve as a channel of discharge to elastic fluids and lava that would otherwise rise to the vents in Campania."

Nor was the abnormal activity of Etna the only sign that the quiescence of Vesuvius was not to be looked upon as any evidence of declining energy in the volcanic system. In 1538 a new mountain was suddenly thrown up in the Phlegrean Fields—a district including within its bounds Pozzuoli, Lake Avernus, and the Solfatara. The new mountain was thrown up near the shores of the Bay of Baia. It is 440 feet above the level of the bay, and its base is about a mile and a half in circumference. The depth of the crater is 421 feet, so that its bottom is only six yards above the

level of the bay. The spot on which the mountain was thrown up was formerly occupied by the Lucrine Lake; but the outburst filled up the greater part of the lake, leaving only a small and shallow pool.

The accounts which have reached us of the formation of this new mountain are not without interest. Falconi, who wrote in 1538, writes that several earthquakes took place during the two years preceding the outburst, and above twenty shocks on the day and night before the eruption. "The eruption began on September 29, 1538. It was on a Sunday, about one o'clock in the night, when flames of fire were seen between the hot-baths and Tripergola. In a short time the fire increased to such a degree that it burst open the earth in this place, and threw up a quantity of ashes and pumice-stones, mixed with water, which covered the whole country. The next morning the poor inhabitants of Pozzuoli quitted their habitations in terror, covered with the muddy and black shower, which continued the whole day in that country—flying from death, but with death painted in their countenances. Some with their children in their arms, some with sacks full of their goods; others leading an ass, loaded with their frightened family, towards Naples, &c. . . . The sea had retired on the side of Baia, abandoning a considerable tract; and the shore appeared almost entirely dry, from the quantity of ashes and broken pumice-stones thrown up by the eruption."

Pietro Giacomo di Toledo gives us some account of the phenomena which preceded the eruption: "That plain which lies between Lake Avernus, the Monte Barbaro, and the sea, was raised a little, and many cracks were made in it, from some of which water issued; at the same time the sea immediately adjoining the plain dried up about two hundred paces, so that the fish were left on the sand a prey to the inhabitants of Pozzuoli. At last, on the 29th of September, about two o'clock in the night, the earth opened near the lake, and discovered a horrid mouth, from which were vomited furiously smoke, fire stones, and mud composed of ashes, making at the time of the opening a noise like the loudest thunder. The stones which followed were by the flames converted to pumice, and

some of these were *larger than an ox*. The stones went about as high as a cross-bow will carry, and then fell down, sometimes on the edge, and sometimes in to the mouth itself. The mud was of the color of ashes, and at first very liquid, then by degrees less so; and in such quantities that in less than twelve hours, with the help of the above-mentioned stones, a mountain was raised 1,000 paces in height. Not only Pozzuoli and the neighboring country were full of this mud, but the city of Naples also; so that many of its palaces were defaced by it. This eruption lasted two nights and two days without intermission, though not always with the same force; the third day the eruption ceased, and I went up with many people to the top of the new hill, and saw down into its mouth, which was a round cavity about a quarter of a mile in circumference, in the middle of which the stones which had fallen were boiling up just as a cauldron of water boils on the fire. The fourth day it began to throw up again, and the seventh day much more, but still with less violence than the first night. At this time many persons who were on the hill were knocked down by the stones and killed, or smothered with the smoke."

And now, for nearly a century, the whole district continued in repose. Nearly five centuries had passed since there had been any violent eruption of Vesuvius itself; and the crater seemed gradually assuming the condition of an extinct volcano. The interior of the crater is described by Bracini, who visited Vesuvius shortly before the eruption of 1631, in terms that would have fairly represented its condition before the eruption of 79:—"The crater was five miles in circumference, and about a thousand paces deep; its sides were covered with brushwood, and at the bottom there was a plain on which cattle grazed. In the woody parts, wild boars frequently harbored. In one part of the plain, covered with ashes, were three small pools, one filled with hot and bitter water, another saltier than the sea, and a third hot, but tasteless." But in December, 1631, the mountain blew away the covering of rock and cinders which supported these woods and pastures. Seven streams of lava poured from the

crater, causing a fearful destruction of life and property. Resina, built over the site of Herculaneum, was entirely consumed by a raging lava-stream. Heavy showers of rain, generated by the steam evolved during the eruption, caused, in their turn, an amount of destruction scarcely less important than that resulting from the lava-streams. For, falling upon the cone, and sweeping thence large masses of ashes and volcanic dust, these showers produced destructive streams of mud, consistent enough to merit the name of "aqueous lava" commonly assigned to it.

An interval of thirty-five years passed before the next eruption. But, since 1666, there has been a continual series of eruptions, so that the mountain has scarcely ever been at rest for more than ten years together. Occasionally there have been two eruptions within a few months; and it is well worthy of remark that, during the three centuries which have elapsed since the formation of Monte Nuovo, there has been no volcanic disturbance in any part of the Neapolitan volcanic district save in Vesuvius alone. Of old, as Brieslak well remarks, there had been irregular disturbances in some part of the Bay of Naples once in every two hundred years;—the eruption of Solfatara in the twelfth century, that of Ischia in the fourteenth, and that of Monte Nuovo in the sixteenth; but "the eighteenth has formed an exception to the rule." It seems clear that the constant series of eruptions from Vesuvius during the past two hundred years has sufficed to relieve the volcanic district of which Vesuvius is the principal vent.

Of the eruptions which have disturbed Vesuvius during the last two centuries, those of 1779, 1793, and 1822, are in some respects the most remarkable.

Sir William Hamilton has given a very interesting account of the eruption of 1779. Passing over those points in which this eruption resembled others, we may note its more remarkable features. Sir William Hamilton says, that in this eruption molten lava was thrown up, in magnificent jets, to the height of at least 10,000 feet. Masses of stones and scorix were to be seen propelled along by these lava jets. Vesuvius seemed to be surmounted by an enormous

column of fire. Some of the jets were directed by the wind towards Ottajano; others fell on the cone of Vesuvius, on the outer circular mountain Somma, and on the valley between. Falling, still red-hot and liquid, they covered a district more than two miles and a half wide with a mass of fire. The whole space above this district, to the height of 10,000 feet, was filled also with the rising and falling lava streams; so that there was continually present a body of fire covering the extensive space we have mentioned, and extending nearly two miles high. The heat of this enormous fire-column was distinctly perceptible at a distance of at least six miles on every side.

The eruption of 1793 presented a different aspect. Dr. Clarke tells us that millions of red-hot stones were propelled into the air to at least half the height of the cone itself; then turning, they fell all around in noble curves. They covered nearly half the cone of Vesuvius with fire. Huge masses of white smoke were vomited forth by the disturbed mountain, and formed themselves, at a height of many thousands of feet above the crater, into a huge, ever-moving canopy, through which, from time to time, were hurled pitch-black jets of volcanic dust, and dense vapors, mixed with cascades of red-hot rocks and scoriæ. The rain which fell from the cloud-canopy was scalding hot.

Dr. Clarke was able to compare the different appearances presented by the lava when it burst from the very mouth of the crater, and lower down, when it had approached the plain. As it rushed forth from its imprisonment, it streamed a liquid, white, and brilliantly pure river, which burned for itself a smooth channel through a great arched chasm in the side of the mountain. It flowed with the clearness of "honey in regular channels, cut finer than art can imitate, and glowing with all the splendor of the sun. Sir William Hamilton had conceived," adds Dr. Clarke, "that stones thrown upon a current of lava would produce no impression. I was soon convinced of the contrary. Light bodies, indeed, of five, ten, and fifteen pounds' weight, made little or no impression, even at the source; but bodies of sixty, seventy, and eighty pounds were seen

to form a kind of bed on the surface of the lava, and float away with it. A stone of three hundredweight, that had been thrown out by the crater, lay near the source of the current of lava. I raised it up on one end, and then let it fall in upon the liquid lava, when it gradually sank beneath the surface and disappeared. If I wished to describe the manner in which it acted upon the lava, I should say that it was like a loaf of bread thrown into a bowl of very thick honey, which gradually involves itself in the heavy liquid, and then slowly sinks to the bottom."

But, as the lava flowed down the mountain slopes, it lost its brilliant whiteness; a crust began to form upon the surface of the still molten lava, and this crust broke into innumerable fragments of porous matter, called scoriæ. Underneath this crust—across which Dr. Clarke and his companions were able to pass without other injury than the singeing of their boots—the liquid lava still continued to force its way onward and downward past all obstacles. On its arrival at the bottom of the mountain, says Dr. Clarke, "the whole current," encumbered with huge masses of scoriæ, "resembled nothing so much as a heap of unconnected cinders from an iron-foundry," "rolling slowly along," he says in another place, "and falling with a rattling noise over one another."

After the eruption described by Dr. Clarke, the great crater gradually filled up. Lava boiled up from below, and small craters, which formed themselves over the bottom and sides of the great one, poured forth lava loaded with scoriæ. Thus, up to October 1822, there was to be seen, in place of a regular crateriform opening, a rough and uneven surface scored by huge fissures, whence vapor was continually being poured, so as to form clouds above the hideous heap of ruins. But the great eruption of 1822 not only flung forth all the mass which had accumulated within the crater, but wholly changed the appearance of the cone. An immense abyss was formed three-quarters of a mile across, and extending 2,000 feet downward into the very heart of Vesuvius. Had the lips of the crater remained unchanged, indeed, the depth

of this great gulf would have been far greater. But so terrific was the force of the explosion that the whole of the upper part of the cone was carried clean away, and the mountain reduced in height by nearly a full fifth of its original dimensions. From the time of its formation the chasm gradually filled up; so that, when Mr. Serape saw it soon after the eruption, its depth was reduced by more than 1,000 feet.

Of late, Vesuvius has been as busy as ever. In 1833 and 1834 there were eruptions; and it is but twelve years since a great outburst took place. Then, for three weeks together, lava streamed down the mountain slopes. A river of molten lava swept away the village at Cercolo, and ran nearly to the sea of Ponte Maddaloni. There were then formed ten small craters within the great one. But these have now united, and pressure from beneath has formed a vast cone where they had been. The cone has risen above the rim of the crater, and, as we write, torrents of lava are being poured forth. At first the lava formed a lake of fire, but the seething mass found an outlet, and poured in a wide stream toward Ottajano. Masses of red-hot stone and rock are hurled forth, and a vast canopy of white vapor hangs over Vesuvius, forming at night, when illuminated by the raging mass below, a glory of resplendent flame around the summit of the mountain.

It may seem strange that the neighborhood of so dangerous a mountain should be inhabited by races free to choose more peaceful districts. Yet, though Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabizæ lie buried beneath the lava and ashes thrown forth by Vesuvius, Portici and Resina, Torre del Greco and Torre dell' Annunziata have taken their place; and a large population, cheerful and prosperous, flourish around the disturbed mountain, and over the district of which it is the somewhat untrustworthy safety-valve.

It has, indeed, been well pointed out by Sir Charles Lyell that, "the general tendency of subterranean movements, when their effects are considered for a sufficient lapse of ages, is eminently beneficial, and that they constitute an essential part of that mechanism by which the integrity of the habitable surface

is preserved. Why the working of this same machinery should be attended with so much evil, is a mystery far beyond the reach of our philosophy, and must probably remain so until we are permitted to investigate, not our planet alone and its inhabitants, but other parts of the moral and material universe with which they may be connected. Could our survey embrace other worlds, and the events, not of a few centuries only, but of periods as indefinite as those with which geology renders us familiar, some apparent contradictions might be reconciled, and some difficulties would doubtless be cleared up. But even then, as our capacities are finite, while the scheme of the universe may be infinite, both in time and space, it is presumptuous to suppose that all source of doubt and perplexity would ever be removed. On the contrary, they might, perhaps, go on augmenting in number, although our confidence in the wisdom of the plan of nature should increase at the same time; for it has been justly said" (by Sir Humphry Davy) "that the greater the circle of light, the greater the boundary of darkness by which it is surrounded."

From Fraser's Magazine.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

It can rarely happen that a subject of such extensive and varied interest as Westminster Abbey is in all its aspects—historical, constitutional, ecclesiastical, and biographical—should be handled by a writer so peculiarly fitted to do it justice, not only by his position, but by his powers of description and turn of thought, as the present learned and accomplished chief of its Chapter. For all who are concerned to know the manner of the foundation of the great church, which even more than the sister edifice in London proper, represents the religious centre of the metropolis; for all who wish to learn how its life has been, from the beginning and through all the centuries of its existence, interwoven with the political life of England; for all who love to dwell on the memories of the distin-

* *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster.

guished men whose monuments crowd the aisles and chapels of the ancient pile; for all who would like to be informed of the personal history of those who have been officially connected with it—this book of Dr. Stanley's will possess a value of no common order.

Nothing could be more fresh and picturesque than the introduction to the volume, in which the site of the future edifice is, as it were, plotted and laid out for its reception. To do this we are carried a long way back through the centuries, to the days when the important stream, on whose banks the Abbey, in common with all London, stands, was a river winding at its own sweet will, more so than when Wordsworth gazed on it from the bridge, and ages before it was drilled to march between embankments of stones, or vexed by the paddles of countless steamboats, and only recently and still imperfectly to be delivered from performing the base offices of a common sewer. Forests full of the noblest game stretched from the river shore to the heights of Hampstead and Highgate; Tower Hill, Corn Hill, and Ludgate Hill marked by their names the slight eminences chosen for the earliest occupation; while the lesser tributaries to the great river live in the names of Longborne—the long burn; Holborn—the old burn; Tyburn; Wall Brook; and others.

And so the future metropolis of England grew along the banks of the Thames; the kings had their occasional palace at Westminster, and some chronicles have even placed there the scene of Canute's voluntary wetting by the rising tide in rebuke of his courtiers. Surrounded by the water of descending streams stood Thorn Ey, or the Isle of Thorns, so wild and dreadful in its desolation that it was known as *locus terribilis*, yet not without its attractions for habitation in its seclusion, its fine soil, and the fish to be easily obtained for food from the neighboring river. It was a place after the heart of monks. Ely, Croyland, Glastonbury in England, Notre-Dame at Paris, rose in similar places. Dunstan is traditionally said to have established twelve monks of the Benedictine order in the island, which from that time took the name of the "Western Monastery," or "Minster of

the West." But Edward the Confessor is the true founder of Westminster Abbey. In Dean Stanley's account of him we have displayed all that power of bringing into life and reality the characters of by-gone times, which has been exercised by him so often and with such never-failing charm. In his description we seem to see the very man. His complexion almost that of an Albino: the milky white and waving hair and beard, the eyes always fixed on the ground, the thin white hands and long transparent fingers, the strange mixture of grave and playful in his manners, childish in his kindness, not reliable, spending his time equally between devotional exercises and hunting. He was the last of the Saxons, and also the first of the Normans, and in the foundation by him of Westminster Abbey, may be noted the earliest of the numerous political coincidences and relations which seem to connect the building indissolubly with the history of the edifice of the English constitution. When in Normandy and in exile, Edward had vowed a pilgrimage to St. Peter's Shrine at Rome if he returned in safety. Immediately came the news of the departure of the Danes, and of his own election as king. With his new duties and position, the fulfilment of the vow became impossible. The king desired it, but state policy forbade it. He was released from the vow by the Pope, on condition of founding or restoring some monastery dedicated to St. Peter, and thus vicariously supplying the abandoned journey to Rome. The existing establishment near the king's residence at Westminster fulfilled the necessary condition, and became the chosen spot for the future honor of the Saint. Nor was the dedication unaccompanied by legendary miracles. St. Peter appeared to a hermit of Worcester and expressed his satisfaction at the method proposed for redeeming the king's vow. The keeper of the keys of heaven was also manifested to a fisherman engaged in his calling upon the Thames, and angels were seen, with incense and candles, dedicating with the usual solemnities the newly risen fabric. Edward lived more than any previous king in the palace close to the church of his vow, and so the Abbey and the royal residence became linked together, and thus was fixed

what is rightly and felicitously described as the local centre of the English monarchy and nation—of the palace and legislature, no less than of the Abbey—a centre from which both Church and State have spread, in which each has received much from the other, and where the former must always find its true and only real independence, and its national support.

The "painted chamber" or "chamber of St. Edward" was the oldest part of the palace of Westminster, and this evokes a crowd of historical and political recollections. It was in it that conferences took place between the Houses of Lords and Commons, and it was in it that the House of Lords sat while the House of Commons occupied their former chamber during the building of the present Palace of Westminster after the great fire of 1834.

Edward's Abbey was the first cruciform church in England, and occupying as it did nearly the whole area of the present building, must have been a marvel of the age. There was a tower in the centre and two at the west end. A rude representation of it is given in the Bayeux tapestry. In it and before the high altar was laid the body of its founder, but it was removed to its present position in the shrine of St. Edward by Henry III.

In pursuing the connection of the Abbey with the English constitution, and the relation of the liberties of the Church to its bond with the State, a characteristic story is introduced. The constant illustration of this union is, indeed, the key-note of the book, and adds to it much of its value. Wulfstan, bishop of Worcester, was the only Saxon prelate left after the Norman conquest. At a council summoned to Westminster Wulfstan was declared incapable of retaining his see, because he could not speak French. The Saxon laid his pastoral staff on the Confessor's tomb, and speaking in his own language to the dead king, said, "Edward, thou gavest me the staff, to thee I return it," and then in French to the living king, "A better than thou gave it to me; take it if thou canst." The staff remained fixed in the stone and Wulfstan kept his see. This was the first miracle worked at the tomb of Edward the Confessor, and the story was used by King John when

arguing for the supremacy of the crown against the claims of the Papal legate.

But it is in the coronations of the kings and queens of England held in the Abbey, and in which the dean takes a chief part to the exclusion of higher ecclesiastic functionaries, that the peculiar connection of Church and State developed in the ancient fabric, attains its culminating point. The coronation of William the Conqueror undoubtedly took place in the Abbey, and earlier coronations may have been celebrated in it. Upon the tomb of the Confessor the Norman stood to complete his title to rule his newly acquired kingdom, and henceforward all the sovereigns of England have in the same place assumed the crown. The regalia in their names and character were all Anglo-Saxon, and the form of oath retained to the time of James II. was to observe "the laws of the glorious Confessor." These emblems of sovereignty down to the reign of Henry VIII. were always kept in the Treasury of Westminster, and their modern representatives (dating of course only from the Restoration) are brought from the usual place of safety in the Tower to the Jerusalem Chamber of the Abbey for a coronation. The privileges of the Abbot of Westminster, continued to the dean after the Reformation, were great and peculiar. He was to prepare the king for the rite, and to administer the chalice to the king and queen, in sign of their conjugal union, after they had received the sacrament from the archbishop. A coronation of a kind for which there was no precedent, and which has never been repeated, took place when Henry, the son of Henry II., was crowned at Westminster in his father's lifetime. He was thenceforth known as *Rex Henricus junior*, and is alluded to by Dante as "*il re giovane*;" and this may be taken as furnishing another allusion to the Abbey by the great Florentine (although an indirect one) in addition to that referred to by Dean Stanley in the instance of Prince Henry, the nephew of Henry III. murdered by Guy de Montfort at Viterbo, whose heart was preserved in a golden cup near St. Edward's shrine. A fatal coronation this was of "the young king" for Becket, excluded from performing the ceremony as archbishop of Canterbury, launched his anathema against the

primate of York and the other prelates who had assisted in invading his privilege, and this led to Becket's murder and all its train of evils.

The coronation of Richard I. was distinguished by a superstitious panic occasioned by the presence of Jews at the solemnities. They were supposed to attend with some evil design, and a proclamation was issued to warn away Jews and witches from intruding. Some came, however, to the banqueting hall, and, as may be imagined, got the worst of it then and there, as their brethren in the country elsewhere did afterwards; for the occasion led to a general massacre and plunder of the Jews both in London and other places, Winchester only, as recorded by Richard of Devizes, choosing for the time to spare its vermin.

The barons of the Cinque Ports first appeared to carry the canopy over the king at the coronation of John, in acknowledgment of assistance rendered by the then most important maritime towns of England to the king in his voyages to and from Normandy.

Henry III. was first irregularly crowned at Gloucester, in 1216, but was again crowned in due form at Westminster by Stephen Langton in 1220. A delicious anecdote is here introduced. The king asked the great theologian of the age, Grosstete, Bishop of Lincoln, the difficult question, "What was the precise grace wrought in a king by the unction?"⁵ and was answered, with truly episcopal discretion, "The same as in confirmation."

Edward I. and Eleanor were the first king and queen jointly crowned, at a long interval after his accession, owing to his absence in the Holy Land, and there was a magnificent scramble among the crowd for five hundred horses let loose in honor of the occasion. At this coronation appeared for the first time the famous Stone of Scone, whose many peregrinations were brought to an end by Edward's deposit of it in the Abbey, who encaased it in the wooden chair which still holds it, the very chair in which Richard II. sits in his portrait now in the Jerusalem Chamber. Since then it has rested at Westminster as one of the most interesting material documents of history to be found in any country. Its early history partakes of the marvellous. It was the pillow of stone on which Jacob slept

at Bethel. Ceerops, king of Athens, who married a daughter of Pharaoh, alarmed at the rising power of Moses, carried it with him to Spain, from which it went to Ireland, and on it sat the kings of that country when crowned on the Hill of Tara. Fergus bore it off to Dunstaffnage, and its final Scottish habitat was at Scone, where the kings of Scotland were placed upon it at their coronations. An appendix contains a most full and curious account of the progress of the legend of the stone by the late learned and much lamented Joseph Robertson; while Professor Ramsay brings modern geological science to bear upon the question of its identification. He reports that the stone may have come from the formations in the neighborhood, either of Scone or Dunstaffnage; that it is not likely to have been derived from the rocks of the Hill of Tara, or of Iona; and he pays so much respect to the earliest legends of its origin as to say that, being a sandstone, it could not have come from Bethel, where the strata are of limestone, or from Egypt, where no similar rock is known to exist. The stone has all the appearance of having been squared for building purposes, and may now be considered as typically fulfilling its original destination, as a sort of symbolical foundation stone of the edifice of the British monarchy.

The coronation of Richard II. was magnificent, and first saw the cavalcade from the Tower, which continued in use until the time of Charles II. Then, too, began the "Knights of the Bath" as a special, and not a permanent institution of knights created for the occasion, who after due ablutions rode with the king along the streets from the city to Westminster. Then, also, first caracoled the Champion, who appears to have been not so much triumphant as (in modern slang) sat upon, by being told to wait for his perquisites until the king had begun to eat his dinner.

Henry VIII. was crowned with Catherine of Arragon, and again, as we may learn from our Shakespeares, with Anne Boleyn, but no other of his queens was afterwards crowned.

Elizabeth's coronation was abnormal, as were the times in which she succeeded to the throne. The coronation mass was celebrated, and the abbot of West-

minster officiated for the last time. But the Litany was read in English, the Gospel and Epistle both in English and in the ancient language of ecclesiastical services. The whole bench of bishops but one were absent. Canterbury was vacant; York would not come; London was in prison; but Oglethorpe, bishop of Carlisle, and dean of the Chapel Royal, borrowed his robes, acted for him, and, as was said, afterwards died of remorse—a warning to solitary dissidents from prevailing episcopal opinion. No man can expect to maintain himself in the face of an overwhelming opposition from his own order. He loses his independence and freedom of speech and action by entering it, and must be content to abide that result, or to hazard the uncertain issues of violating what may be almost described as a natural law.

We admire Anne of Denmark's scruples at the coronation of James I. She refused to take the sacrament; "She had changed her Lutheran religion once before for the Presbyterian forms of Scotland, and that was enough." But more important matters are to be noted on this occasion, and are rightly indicated by Dean Stanley as showing the grasping tendencies of the Stuarts. The words in the ritual "whom we *consecrate*" were substituted for "whom we *elect*," and for "the laws which the Commons have chosen" were used the words "the laws which the commonalty of your kingdom have chosen."

The coronation of Charles I. was not without its presages, and, as might be expected, was distinguished by the passions and prejudices of the stormy time. There was a commission in which Laud was most active to prepare a service according to the rules of the Church of England. "With a passion," says Dean Stanley, "for the Royal prerogative, curiously contrasted with the antipathy to it manifested by his spiritual descendants, he introduced the prayer (omitted since the time of Henry VI.) that the king might have Peter's keys and Paul's doctrine." The king wore a white robe instead of the usual purple velvet one. The dove of gold among the regalia was broken, and had to be replaced. During the solemnity there was an earthquake.

Oliver Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall; but the coronation-stone was brought from the Abbey on that occasion only, and on it sat the "gloomy brewer," when he took his place among English sovereigns. To him was presented for the first time a Bible.

The Restoration brought with it the splendid coronation of Charles II. The procession from the Tower was renewed; and there was a brand new set of regalia to replace those which had been sold in the late troubles. But all the care taken to examine records and precedents did not suffice to prevent some unseemly disputes; and among others, the king's footmen and the barons of the Cinque Ports had a desperate struggle for the canopy.

William and Mary were crowned together, and both (as was fitting on the occasion) duly invested with the symbols of sovereignty. The princess Anne, standing near the queen, said: "Madam, I pity your fatigue." The queen turned sharply with the words, "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it seems." For the first time the Commons of England sat assembled in the Abbey during the solemnity.

At George I.'s coronation, the Order of the Knights of the Bath was founded as a permanent body. The honors of the Garter were not enough to satisfy all claimants, and Walpole desired to let the royal favors flow in a wider channel. The original number of knights was thirty-six, to correspond with the stalls in Henry VII.'s chapel; and the dean of Westminster wears his red ribbon in virtue of his office as dean of the Order.

George IV. was crowned with all that could be done to add variety and magnificence to the event of a coronation after an interval of sixty years. There was a procession under a covered way from the Abbey to the Hall, and the champion in armor flung down his gauntlet of challenge after the most approved ancient precedents. The ceremony was repeated in mimic pageantry (with a long run) at Drury Lane Theatre, where Elliston himself walked in procession as the king upon a platform expressly laid round the front of the dress circle, and is said to have entered so much into the

spirit of the part as to have wept with emotion when giving an imaginary blessing to his imaginary subjects in pit, boxes, and gallery.

The advisers of Caroline of Brunswick made their greatest mistake in permitting her to attempt to force an entry into the Abbey, in order to be present at her husband's coronation. The public repulse was ignominious, and placed her in a ridiculous position, from which she never recovered, and for the time deprived her even of the mob popularity which had been previously enjoyed by her, as a person who was supposed to have been injured by, and who at any rate was the greatest enemy of the king.

At the last coronation there was no banquet in Westminster Hall; but on many accounts the ceremony must have been peculiarly impressive. All will concur in wishing that long may it be the last.

From the glories of the coronations by which kings and queens passed into the full life of sovereignty, the transition is natural, as that from life to death, to the tombs in which their remains have been deposited within the same walls of the Abbey, and with equal if not even greater magnificence. "Man," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, pompous in the grave;" and if in any place funeral pomp and gorgeous monuments can be regarded with complacency, it must surely be in such an edifice as the Abbey, and when the fleeting obsequies and more enduring memorials of stone and metal are those of a long line of the monarchs of a great and powerful country. The grave of Edward the Confessor, the founder, was the first, and the centre to which the others were attracted; but there was an interval of some length between his and the next royal deposit. The Conqueror lies at Caen; William Rufus at Winchester; Henry I. at Reading; Stephen at Faversham; Henry II. and Richard I. at Fontevrault; John at Worcester. Henry III., the second founder of the Abbey, and who raised the shrine to St. Edward, was the first king buried at Westminster since the Conquest, and near him many members of his family, in close vicinity to the shrine. Then came Edward I., with the grand inscription on his tomb: "Edwardus Primus, Scotorum malleus, hic est. 1308. Factum serva." Dean

Stanley suggests that the "pact" to be kept was that which the dying king required of his son, that his flesh should be boiled, his bones carried at the head of the English army till Scotland was subdued, and his heart sent to the Holy Land. The tomb was without ornament and unfinished, perhaps to leave the corpse easily accessible; and once in two years the tomb was to be opened, and the wax of the cere-cloth renewed. This was done until Edward's dynasty ended with the fall of Richard II., from which time the tomb remained undisturbed until in the last century it was opened, by permission of Dean Thomas, in the presence of the Society of Antiquaries, who, we venture to think, should have known better than to countenance what seems to have been an unnecessary disturbance of the sanctity of the grave. Then was seen for the last time the mortal frame of Edward Longshanks, six feet two inches by rule and measure, no doubt duly applied to the royal remains by the aforesaid learned society, and the hammer of Scotland lay helpless against the indignity. *Expende Hannibalem*—and why not gauge the feet and inches of Edward I.? These trouble-tombs took care to remove all motive for repeating their offence, for they poured in pitch, and, as Horace Walpole wrote, boasted of having enclosed him so effectually that his ashes could not be violated again. Wales and Scotland were at last avenged, and ruin seized all that was left of the ruthless king.

Poor Edward II. was buried at Gloucester, as nearest to Berkley Castle; but his son, John of Eltham, lies in Westminster Abbey, in the chapel of St. Edward, "entre les royaux," yet "so as to leave room for the king and his successors." The tomb of Queen Philippa shows the earliest attempt at a portrait. She on her death-bed, as recorded by Froissart, said to her husband: "I ask that you will not choose any other sepulchre than mine, and that you lie by my side in the Abbey of Westminster." When Edward III. followed her, his effigy was sculptured, according to tradition, after a cast taken from his face; and it is said to resemble an illustrious living poet, his alleged descendant, who may be proud to be the first to have surmounted features of royal origin

with the crown of the laureate. Edward the Black Prince has his grand resting-place at Canterbury; and as that cathedral has had the loving care of a sometime Canon bestowed in describing it, all justice has been done to his sepulchral memorial in its proper place. Westminster, indeed, might well have been envious of Canterbury, if the fortunate event of the transfer of the historian from the precincts on the Stour to the cloisters on the banks of the Thames had not procured for it equal advantages.

Richard II. is said to have been peculiarly attached to the Abbey. He swore "by St. Edward," and confided a favorite ring to the guardianship of St. Edward's Shrine when he was out of England. His portrait, which formerly hung in the choir, and is now in the Jerusalem Chamber, has been already mentioned. In its unrestored state it formed one of the most valuable loans to the Portrait Exhibition at South Kensington in 1866, and has since regained its pristine beauty under the skilful hands of Mr. Richmond and Mr. Merritt. The splendid tomb of Richard's queen, Anne of Bohemia, records his affection for her, and their effigies lie on it, side by side, her hand clasped in his. But whether the body brought from Pomfret, and afterwards buried by Henry V. with state in this tomb, was in truth that of the king, appears to be open to doubt.

Henry IV. lies at Canterbury; but with Henry V. the Abbey again rose into favor. He enlarged the nave; Whittington, lord mayor of London, was the architect; and in it was celebrated the *Te Deum* for the victory of Agincourt, just before which the king declared by his will his intention to be buried at Westminster. His remains were brought from Vincennes with great pomp, and funeral ceremonies were performed in the presence of Parliament, both at St. Paul's and in the Abbey. A waxen figure appeared for the first time, instead of the actual exhibition of the dead king in royal attire. Room was made for the interment at the east end of the Confessor's Chapel, by clearing away the sacred relics deposited there, and the present raised chapel was erected, to the great damage of the older monuments

of Eleanor and Philippa; so little did the antiquity which now receives so much deference at our hands, regard antiquity antecedent to itself. Above are his helmet and saddle; the shield, once there, is gone. His effigy, in heart of oak, lay, plated with silver gilt, and with a head of solid silver, which had disappeared before Camden's time.

Of all the royal interments, however, the story of that of Henry VI., as told by Dean Stanley, has the most touching interest. There was an old tradition, since amply confirmed by existing archives, that the king had been seen to visit the Abbey several times (beginning twelve years before his death) to fix the place of his sepulture. On one occasion he went round the Confessor's Chapel with the abbot by torchlight, when he rejected the proposal to move the tomb of Eleanor. Another time he refused to let the tomb of Henry V. be displaced to make room for him, saying, "Nay, let him alone; he lieth like a noble prince. I would not trouble him." Finally, the spot occupied by the relics was chosen, and he said, "Forsooth, forsooth, here will we lie! Here is a good place for us." The relics were removed elsewhere, and the tomb ordered—but never built. Henry died in the Tower, and the poor "pale ashes of the house of Lancaster," first taken to Chertsey monastery, were finally placed in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, by Richard III., in consequence, it was said, of the miracles worked at his grave. The depositions of the persons who could speak to the king's visits to the Abbey when choosing the grave, in which he was never to lie, are printed in the appendix to the volume, and are most curious.

After the Civil Wars, the memory of Henry VI. was honored with saintly reverence; and there was a struggle between Chertsey, Windsor, and Westminster for the possession of his body. Windsor actually had it; Chertsey had for a time held it; but in favor of Westminster there was the clear evidence of the king's long cherished intention to be laid in the Abbey. And so the Privy Council, to whom the matter was referred, decided in favor of Westminster. Preparations were made there to receive the

prize thus awarded, and considerable expense was incurred in them; but no public transference ever took place, and as the Dean of Westminster acquiesces in the opinion that Henry VI. lies still at Windsor, and not in the building under his own care, we may accept that as the probable truth.

Few sovereigns have left so peculiar and so magnificent an architectural record of themselves as Henry VII.'s Chapel. It was to be almost another Abbey, with its own establishment of monks, and to be his chantry as well as his tomb. Dean Stanley happily points out how faithfully it responds to the break in English history of which Henry VII.'s reign is the expression. It was the close of the Middle Ages, and the end of the Wars of the Roses, and all the emblems introduced tell of this, especially the constantly repeated portcullis—the "*altera securitas*," or double safeguard of his succession. Then, too, was revived, through Owen Tudor, the ancient British element of the monarchy, and round the tomb, among the bearings of the house of Lancaster, may be seen the Red Dragon of Wales. In his reign the Constitution began to develop itself in unreceding advances, and the dawn of modern English history breaks. Within the chapel thus erected its founder was placed in all grandeur; and so, as Bacon writes, he "lieth buried at Westminster, in one of the stateliest and daintiest monuments of Europe, both for the chapel and the sepulchre. So that he dwelleth more richly dead, in the monument of his tomb, than he did alive in Richmond or any of his palaces."

The Abbey survived the Reformation with what must be considered as only slight injuries, considering what might have happened, and what did happen elsewhere. Henry VIII. was buried at Windsor, but Edward VI. lies in his grandfather's chapel at Westminster, and over his remains, although under Mary, was read the funeral service of the Reformed Church, then used for the first time at a royal funeral. Mary herself and Elizabeth are together in the north aisle of the same chapel. On the monument of the two sisters, whose lives had been so sundered, and whose deaths were so far apart, but at length united in the

grave, and in future hope, James I. placed the inscription, "*Regno consortes et urnâ, hic obdormimus Elizabetha et Maria sorores, in spe resurrectionis.*" Near them lies the body of the Scots' Mary, brought from Peterborough, although the sumptuous tomb erected to her memory by her son is in the opposite aisle. And here end the royal monuments. There are personal reasons to explain this, and also the custom of doing such honor to dead rulers was dying out. Other interests and sympathies began to assert themselves. Literature, statesmanship, and distinction in war, were now to receive monumental honor, and the privileges of the Abbey were no longer to be reserved for kings and queens, their connections and immediate dependents. James I., his wife, and the children who pre-deceased him, were buried at Westminster, but without mark or tomb.

In the Civil Wars the Abbey does not appear to have suffered; and Cromwell, before his own death, as of right, took possession of it as the fitting burial-place for the family of the lord of the country. Himself, too, as Cowley says (of whom, by the way, we can hardly agree with Dean Stanley, that his fame has passed away), was "buried among kings and with more than regal splendor." His funeral cost 60,000*l.*, more by half than ever was spent before.

The faithful Herbert had conveyed the body of Charles I. from St. James' to Windsor; and the fact was proved, after some doubt had been cast upon it, by the accidental finding of the coffin in 1813. There was an intention of transferring him to the Abbey, and of employing Wren to design a tomb. But whether the money voted for the purpose was appropriated by Charles II., or whether there was any real difficulty then in discovering the body, or whether there were sound reasons of state for abandoning it, the thing was never done.

Onwards to Anne the sovereigns were interred in Westminster, with the exception of James II., who lies at St. Germain's. George I. was returned to the soil of his own Hanover. But George II. and his Caroline lie together in the centre of Henry VII.'s Chapel, and these are the last king and queen buried in the Abbey. Westminster had continued to be the accustomed

burying-place of the kings long after its palace had ceased to be a royal residence; and the same reasons which originally made it such, have since prevailed to fix Windsor as the final resting-place, as it is the principal abode in life, of the English royal family.

Thus far, under the guidance of the Dean, we have gazed at coronations or lingered among the tombs of kings—a guidance as appropriate as that of Virgil through the graves of the Inferno, or of Beatrice among the splendors and glories of Paradise. But beyond these interests are all those attaching to the memories of the throng of distinguished dead in so many varied departments of greatness, who either are buried or have their monuments in the Abbey. With modern sanitary notions it is difficult to consider the interior of a place of religious assembly for the living, as a fit place for the permanent deposit of the mouldering remains of humanity. At recent interments the rectangular aperture in the pavement, opened for a fresh grave, has seemed to some spectators almost as strange as if it had been seen in the midst of a carpeted drawing-room. But for the mound of palpable gravel and sand which surrounds the opening, it would rather suggest a stage-grave, such as that over which Hamlet muses and recalls the departed mirth of Yorick. The result, however, of the work of the pickaxe and shovel tells of a real digging into the bosom of our common mother, and indicates the actual return of earth to earth. This carries the associations again to the familiar grave cut in the living sod of the country churchyard, and with the sadly familiar tones and words of the funeral service, restores the feelings which are natural at the last Christian rite. No such thoughts as these can have occurred to those who in former times assisted at the occasions whose multitudinous memorials meet the eye on all sides, and bring to mind so many of the illustrious dead. The right of most of these to occupy precious space in the restricted limits of the Abbey can never be called in question. But is this true of all the tons of statuary marble which now camber the floor or load the walls of the building, to be recorded within which is the choicest posthumous honor that can be at-

tained? Many of the tombs serve to perpetuate the tradition of almost forgotten celebrities, or still less commendably, the wealth and vanity only of those who erected them. Supposing actions of ejectment to be brought to try their right of possession, there are a considerable number that must fail to establish a good title to remain. To take the case of the poets only, the verdict of modern public opinion would probably go to displace several who now enjoy the honors of the Corner in company with their betters. Would it, for instance, be held enough that the office of laureate had been held by the claimant for continued Abbey room? Such names as Ben Jonson and Wordsworth only added lustre to the office they held; Davenant might claim to remain by long tenure, and from his connection with Shakspeare, although he swerved from his example, and assisted in debasing some of his finest plays. But what can be urged in favor of Shadwell, whose monument, erected by the filial piety of a son and not as a general tribute of public admiration, would seem, in the phrase of parliamentary committees, to have no *locus standi* whatever. His plays were the most licentious of a licentious age; and his slovenly style leaves the coarseness of his matter in all its natural deformity. The hero of Mac Flecknoe—the loathsome and contemptible Og of *Absalom and Achitophel*, ought not ever to have received honors, greater than which could not be accorded to Dryden himself.

To pursue this subject would be to hold an assize upon all the existing monuments. The proper authorities might perhaps obtain whatever powers may be necessary to commence an inquiry, and to revise the contents of the Abbey, and pass sentence of transportation upon all unworthy occupants. Such proceedings could be safely intrusted to the present Dean and Chapter. Every claim to remain would meet careful consideration, and no deserving plea would be lightly or hastily rejected. Yet, on the whole, it is probable that all will agree in the opinion, that as the Abbey has descended to us from previous generations, so it should be preserved and handed on. Righteous acts of elimination from the building might

form a precedent which in times of political excitement, or even of bad taste, might lead to highly mischievous results. Every monument is an illustration of the history or the sentiment or manners of the time when it obtained admission, and to remove any would be to destroy the continuity and sequence of records which can never be replaced.

Unrivalled indeed is the series of general tombs in the Abbey; Elizabethan magnates; heroes of the Flemish wars; the great men of the Commonwealth; the leaders of the Restoration; Revolution names of 1688; statesmen of more modern times, from Chatham to Peel and Palmerston; Indian rulers; philanthropists; the literary worthies of Poet's Corner, from Chaucer to Macaulay and Thackeray; the actors welcomed in the Abbey by the toleration of the English Church, when their continental brethren were alike proscribed by Roman Catholics and Calvinists. These ministers of art belong to a department of genius which cannot in the nature of things transmit to posterity any permanent evidence of its excellence, and it is therefore most fitting that the fame of the great actor in his life should be preserved to later times by some enduring testimonial. And so Oldfield and Bracegirdle; Pritchard and Betterton; Garrick, Siddons, and Kemble are with others all duly represented in the Abbey. Musicians, artists, men of science, physicians, fill up the glorious roll of names, and leave few to be sought elsewhere of those whom we should expect to find honored among the chief national memorials of departed greatness.

That the purposes of a Valhalla or Pantheon have not been fully realized by the inclusion of every name of national distinction, is the natural consequence of the way in which such things are done in England, by family pride or affection, or private enterprise, or by overruling public opinion, and not by the action of Government or any permanently constituted authority. Yet not many are absent. Bacon sits in stone at St. Alban's, reproduced in the chapel of his college at Cambridge, by one of the many acts of the munificence of its late Master. Sir Philip Sidney was buried in old St. Paul's, and to Wren's noblest fabric have

been consigned by modern custom our greatest military and naval heroes (Nelson and Wellington lying apart from Marlborough, who is in the Abbey), together with a contingent of men of science and letters. Scott belongs to the land into whose history and romance he has infused the life and interest they now possess, and the names of whose lakes and mountains he made household words to the civilized world. Swift was naturally, and by his previous direction, buried in his own cathedral at Dublin.

Then as we pass onwards in the volume we are conducted through the tombs of the lesser dead—the monuments of noble families, and of private individuals—with a skill which throughout prevents monotony, while every anecdote that can illustrate is at the right moment introduced; so that it is like consulting a biographical dictionary, but with all dull matter omitted. Marlborough used to say that he had read his English history out of Shakspeare's plays, and much may be done also in that way out of Scott's novels. The Dean has added another volume to our libraries, which might be used with pleasure for the same purpose.

Before quitting the survey of the tombs, attention should be especially directed to the beautiful passages in which the uncertain distribution of honors in the Abbey are discussed, and in which the toleration of the place for all genius is dwelt upon; and where the fine sentence occurs that "So long as Westminster Abbey maintains its hold on the affections and respect of the English Church and nation, so long will it remain a standing proof that there is in the truest feelings of human nature, and in the noblest aspirations of religion, something deeper and broader than the partial judgments of the day and the technical distinctions of sects."

Much remains of interest in the Dean's book which we can do more than indicate. The architecture and strictly ecclesiastical history of the Abbey; the Gate-house prison, and some of its distinguished occupants; the old sanctuary; the Chapter-house—so early separated from the Abbey and applied to secular purposes, first for the meetings of the House of Commons, and afterwards, and until quite recently, as a repository for public records; the treas-

ury; the schools; the labors of Caxton and his printing press; and finally the meetings of Convocation.

Of the proceedings of the Convocation of Canterbury, since its revival, the Dean, with becoming caution, declines to speak. But others are at liberty to admire the wisdom and sagacity shown by himself at some of its later meetings, when wisdom and sagacity were greatly needed. Especially may be mentioned the very remarkable address delivered on the Capetown and Natal controversy in June, 1866. This speech has been recently printed in a separate form, but has not yet received all the attention it deserves. The matter to which it relates has obtained a fresh accession of interest from the late attempts made to violate the law of the land by an illegal and clandestine consecration of a bishop to dispute with Dr. Colenso the right to the see of Natal. Nowhere has the question been better discussed.

Chambers's Journal.

MIGHTY HUNTERS.

THE extraordinary and pitiable degradation of the human race, in the midst of the most sublime spectacles of nature, and the grandest and most beautiful creatures of the brute creation, has found no abler exponent than Sir Samuel Baker. The *Albert N'yanza*, with its record of wonderful achievement and discovery, is, in certain respects, one of the most painful and sad of books. The narrative now given by Sir Samuel Baker* of his adventures and exploits in their earlier stages, is as interesting in all respects, and without the repulsive element which made itself felt in his account of the negro tribes on the White Nile, in whose horrible condition the extreme of human suffering and the uttermost depths of human degradation are combined. In his following up of the affluents of Abyssinia, of the Atbara and the Blue Nile, there is a constant revelation of the beautiful and wonderful treasures spread in the wilderness by Nature, apparently for the delight of the brute creation, there so grand and beautiful itself. And when to the narrative of exploration

succeeds that of sporting adventure, men are seen, if not in the exercise of high functions, at least in the display of a physical prowess and courage almost beyond belief; courage which even the fatalism of the Arabs fails to explain. The magical charm of the desert, strong enough to conquer every hardship, to prevail over every fear, to banish weariness, and buckler men against suffering, is strangely brought out and realized in this narrative.

The boat-journey terminated, the adventurer and his party passed through the awful wastes of the Nubian Desert by forced marches, for the parching heat of the simoom was rapidly evaporating the water from the skins, and the track was two hundred and thirty miles in length, by which they had to thread their way to Abou Hammed, on the southern bend of the welcome Nile. Half-way across, at Moorähd (or "Bitterwell"), there is a pool of salt and bitter water, at which the famished camels drink. Soon comes the last look at the Nile, and when Rorosko is passed by a few hours, this is the scene: "Glowing like a furnace, the vast extent of yellow sand stretched to the horizon. Rows of broken hills, all of volcanic origin, broke the flat plain. Conical tumuli of volcanic slag here and there rose to the height of several hundred feet, and in the far distance resembled the pyramids of Lower Egypt—doubtless, they were the models for that ancient and everlasting architecture; hills of black basalt jutted out from the barren base of sand; and the molten air quivered on the overheated surface, 114 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade under the water-skins, 137 degrees in the sun. Noiselessly the spongy tread of the camels crept along the sand—the only sound was the rattle of some loosely secured baggage of their packs."

Thus, for seven days, by the dead level plain of orange-colored sand, bounded by pyramidal hills, and strewn with volcanic bomb-shells, as perfectly shaped as though nature had set her self to turn out models to teach men the art of destruction; by rocks glowing with heat, through wastes where no trace of vegetation was to be found. As they journeyed on, deeper grew the desolation. "Far as the eye

* *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, and the Sword-hunters of the Hamran Arabs.* By Sir Samuel W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

could reach were waves like a stormy sea, gray, cold-looking waves in the burning heat, but no drop of water: it appeared as though a sudden curse had turned a raging sea to stone. The simoom blew over this horrible wilderness, and drifted the hot sand into the crevices of the rocks, and the camels drooped their heads before the suffocating wind; and still the caravan crept noiselessly on." So through the fearful heat of day, and the delicious coolness of the night, to Moorähd, a mournful spot, well known to the tired and thirsty camel, the hope of reaching which has urged him on his weary way to drink one drop before he dies. The description of this place is like that of the fabled burial-place of the elephants in Ceylon. The well is in an extinct crater, surrounded on all sides but one by precipitous cliffs three hundred feet high. The bottom is a dead flat, and forms a valley of sand two hundred and fifty yards wide. In this bosom of a crater, where once fire raged, water is found, six feet from the surface, water to which the camels rush frantically. To think of the preciousness of the camel to man in this dreadful place, to contemplate the creature's patient toil, and to read the following, is very pitiful. "The valley was a valley of 'dry bones.' Innumerable skeletons of camels lay in all directions; the ships of the desert thus stranded on their voyage. Withered heaps of parched skin and bone lay here and there, in the distinct forms in which the camels had gasped their last; the dry desert air had converted the hide into a coffin. There were no flies here, no worms to devour the carcass; but the usual sextons were the crows, though sometimes too few in number to perform their office."

Men and beasts were alike suffering when this grim resting-place was reached, but there could be no delay; they must up and on; the supply of life and that of water are commensurate there. So, on and on, over the orange-colored plain, through the gray granite chains—where the way lies alongside of dry heaps of camels' bones—to Abou Hamed, to the habitations of men, and the blessed sight of the Nile once more. Then on again to Berber, where Hallee Effendi, the ex-governor, received the

travellers, and gave them his garden to pitch their tent in. What a wonderful change, to rest a little in this beautiful oasis, where lofty date groves and shady citron and lemon trees lent cool shelter; where man had conquered the desert by irrigation, and its death-like stillness was replaced by luxuriant life; where birds sang, and ring-doves cooed in the trees. Here the governor, Hallee Effendi, and a large party waited upon the travellers, and were gravely astonished at the absurdity of the object of the expedition. "Don't go upon such an errand," said Hallee, "nobody knows anything about the Nile, neither will any one discover its source. We don't even know the source of the Atbara; how should we know the source of the great Nile?"

After a week's rest in the Effendi's garden of delight, the travellers started again, to explore the Atbara and the Abyssinian affluents, before commencing that White Nile voyage, which we all know about. And now they had to encounter the desert whirlwinds, whose force raises dense columns of sand several thousand feet high. "These," says the writer, "are not the evanescent creations of a changing wind, but they frequently exist for many hours, and travel forward, or more usually in circles, resembling in the distance solid pillars of sand. The Arab superstition invests these appearances with the supernatural; and the mysterious sand-column of the desert, wandering in its burning solitude, is to them an evil spirit." Severe forced marches brought them to the junction of the Atbara with the Nile, and though the river-bed was dry, immense reservoirs of water, hollowed out by the sudden bends of the river, were swarming with life; while beyond, around, lay the death-like desert still. The flocks of the Arabs, and the desert creatures, gazelles, hyenas, and wild asses, crowd to these pools to drink; and their waters swarm with huge fish, crocodiles of immense size, turtles, and hippopotami. Innumerable doves through the trees, thousands of desert grouse arrive morning and evening to drink and to depart, multitudes of bright-plumed birds colonize the scanty bushes that fringe the Atbara river. Well might the writer say: "I acknowledged

the grandeur of the Nile, that could overcome the absorption of such thirsty sands, and the evaporation caused by the burning atmosphere of Nubia." For nearly twelve hundred miles from the junction of the Atbara with the parent stream to the Mediterranean, not one streamlet joined the mysterious river, neither did drop of rain ruffle its waters, unless a rare thunder-shower startled the Arabs, as they travelled along the desert. Nevertheless, the Nile overcame its enemies; while the Atbara shrank to a skeleton, bare and exhausted, reduced to a few pools, which lay like blotches along the broad surface of glowing sand. The sight of this marvel of nature must have made the explorers all the more anxious to press on to that region in which they looked to find its explanation; but great toil, and endurance, though not a little enjoyment, still lay between them and the end. At Collodabad, one hundred and sixty miles beyond the junction, Mr. Baker's sporting adventures commenced, and we are introduced to a certain rifle, which he caressingly calls "my trusty little Fletcher," and its first exploits—insignificant in comparison with those which come after—among the hippopotami. Here, too, the travellers breakfasted for the first time on hippopotamus flesh, destined henceforth to be their principal food throughout their journey. The delight of the Arabs at the slaying of the "hippo" was excessive; they swooped down upon the huge carcasses like vultures, and fought over the spoil like wolves. Two of the huge, harmless brutes were killed, and their skulls placed on the slope of the bed of the river, to dry in the burning sun, while Mr. Baker went in search of other sport, hooking huge turtles, and shooting, from behind a camel, the desert-colored gazelles, of which he says, "no person who has seen them in confinement in a temperate climate can form an idea of the beauty of the animal in its native desert." Born in the scorching sun, nursed on the burning sand of the treeless and shadowless wilderness, the gazelle is among the antelope tribe as the Arab horse is among its brethren, the high bred and superlative beauty of the race.

The great event of the journey, the forerunner, almost the equal in impor-

tance of the first sight of the Albert N'yanza, was drawing near now. On the 23d June, 1861, the simoom came upon the travellers with extraordinary violence and intensity, the sky spotless, the sun scorching, the dust upheaved in solid columns by the whirlwind, man and beast almost suffocated. Eagerly the coolness of the night was hailed, and gladly the wanderers lay down in their beds by the margin of the dry channel of the river. Early in the night came a sound like distant thunder, such as they had not heard for months, which increased every moment in volume. This is what the sound meant: "We were up in an instant, and my interpreter, in a state of intense confusion, explained that the river was coming down, and that the supposed distant thunder was the roar of approaching water. Many of the people were asleep on the clean sand of the river's bed; these were quickly awakened by the Arabs, who rushed down the steep bank to save the skulls of my two hippopotami that were exposed to dry. Hardly had they descended, when the sound of the river in the darkness beneath, told us that the water had arrived; and the men, dripping with the wet, had just sufficient time to drag their heavy burdens up the bank. All was darkness and confusion, everybody was talking, and no one listening; but the great event had occurred, the river had arrived 'like a thief in the night.' On the morning of the 24th of June, I stood on the banks of the noble Atbara river, at the break of day! The wonder of the desert! yesterday there was a barren sheet of glaring sand, with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders, that cut the yellow expanse of desert. For days we had journeyed along the exhausted bed; all Nature, even in Nature's poverty, was most poor: no bush could boast a leaf, no tree could throw a shade; crisp gums cracked upon the stems of the mimosas, the sap dried upon the burst bark, sprung with the withering heat of the simoom. In one night, there was a mysterious change—wonders of the mighty Nile—an army of water was hastening to the relief of the wasted river! There was no drop of rain, no thunder-cloud on the horizon to give hope—dust and desolation yesterday;

to-day, a magnificent stream, some five hundred yards in width, and some fifteen to twenty feet in depth, flowed through the dreary desert! Bamboos and reeds, with trash of all kinds, were hurried along the muddy waters. Where were all the crowded inhabitants of the pool? The prison-doors were broken—the prisoners were released, and rejoiced in the mighty stream of the Atbara."

What a wonderful experience for the educated, cultivated Englishman—what a grand triumph of courage and endurance—what a rich reward! How strange to contemplate his companions, and think that for them it had no meaning beyond the relief of their bodily wants. They had no curiosity, no speculation as to where the waters came from; they were there, and the desert-people drank of them and rejoiced—that was all! But on this memorable night, the English traveller grasped the clue to one portion of the great mystery of the Nile, to be fully solved in the beautiful region of the Albert N'yanza. This sudden creation of a river was but the shadow of the great cause. The rains were pouring in Abyssinia—these were the sources of the Nile!

The long and perilous journey from the scene of this wonder to Khartoun was full of sporting adventure. The desert was exchanged—when, in November of the same year, the travellers crossed the Atbara, by an extraordinary process of floating men and camels across, by means of inflated skins (in the ever-to-be-lamented "Assyrian Court" of the Crystal Palace, the operation was to be seen in grotesque bas-relief)—for a territory where the sword and lance represent the only law; as the Basé people were always fighting with everybody, and Mek Nimmur and the Abyssinians were constantly fighting with the Egyptians. The Hamran Arabs, with their flocks, were encamped on the borders of the Settite river, above its junction with the Atbara; and Mr. Baker sent a message to their sheik, requesting him to send him some elephant-hunters, and guides into the Basé and Mek Nimmur's country, as he intended to hunt through the whole extent. The envoy returned, accompanied by several hunters, one being the nephew of the sheik, and called "Abou Do." This

man was an extraordinary creature; his dauntlessness, daring, and strength were unsurpassable, and his appearance furnished a curious instance of the resemblance existing between the human and the brute denizens of certain climes. The bounding activity of the antelope, and the beautiful eye of the giraffe, were to be seen in him. He was the only tall man of the party, which included an amazing little fellow called Jeli, and the famous brothers Sherrif, the most celebrated elephant-hunters of the renowned Hamran tribe. One of these, Boder, a small muscular man, had a withered left arm, caused by an elephant having driven his tusk through it, completely splitting the limb, and splintering the bone from elbow to wrist. Notwithstanding this maimed limb, which hung fourteen inches in length from the shoulder, the stiff, crippled hand resembling the claw of a vulture, Boder Sherrif was the most celebrated leader in the elephant-hunt. His was the dangerous post to ride close to the animal's head and provoke the charge, and then to lead him in pursuit, while the others attacked him from behind. Being a very light weight, he still contrived to fill this important position; and the rigid fingers of the left hand served as a hook on which he could hang the reins. Escorted by these wonderful hunters, whose delight with his firearms was curious to behold, and quite overcame Arab reserve, the explorers set forth, and found themselves at once amidst the majestic and beautiful brute inhabitants of the African jungle. At Geera, lions roared all night around their sleeping-place, and elephants came down to drink within an hour's march of them. The author of *The Rifle and the Hound* knew a good deal about elephants, but he had never seen the charge of the African species before; and though he killed the first elephant by the shot through the forehead, the prescribed quietus for the Indian elephant, he never killed another in that way.

The story of the long march has a strange, weird effect. The almost naked Arabs, galloping wildly, with shrieks of excitement, armed with their short swords alone, and dashing madly off in pursuit of other game in the intervals of elephant-hunting. They come upon

a troop of a hundred baboons, in a valley, gathering gum-arabic from the mimosas. "Would the lady like to have a *girrit*?" (baboon), cries Jeli; and away three hunters dash after the apes, which run before them, the young baboons riding on their mothers' backs, and looking horribly human. In a few minutes, the hunters are in the midst of them, and, still at full speed, stoop like falcons from their saddles, seize upon three half-grown baboons, and perch them, screaming, on their horses' necks. In five minutes more, they are in full chase of a fine bull antelope, or *téte*, which Abou Do actually hunted down alone, and killed with his sword, "hamstringing him so delicately," says the writer with an admiration rather sickening to the untravelled reader, "that the keen edge of the blade was not injured against the bone." Before this creature was skinned, the peculiar cry of buffaloes was heard, and the hunters dashed down their knives, and rushed off into the mimosa bush. They saw one huge animal, and Mr. Baker fired at him. Instantly there came rushing by, with a noise like thunder, a large herd, and away went the pursuers in the cloud of dust which they raised. When Mr. Baker could follow, and catch sight of them, they were actually among the rear buffaloes of the herd, and engaged in securing by main force a young bull, twelve hands high, to which they clung like bull-dogs, and actually dragged him out and down, lashed his legs together, and brought him to the camp. This animal was a great prize, as zoological specimens were much sought after at Cassala by an agent from Italy.

They camped for some time in the valley of the Settite, on a beautiful oasis of rich verdure, where the only drawback was the society. It consisted chiefly of lions, which enjoyed the advantage of almost impenetrable jungle in the background. They fenced their camp, hollowed out a thick bush, to form a retreat in the heat of the day, collected immense stores of dry wood, cast up by the river, and prepared for the arrival of the baggage-camels, for whose guidance huge fires were lighted. The larder was splendidly furnished, so the Arabs were happy; and when "a clean cloth was laid

for dinner," their employers, too, found themselves very comfortable. The first sally from this camp witnessed a splendid fight between an enormous elephant and the hunters, of which the writer says: "No gladiatorial exhibition in the Roman arena could have surpassed it." And this is only one of many such combats, in which the preternatural sagacity of the animals is even more surprising than the mad daring, and the wonderful strength and dexterity, of the men. All prairie exploits, all Indian jungle feats, are tame in comparison with those wonderful achievements, which were daily repeated, with such slight variations as Abou Do's single-handed encounter with a wild boar, which he "nearly cut in half;" the hunting of hippopotami and crocodiles with harpoons, when the Arabs plunge naked into the river; and a few lion-hunts, with exciting incidents and invariable success. The hunters are as deadly to the rhinoceros as to the elephant, and in his case, too, rely entirely on the sword. They ride the huge, furious creatures down, and face and kill them, and each day's march adds to the treasure of elephants' tusks, rhinoceros, lion, and gazelle hides, antelope horns, ostrich plumes, and hippopotamus and buffalo heads, which they carry to the nearest town as merchandise. Laden with immense piles of these spoils of the wild creatures of the savage lands, the explorer and his party at length reached Gallabat. They had followed the Atbara for hundreds of miles—they had traced the Settite and the magnificent Boyân—and now they were to trace the Rahad. So much for the Abyssinian affluents. The phenomena they had witnessed were wonderful indeed, but still they did not suffice to account for the mighty mystery of the Nile. The solution must be sought for further on, through many more hardships, through much more deadly danger. To the Atbara, above all other rivers, the wealth and fertility of Egypt were to be attributed—it and the other affluents cause the inundation; but that is but the surplus; the magnificent reservoirs which feed Egypt by supplying the Nile were yet to be found. So, parting with his mighty hunters, and leaving behind the free life, amid the grandeur and beauty

of nature, he went on to the unknown and wretched country of the White Nile—to stand at length on the shores of the Albert N'yanza—the great problem solved, the riddle read, the marvel of the Nile more wonderful than ever, but a mystery no longer.

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Leisure Hour.

SUBMERGED ISLANDS.

OUR readers will remember the sensation caused last November by the announcement that the island of Tortola had been submerged, and the relief experienced when the statement was proved to be incorrect. Tortola—one of the Virgin Islands, a cluster forming part of the West India Group—it was found had not been submerged, but the neighboring island of St. Thomas had experienced a catastrophe only less disastrous. A fearful hurricane had burst upon the island, sweeping before it every object that lay in its course. Unhappily, such an occurrence was by no means unprecedented. The little island (until recently a Danish possession, but now American) had before been similarly devastated. The year 1837 is still memorable in the history of its calamities. Then, as recently, ruined dwellings overspread the land, and shattered vessels covered the neighboring seas.

Those who have paid some attention to the influence at work on and beneath the surface of the globe, would feel but a qualified degree of surprise at the first announcement of the supposed submergence. Geology has done much to invert our notions of the relative stability of sea and land. The "ever-changing ocean" has been found to preserve a nearly uniform level;* while in relation to the land, which we are so accustomed to regard as the very type of fixity, the poet's words are amply verified—

"New worlds are still emerging from the deep,
The old descending, in their turn to rise."

When movements of the earth's crust are spoken of, the majority of persons immediately think of earthquakes. But these terrific phenomena form but one class of terrestrial fluctuations, although

* Hugh Miller has shown that the sea-level is not absolutely unchanging, as some geologists have asserted.

the suddenness of their action renders them more conspicuous and impressive than agencies which are slow and gradual in their operation. They are closely connected with the phenomena of volcanoes. The latter may be defined as openings in the earth's crust, through which the products of igneous action make their escape into the atmosphere. As Strabo sagaciously remarked, eighteen centuries ago, they act as safety-valves for the gaseous and liquid emanations of the interior, and thus tend to diminish the violence of those convulsions which even now bury in ruins the proudest works of man, and carry the solid "earth into the midst of the sea."

Some two hundred volcanic vents have been observed in different parts of the world, but they are by no means uniformly distributed. Numerous regions have been mapped out by geologists as areas of volcanic action. The region of the West Indies is one of these areas, many of the islands being themselves the products of volcanic upheavals in past ages. A volcano in St. Vincent's poured out ashes and lava early in the present century; and Jamaica and St. Domingo have often suffered from shocks of earthquake. Scarcely three weeks had passed since the hurricane at St. Thomas's, when that shattered little island was visited by a sharp but transient earthquake, thus described by a correspondent of the "Times" newspaper:—"A faint roar was heard from seaward. Houses groaned and creaked; the earth heaved, and reeled, and danced beneath us, so that we could scarcely keep our feet. I have been in several earthquakes, but never felt one of greater intensity; and the inhabitants of St. Thomas, as well as of other islands, declare that they never felt one nearly so severe." This occurred on the 18th of November last; but, happily, the actual amount of damage done was comparatively slight.

That an earthquake should have followed so rapidly upon a hurricane, seems to support the view enunciated by some geologists, including no less an authority than Sir Charles Lyell. "Many of the storms termed hurricanes," he observes, "have evidently been connected with submarine earthquakes, as is shown by the atmospheric phenomena attend-

ant on them, and by the sounds heard in the ground and the odors emitted. Such were the circumstances which accompanied the swell of the sea in Jamaica in 1780, when a great wave desolated the western coast, and, bursting upon Savanna la Mar, swept away the whole town in an instant, so that not a vestige of man, beast, or habitation, was seen upon the surface."

It has occasionally happened that one of the results of an earthquake has been permanently to alter the level of the district in which it has operated. After the great earthquake which visited the coast of South America in 1822, a portion of Chili was found to have been upheaved to a height of from three to seven feet. Reckoning the area of elevation at 100,000 square miles, Sir C. Lyell computes that this convulsion gave to the land an addition of fifty-seven cubic miles of rock. In 1837 the shore near Valdivia, more to the south, was elevated to an extent of eight feet. In February, 1835, Concepcion, another Chilean town, was thrown down, and the island of Santa Maria, distant twenty-five miles, was raised some nine feet. At Talcahuano the coast was raised about four feet in February, but appears to have subsided again to half that extent by the month of April.

In 1819 a large district at the mouth of the Indus experienced an extensive oscillation. One of the estuaries of the river was deepened in parts some ten or twelve feet. A tract of country, 2,000 square miles in extent, sank down, and the sea rushing in, it speedily became a vast lagoon. At the same time a neighboring plain rose about ten feet, converting a long strip of level ground into an artificial mound fifty miles in length, and in some parts sixteen in breadth. A further subsidence afterwards took place in the year 1845.

It will be seen that phenomena of this kind, further illustrations of which might readily be adduced, are adequate to the production of extensive and terrible convulsions. Tortola, happily, was not submerged; but several authentic instances of the appearance and subsequent disappearance of islands in mid-ocean are on record. Volcanic eruptions and earthquake movements occur at sea as well as on land, and occasionally a sub-

marine Etna or Vesuvius is seen to rise amid the watery waste, and rear its rocky crest, canopied with fire and smoke, above the surface.

To take an example not far from our own country:—Iceland is well known as a region of volcanic disturbance. In its neighborhood a volcano burst forth in the year 1783, and produced an island bordered by high cliffs, while smoke and cinders were emitted from the interior. It was claimed by the Danish monarch, and dubbed Nyðe, or the New Island; but the sea reclaimed Nyðe, so that nothing remains but a reef of rocks some fathoms below the surface. Another small island was upheaved in the year 1830.

A volcanic cone appeared in 1811 near to the island of St. Michael's, one of the Azores, and gradually rose to the height of 300 feet; but it was in a short time washed away by the action of the waves.

A more noticeable instance is that of Graham's Island, thrown up in 1831 at a point in the Mediterranean some thirty miles from Sicily, and therefore within another well-known volcanic region. It seems to have risen gradually to a height of 200 feet; with a circumference of three miles. This was its maximum size; it then began to yield to aqueous action, and by the end of the year but a slight vestige remained above the sea-level. In a short time this also disappeared. Many islands which are to us as permanent as the surrounding continents, exemplify the same structure, and point to the same mode of formation as the more transitory ones just alluded to. The Lipari Isles, north of Sicily, are of volcanic origin, and one of them, Stromboli, is still in a state of eruption, and has been so for ages; another volcano now emits only sulphureous vapors. This group was regarded in ancient fable as the abode of winds and tempests; and is celebrated by Virgil, at the opening of the "*Æneid*," as "the restless regions of the storm:—

"Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant *Æolus*, from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds."

Barren Island, in the Bay of Bengal,

and St. Paul's, in the Indian Ocean, exhibit a similar conformation.

Changes of level of a much more gradual kind than those which have now been detailed are in progress in some parts of Europe. The shores of the Baltic, it would seem, are undergoing a slow process of upheaval, while the western coast of Greenland is sinking; and doubtless, if observations were multiplied, these imperceptible movements would be found much more general than we might at first be inclined to suppose. These phenomena, at all events, form part of the great series of conservative and reparative agencies by which new land is continually being won from the ocean, and the balance of terrestrial nature maintained. Thus regarded, we gain an insight into the place and power of the earthquake and the volcano, and are able intelligently to recognize them as contributing to the "general good," though "partial evil" is incident to their operation.

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Chambers's Journal.

DEEP-SEA SOUNDINGS.

It must ever have been a matter of wonder and speculation what was at the bottom of the so-called bottomless ocean. The least inquisitive mind must have been led to think about it when the lead-line, sounding-pole, or whatever instrument was used in ascertaining depths, showed a gradually increasing depth the further from the shore it was used, and at certain distances from land failed altogether to find bottom. The subject must have occupied the attention of the Phœnician sailor as he sailed over the "blue water" of the Bay of Biscay on his voyage to Britain, as it has occupied the attention of navigators and ocean-surveyors ever since. The men who of old went down into the sea in ships, and saw the Lord's wonders in the deep, must often have dwelt on this wonder, though they regarded it as one of those ways of the Creator which are past finding out. To a certain depth, they could go, but no further; and even when improved means of sounding were devised, and casts were taken at depths which to a previous generation would have seemed fabulous, there were always found places which defied all measuring; and the wise

and prudent were little wiser than their predecessors, whose ignorance they affected to scorn.

Now and again, special attention was drawn to this particular subject by some unusual phenomenon, or by appearances in some hitherto unexplored sea. The vibration of a submarine volcano, the sudden appearance or sudden withdrawal of an island, the collection of great masses of sea-weed in mid-ocean, these and other signs drew the serious attention of observing men, and called forth many an effort to penetrate the secrets of the ocean, but without avail. When Columbus became entangled in that vast collection of the sea-weed Sargassum, which he and his men were the first to see, his sailors maintained they must be near land of some sort, and that the weed came from the underlying rocks, which would inevitably dash them to pieces before ever they came to the shore. Columbus, puzzled as to the home of the weed, but confident that land could not possibly be near, hove the deep-sea lead, but found no bottom; and "No bottom!" has been the cry of every leadsmen since Columbus's time who has endeavored to strike soundings in what is called the Sargasso Sea. But not only in the Sargasso Sea, in almost every "blue-water" spot in the world has the deep-sea line shown no bottom. Creatures whose home during life was supposed to be at the unfathomable bottom, and creatures whose eternal home after death was supposed to be there also, were seen and noted, but they were "forbid to tell the secrets of" their dwelling-house: it could not even be said for certain that they did dwell below. Poets and painters were busy with the conception of grottoes, caves, and submarine palaces, which their imagination peopled with fairies, nymphs, sirens, and other folk more or less insubstantial; while some philosophers, arguing like those who say there is no God, because they have not seen him, denied that there was any bottom to the ocean, because they had not stood upon it.

The most fanciful theories were started and insisted on by their authors; but the majority of the theories had next to no foundation on which they could be sustained, and actual experiment failed to give them any justification. One the-

ory which has been the source of much vexed controversy, and which certainly has no more than a supposition to rest on, was, that there was no depression on the earth's surface which was not compensated for by a corresponding elevation; in other words, that the world, before cooling down after its last catastrophe, was a globe of molten matter, having a uniformly smooth surface, and that any causes which operated to produce a depression or hole in that surface must at the same time have operated to produce a proportionate elevation. It is needless to examine the *pros* and *cons* of this theory very closely; suffice it to say, that resting as it did on very high authority, it caused not a little mischief: men who had obtained soundings at greater depths than the height of the highest mountain in the world were told that they must be mistaken, because the theory was opposed to their practice. The theory is now sufficiently discredited.

There were many obstacles to a proper measurement of the depths of the sea. Instruments which did well enough for ordinary soundings, failed when applied to the purposes of deep ocean surveys. Silk thread, spun yarn, and other lines failed to stand the strain caused by the haul in, or by currents "swigging" under the surface. It was also found by those not thoroughly versed in the matter, that the shock by which it is commonly ascertained that a plummet has reached the bottom, was so deadened as to be insufficiently perceptible to enable the heaver to declare surely that he had struck soundings. A variety of ingenious contrivances were resorted to. Charges of gunpowder were exploded under the water, the idea being that, when the wind and sea were still, the report would be heard at the surface by the casters, who would be able, knowing the rate at which sound travels through sea water, to reckon the distance between the top and the bottom of the ocean. But though the powder was burned, the dead mass of water above it prevented the sound from travelling.

Leads were contrived having a column of air in them; and it was thought that by the amount of compression to which the leaden case of the air-column would be subjected, the distance of the sounding could be estimated with reference to

the weight of water causing the compression. It was found, however, that in very deep water the leaden cases were stove in and destroyed, just as in deep water the cork in a bottle that is sunk is forced in by the weight of water upon it.

Registers working by clock-work, electric telegraphs, sunken torpedoes, and several other agents were proposed to effect the object; but all failed more or less when used in very deep water.

The apparatus with which the deep-sea soundings in the Atlantic Ocean were obtained consisted simply of a cannon-ball and a few pounds of common twine. The shot was made fast to the twine, and then flung overboard, and allowed to take the line as quickly as it liked off the reel. An American officer reported "no bottom" with a cast of thirty-four thousand feet. Another officer gave the same result with a line thirty-nine thousand feet in length; and the American frigate *Congress* was unsuccessful in soundings taken to a depth of line fifty thousand feet—nine miles and a half—long.

It is probable, however, that there was some cause operating to prevent the lead-line being straight "up and down;" and in most of the instances of unsuccessful soundings, the lead was hove from *the ship* instead of from a boat. On the calmest day, and in the most quiet sea, it is impossible to keep a ship quite stationary; her bulk catches the wind, however light that be; currents drift her, though no set be perceptible, and she cannot be kept exactly to one spot without being anchored, and this of course in the middle of the ocean she cannot be. With a boat, the case is very different. A little arrangement will enable the reel on which the sounding-line is wound to be served with as much convenience as on board the ship itself; and by the rowers plying their oars skilfully, the boat may be kept, on a perfectly calm day—no other should be chosen—in the same spot. In this way a true cast can be taken; and experience has shown that where no under-currents combine to drag the line and lead away from the perpendicular, as certain a cast can be taken in the deepest depths of the ocean as in the shoal waters of the Zuyder Zee. In certain

places, there are undoubtedly currents and cross-currents, even at some distance below the surface, which are liable to sway and drag, and sometimes to break the lead line; but it is also certain that in other places the depths are, comparatively speaking, undisturbed throughout their volume, and that the shock of the plummet on the bottom, by which in small soundings the cast is determined, is quite perceptible, and a sufficient guide to the fact that a cast has been completed.

In order not to waste time in hauling in again, the American officers used to cut off and let go their line as soon as they felt the bottom; but this method did not allow of specimens of the bottom being obtained, and Captain Denham (now Rear-Admiral Sir Henry M. Denham), who commanded H.M.S. *Herald* during her surveying voyage in the South Seas, contrived a method by which he not only saved his line, but obtained specimens of the bottom, and information as to the temperature of the water at different depths. His apparatus will be described later on. It may be convenient here to mention a plan adopted by Captain Denham, which other ocean-explorers would do well to imitate to the full, and all navigators as far as may be consistent with the objects of their voyage. It was one which required in the leader the greatest firmness, and the most patient disregard in those around him of a scepticism which was natural enough, and of impatience at fruitless labor and vexatious delays; but amply were the captain's firmness and patience rewarded. At intervals of five miles, the lead was hove to a depth of two hundred fathoms, and the result of the sounding was reported. The routine character of this work, the absence of positive results obtained from it, and the unlikelihood (so the men thought) of any ocean-soundings being obtained at the depth at which they were ordered to sound, combined to form a discouraging opinion upon what was deemed unnecessary labor. An almost blind obedience to a law which the captain had laid down for himself, and which was founded on the most reasonable possible basis, was given, and one day met its full reward. The never-ending cry, "No bottom," was beginning to pall on the captain's

ear, when one night about eight o'clock the leadsman heaving from his station, and giving out his portion of the customary two hundred fathoms, cried "Bottom!" immediately following up his discovery by reading off the lead-line: "Nineteen fathoms." The *Herald* was at this time in latitude $20^{\circ} 45'$ south, longitude $37^{\circ} 47'$ west. The excitement produced on board by the leadsman's report may be imagined rather than described; the man's statement was verified; there was no mistake about it; and then, it being unknown how much or how soon the water might shoal still more, the ship was hove to, and afterward kept standing off and on the place where soundings had been struck. Early next morning the mysterious spot was approached again, and again the lead touched bottom at nineteen fathoms. The *Herald* stood further on, and eventually anchored, riding as easily at her anchors as if she had been lying in Portsmouth harbor. Sails were taken in and furlled, and the ship stood on an even keel. By means of the boats which were sent away, it was ascertained that the shoal on which the ship was anchored was of very considerable extent, the depth of water on it varying, but not greatly, being for the most part from thirty-two to nineteen fathoms. For a fortnight, the *Herald* anchored at several stations on this bank, and during that time Captain Denham succeeded in determining accurately the dimensions of the shoal, which was eighty miles long by twelve broad. It was named the Victoria Shoal. The exact position of it was ascertained by repeated astronomical observations at each of the anchorages, the result of them being the figures of latitude and longitude given above. Coralline was the substance of the reef, on which whales sported and grounded. Ships coming up along this track were not a little astonished to see a vessel with sails furlled, royal yards crossed, and on even keel, lying head to wind—not a steamer—motionless in the middle of the ocean. At first their inmates were incredulous as to the existence of the shoal; but when they found that the *Herald* was a veritable ship at anchor—no "Phantom Ship"—and that those on board of her were not of the Ancient Mariner's crew, they took courage, and

found out for themselves the truth of what had been asserted.

Another, and not less important discovery rewarded the patience of Captain Denham, who, however, after picking up the Victoria, Hotspur, and other shoals, found a cheerful co-operation in the executive part of his crew in taking casts. Navigators have frequently reported that in certain positions, and when they were seemingly in water to which there was no bottom, their ships had suddenly "grazed over a shoal;" violent shocks had been felt, and a jar was perceived throughout the ship; glass and crockery had been broken by the concussion; sick men, and men awakened from sleep, had jumped out of their bed-places under the impression that a collision had taken place, or that a reef had been struck. The invariable adjunct to such reports, and the answer to the natural question: "Did you take soundings?" was: "We were too much frightened at the time to think of heaving the lead, and we were off the shoal, in deep water again, by the time we took a cast." Ocean charts are full of these mysterious reefs which have so scared seamen: the Equator shoals between the meridians of 21° and 22° west longitude, the Purdy shoals, and many more.

Captain Denham was enabled, by his system of continuous hand-lead with occasional deep-sea lead castings, to dissipate many of these terrors. He too "grazed over a shoal" many times, but his leads were going all the time, and at the very moment of striking, "No bottom" was the report of the leadsman. He sailed over and over the alleged Equator and Purdy shoals, and proved incontestably that they had no existence, though in the vicinity of the former he did experience the shocks which had been put down to the credit of reefs. In these places, the deep-sea lead did not touch bottom at two hundred to a thousand fathoms; the vessels which reported them as having "grazed over them" bore no external marks of having been aground, and confessedly the seamen had not taken any soundings. No vessel in the world could "graze over" a reef in mid-ocean, where even on the calmest day there is some heave and swell, causing a ship to rise and fall at

least three feet. Such a rise and fall on the top of a reef would infallibly be destruction to the stoutest vessel; she must bump and strike heavily enough to injure her seriously, if not quite to wreck her; and she could not by any means avoid going further if she came to "grazing." The only place where she could graze would be inside some lagoon or other spot where the water was perfectly still; the places where the grazed shoals were said to be were in open water. Captain Denham proved conclusively that there was no bottom at the indicated position of these shoals, and he established almost as conclusively that the shocks former voyagers had experienced, and which he himself had felt near the alleged Equator shoals, were due to the vibration of earthquakes operating at the bottom of the ocean. The same characteristics are manifested on board a ship in the act of striking as when she is encountering the shock of an earthquake; but outside, there are accidents in the one case which do not present themselves in the other—namely, serious external damage, tearing away of copper, destruction of false keel and keel, and many times complete wreck. Thus, though it may be as well for the safety of the ship (and certainly it should be done in the interests of science and of navigation), to be cautious and observant when approaching any of the places marked as shoals on the charts; to keep the hand leads going, and to cast the deeper lead as soon as possible, and to take such observations as may tend to establish or disprove the existence of a shoal, it will be found in the majority of cases that if any shock is felt, it is due to earthquake and volcanic action, and not to reefs. During the time he was determining the depths of the ocean, Captain Denham ascertained, by means of thermometers secured to his sounding-line, that whilst the temperature of the surface water might be as high as 90°, the temperature of the cold water at its greatest depth was not more nor less than 40°. This is true of the water in any latitude.

To return, however, to the consideration of the great depths of the ocean to which these unlooked-for shoals act as foils. Captain Ross, in latitude 33° 3' south, longitude 9° 1' west, got sound-

ings at a depth of three miles thirty-seven yards; Sir Edward Belcher, in latitude $0^{\circ} 4'$ south, longitude $10^{\circ} 6'$ west, got them at three miles four hundred and twenty-five yards; and Captain Adams, of the United States navy, in latitude $1^{\circ} 44'$ north, longitude $44^{\circ} 8'$ west, obtained them at six miles two hundred and twenty yards. Grave suspicion was thrown upon the accuracy of these statistics, not only by those who habitually discredit any new thing, but by those also who had been accustomed to the deceits and difficulties of marine surveying. It is believed, in the absence of positive information to the contrary, that the casts for these soundings were made from the deck of the ship. Now, as already explained, it is not possible for a ship to remain stationary at any given spot in the ocean unless she be moored or anchored; and, unless she be so, it is impossible for the lead-line to be straight up and down, at right angles to the surface of the water, and parallel with the sides of the ship. This condition is a *sine quâ non* as to accuracy, for if it be wanting, it is obvious that the amount of line taken off the reel does not represent the actual depth at the spot, but more. An angle is formed, of what character it is next to impossible to say, nor, without data as to the rate and extent of the ship's drift from the place where the lead was originally cast can the said angle be measured and allowed for.

Those naturalists who assert that there are currents at great depths under the surface of the sea, also objected that such currents might, and very likely did, sway the lead-line from its straight descent; and other less important reasons were added for supposing that implicit reliance was not to be laid upon the soundings reported. Giving the less important reasons the go-by, as being rather hypercritical, the question of the currents may be considered an open one; and it seems certain that if currents exist as stated, it must not be concluded that they are by any means universal. The case of the drift, however, is a different one, and presents a question that is not at all debatable. If the soundings were taken from the ship, and the amount of line run out before bottom was reported was taken to represent the

actual depth of the water, no allowance being made for the angle, such soundings must have been fallacious. It was owing to these difficulties, which were believed to be insuperable, that the American officers engaged in surveying the ocean gave up as hopeless the design of fathoming its depths.

Captain Denham of the *Herald*, aware of these difficulties, and disbelieving in the universality of ocean-currents at great depths, proposed to himself a plan by which the drift might be overcome, or rather evaded; and he put his plan into execution at a place where there was no surface-current, and where there was not any indication whatever of sub-surface currents. This place was in latitude $36^{\circ} 49'$ south, longitude $37^{\circ} 6'$ west—about midway between Tristan d'Acunha and Buenos Ayres, and nearly in the middle, therefore, of the South Atlantic. On the calmest possible day, a day on which the surface of the water was unruffled by wind, and was only marked by the gentlest undulation, Captain Denham resolved to try for deep ocean soundings. Two boats were lowered, in one of which the sounding-gear was placed. They were rowed to a short distance from the ship, so as to be without the influence of her attraction, and then work was commenced. An ordinary deep-sea lead was cast from the sounding-boat, until the plummet, reaching the dead-water below the stratum that is affected by wind, served as an anchor to which the boat swung. The boat's crew were ordered to lie on their oars, of which the blades were in the water to keep her steady, and her painter was made fast to the other boat, the crew of which were ordered to keep their oars moving, so as to keep the painter taut, and to check any disposition on the part of the sounding-boat to get her mooring-line out of the perpendicular. On an enormous reel rigged in the bow of the boat, and inclined a little over it, was wound "the" deep-sea lead-line, ten thousand fathoms in length. This line was one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and weighed, when dry, one pound per hundred fathoms. It had previously been tested, with the view to ascertaining its capability of bearing the weight and the strain of so much water, or rather the burden of its own weight

and that of the plummet at so great a depth. One fathom of it sustained in the air a weight of seventy-two pounds; but its own weight was a hundred pounds, increased by saturation to about two hundred, so that it was not perhaps calculated for reeling in again, and for bringing up, therefore, specimens of the bottom—though, as a matter of fact, the assistance rendered by the water in bearing the weight, so nearly enabled the line to do even this work, that it did not break till the one hundred and fortieth fathom below the water-line, when being reeled in *after* the sounding had been taken. The plummet weighed nine pounds, was eleven inches and a half long by 1·7 inch in breadth.

All the arrangements mentioned above, for the purpose of keeping the boats in one position, being complete, the process of sounding began at 8.30 A.M. Down went the line and plummet, freed from the wheel, over which a man stood, to see that no kink came to disturb the outgoing, either as to rate or quantity. The first hundred fathoms cleared out in a minute and a half; the second, in two minutes five seconds; and the time required for each hundred fathoms increased gradually, till from twenty-seven minutes fifteen seconds required to get out the first thousand, the demand grew to one hour, forty-nine minutes fifteen seconds to get out the seventh thousand. The time taken for the several thousands respectively was:

	Hour.	Min.	Sec.
First thousand.....	0	27	15
Second ".....	0	39	40
Third ".....	0	48	10
Fourth ".....	1	13	39
Fifth ".....	1	27	6
Sixth ".....	1	45	25
Seventh ".....	1	49	15

When the line had run out 7,706 fathoms, or eight and three-quarter English miles, bottom was reached; the time occupied by the line in running right out being nine hours twenty-four minutes forty-five seconds. That bottom was actually reached, there could not be any doubt, the extreme stillness of the water enabling the sounders to perceive the same indications of touch as would have manifested themselves with casts in much shallower water. Again and again the line was tried, and stop-

ped always at the same mark; several sets of hands tried the line, and each verified the report of their predecessors; the beat of the lead on the bottom was as distinctly felt as if an electric shock had been passed through the length.

Satisfied as to the accuracy, in every respect, of the sounding, Captain Denham tried to ascertain something as to the character of the bottom itself, by hauling in the lead, to which had been attached the usual quantity of grease, for specimens to adhere to. Unfortunately, the line broke before it could be pulled in, and line, lead, and the specimens attached to it were lost. The great fact had, however, been established, that there was a bottom even to the bottomless ocean, and that it was possible to fathom it, though its depth, as in this case, should be double the height of Chimborazo, the highest of the Andes. It is to be regretted that no sample of the bottom was obtained, for had it been so, it would have gone far to settle the vexed question as to the existence, or otherwise, of life at great depths; it would also have shown whether the minute particles of shell, and other properties of marine animals, found at considerable depths, and forming the pavement of the great deep, are able to find their way through water of which the specific gravity must be assumed to be greater the further down it is placed. It is obvious that no thermometers, however well guarded, would be able to endure the pressure of so great a volume; they would necessarily have shared the same fate as the plummets containing columns of air, which have already been described. No information on the subject of temperature, therefore, could be obtained. The work was hardly done, and the boats on board again, when nature, who seemed to have arranged specially for the occasion, returned to her wonted habits, and the water, which had been unruffled during the whole of the operations, was lashed with all the violence of a gale; as though the wind-giants sought to take vengeance on the bold explorers, who had read one of the deepest of ocean's secrets.

Doubt was of course thrown by those who had failed in getting soundings as to the accuracy of Captain Denham's observations, but besides that there was

no good reason to doubt it. Corroboration of it was subsequently given by a vessel, which adopted the *Herald's* plan of working from boats, and which only doubted Captain Denham's correctness because it failed to strike the bottom at fifty fathoms lower than he had cast.

The difficulty experienced in getting specimens of the bottom with the ordinary plummet, and the unsuitableness of Brooke's ingenious device to operations in very deep water, led to the introduction, by Captain Denham, of several important improvements on the ordinary lead. One was as follows: The lead, in two pieces, was fitted on to a block of heavy wood, at the end of which was a pair of closed nippers, of triangular shape, and capacious enough to hold about three ounces of sand. The nippers were opened on pressure of a spring, and in order to set this spring in motion, a rod was fitted into the wood, and projected beyond the nippers. When the lead reached the bottom, the first thing that touched the ground was the rod in connection with the spring, which being pressed, forced the nippers open; the nippers embraced as much of the bottom as they could contain, and on the lead being hauled in, closed again to their triangular form, having the specimen fast in their gripe, and quite free from any sticky substance—a great matter, when it became necessary to subject the specimen to microscopical examination.

FINANCIAL NOTABILITIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONDON SCENES AND LONDON PEOPLE."

WE sometimes use an odd metaphor, which is yet well understood, and speak of individuals "born with silver spoons in their mouths"—the fortunate few who inherit wealth without working for it—and now we propose to chronicle some names of persons fated to gold spoons, whether from inheritance or successful industry. Riches are a source of power. They elevate their possessors to a sort of pedestal, and, more than the bishop's lawn, the physician's cane, or the judge's wig, exercise undisputed influence. Whether wealth is equally certain to yield happiness is more doubtful. This depends on the use, not the possession

of wealth. The name "miser" is expressive. A thoroughly penurious rich man is a miserable fool, while his benevolent brother millionaire may be a kind of earthly Providence. Here are a few specimen gold spoons.

Abraham Newland, a cashier of the Bank of England, whose name for a long series of years was synonymous with a bank note, realised a large fortune. He retired in 1807, after a service of more than half a century, his last business act being to decline a pension offered him by the directors. He died within a few months, leaving funded property amounting to £200,000, and a landed estate of £1,000 per annum. This fortune was not derived from his salary. In his time Government loans were frequent. A portion was always reserved for the cashier (a Parliamentary report mentions £100,000), and the profits were often very great. The Goldsands were then lenders on the Stock Exchange. They contracted for most of the loans, and to each of the family Newland left £500 to purchase a mourning ring. It was surmised at the period that Newland made large advances to the Goldsands, and reaped proportionate profits. Mr. Newland resided for a considerable portion of his life on Highbury Place, and was remarkable for his frugal habits. He commonly walked to his duties at the Bank, only riding when the weather was unfavorable. The meanest clerk in the establishment would now hardly think of walking there. Mr. Henry Hase succeeded him as cashier, and was equally the theme of ballad singers; but he does not seem to have realised so large a fortune. Connected with this period the following anecdote is worth preserving: A banker's clerk robbed his employers of £20,000 in Bank of England notes. He disposed of them to a Dutch Jew. For six months they remained untraced. The Jew then came to the Bank and demanded payment, which was refused, on the plea that they had been stolen. The man, who was known to be immensely rich, went quietly to the Exchange, and, before a large assembly of citizens, declared that the Bank authorities had refused to honor their own bills; that, in fact, they had stopped payment. He declared he would immediately advertise the fact.

Public credit was not then above suspicion, and the money was paid. We find another strange story in some of the journals of that day. A director had occasion for £30,000—he required it to pay for landed property. He exchanged cash at the Bank for a note of that value. Returning home, and being called out, he placed the note on the chimney-piece in his counting-house, and when he came back it had disappeared. The conclusion was that it had fallen into the fire. The other bank directors believing this, gave him a second note, but took no obligation to be responsible for the first. Thirty years afterwards, the person in question having been long dead, an unknown individual presented the lost note for payment. He said it had come to him from the Continent. It was payable to bearer, and the money was obtained. The heirs of the director would not make restitution; but it was soon afterwards discovered that an architect, having purchased the director's house, had pulled it down, had found the missing note in a crevice of the chimney, and had defrauded the Bank of the money. The story is possible, but not probable. No names are given, and no sufficiently lucid explanation of the strange disappearance of the note.

In 1701, a systematic series of frauds on the public funds, by means of circulating false reports relative to the war in Flanders, were seriously detrimental to the public credit. Sir Henry Farmer, then a bank director, employed his great fortune in this unworthy manner. He maintained couriers throughout Holland, Flanders, France, and Germany. He was the first to receive news of the fall of Namur, and was presented by William III. with a diamond ring, as a reward for important intelligence. But he fabricated news, and originated various fraudulent dispatches. Prices were often lowered four, or even five per cent. in a single day, and his profits were enormous. Medina, a wealthy Jew, accompanied the Duke of Marlborough in his campaigns, and fed the avarice of that great captain by an annuity of £6,000 for the right of sending off expresses from the fields of Ramilies and Blenheim; and those victories conducted as much to fill the Hebrew's purse as to extend the national glory.

So low was public credit that Walpole's axiom, that every man had his price, was generally believed; and bribery became universal. Of five millions granted to carry on the war, only two-and-a-half reached the Exchequer. The House of Commons declared by a solemn resolution: "It is notorious that many millions are unaccounted for." Mr. Hungerford was expelled for accepting a bribe of £21; the Duke of Leeds was impeached for taking one of 5,500 guineas. The price of a Speaker—Sir John Trevor—was £2,005. Officials lent the Exchequer its own moneys in fictitious names; and out of forty-six millions raised in fifteen years, twenty-five millions were unaccounted for. Perhaps we are now almost as much astonished at the smallness of the sums then raised for public purposes, as at the wholesale frauds practised.

Thomas Guy, who founded the hospital so named, in 1724, was the son of a poor lighterman. He began life with a few shillings, and ended it with probably a million sterling. His profits were made by dealing in sailors' tickets. Charles II. paid them with inconvertible papers, which the poor men were forced to sell at any discount. The usurer at Rotherhithe robbed them of nearly the whole of their hard-earned wages. Strange that a fortune so iniquitously raised should have been devoted to so noble a purpose!

Sampson Gideon, the great Hebrew broker, and the founder of the house of Eardley, died in 1762. His name was once as familiar as Goldsmid and Rothschild now. He was a shrewd, sarcastic man, and possessed great richness of humor. "Never grant a life annuity to an old woman," he would say; "they wither, but they never die." If the proposed annuitant coughed, he would call out, "Ay, ay, you may cough, but it shan't save you six months' purchase!"

Snow, the banker, spoken of by Dean Swift, lent Gideon £20,000. Soon after, the young Chevalier landed, and Snow piteously entreated the return of his money. Gideon procured twenty £1,000 notes, rolled them round a phial of hartshorn, and returned them to the banker. The Pretender being on his march to London, stocks were sold at any price.

Gideon went to Jonathan's, a coffee-house then much used by dealers in bullion, bought all the market, advancing every guinea he possessed, and pledging his credit for yet further purchases. His profits were enormous. "Gideon is dead," writes a contemporary, "worth more than the whole land of Canaan. He has left all his milk and honey, after his son and daughter and their children, to the Duke of Devonshire, without insisting on the Duke taking his name, or being circumcised." His views were liberal, for he left £2,000 to the sons of the clergy, and £1,000 to the London Hospital.

In 1785, Mathewson, thought to be of Scotch origin, appeared to be an exceedingly bold speculator; yet he acted with judgment, for he possessed £500,000 at his death. He was occasionally very eccentric. At a dinner party, he turned to a lady sitting next to him, and said: "If you, Madam, will trust me with £1,000 for three years, I will employ it advantageously." She knew him and accepted his offer. In three years to the very day Mathewson waited on the lady with £10,000, for he had increased her loan to that amount.

The names of Abraham and Benjamin Goldsmid will be long remembered, and a few old men amongst us may recollect their features. They rose from obscurity to be the chief authorities in the Alley. In 1792 they rose into importance. They were the money-brokers who competed with the bankers for the Government loans. They were unboundedly munificent. The poor of all creeds were their pensioners; one day they entertained royalty; the next they paid a visit of mercy to a condemned cell. They were for a while fortune's chief favorites. Everything prospered with them. Ultimately a tremendous reverse awaited them, and Abraham destroyed himself at his country house, Merton. Benjamin Goldsmid made a bold stand against his troubles, but his friends did not yield him the support he expected; and, after entertaining a large party at dinner, he also destroyed himself in the garden of his noble mansion in Surrey.

The Rothschilds hold a high place among financiers, and their history is interesting. Nathan Meyer Rothschild's father was a learned archæologist, and

the family have been remarkable in all the cities of the Continent. The first important success of Meyer Anselm, the head of the house, has been ascribed to his possession of the fortune of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, which he saved from the hands of Napoleon I. "The prince," said Rothschild, "gave my father his money; there was no time to be lost; he sent it to me, and had £600,000 or more unexpectedly sent by post; and I put it to such good use, that the prince made me a present of all his wine and linen."

Nathan Meyer Rothschild (according to his report) came to Manchester because Frankfort was too small for the financial operations of the brothers. It showed great courage to settle there. Though absolutely ignorant of the English language, on a Tuesday he said he would go to England; and left Germany on the following Thursday. He commenced business with £20,000, and quickly tripled his capital. In 1800, finding Manchester too limited a sphere of work, he came to London. He realised vast profits; power of will and readiness of action were his characteristics. Having bought some bills of the Duke of Wellington at a discount, to which the credit of the state was pledged, he made arrangements to purchase gold to pay them. He was informed "Government needed it," and Government obtained it, but paid freely for the assistance. "It was the best business I ever did," he exclaimed; adding, "and when they got it, it was of no use, until I had undertaken to convey it to Portugal." In 1812, Meyer Anselm died at Frankfort, and Nathan Meyer Rothschild became the head of the family. Before this time foreign loans were unpopular in England, as the interest was made payable abroad in foreign coin. He introduced the payment of the dividends in London, and fixed it in sterling money—a chief cause of the success of such loans. Although termed only a merchant, the Stock Exchange was the scene of his triumphs; and, no doubt, he manipulated the public funds with shrewd skill, employing brokers to depress or raise the market, and making enormous purchases, in one day (it is affirmed) to the extent of £4,000,000. From 1819 his transactions pervaded the entire

globe. With the profits on a single loan, he bought an estate which cost £150,000. Nothing was too large for his attention—nothing too minute. Yet it is affirmed he gave extremely small salaries to his clerks. Though apparently extremely bold in speculation, he must have exercised great caution, for none of the loans with which he was connected were repudiated at his office—a fair price might be obtained for any amount of stock; and it was not uncommon for brokers to apply to Nathan Rothschild, instead of going on the Stock Exchange.

In 1824 financial operations were so all-absorbing, that what Rothschild and other capitalists did, excited as much interest as the greatest public events. Once he was outwitted by a London banker, who lent him a million and a half on the security of Consols, the price being 84. The terms were simple: if the price fell to 74, the banker might claim the stock at 70. The banker began selling Rothschild's Consols, with a large amount of his own. The funds fell, and the unexpected price of 74 was reached—of course, with a heavy loss. On another occasion his master hand was manifest. Wanting bullion, he went to the governor of the Bank to procure on loan a portion of the superfluous store; an arrangement was made, he employed the gold, his end was answered, and the time came for the return of the specie; punctual to a moment, he tendered the amount in bank notes. The necessity for bullion was urged. "Very well, gentlemen, give me the notes. I dare say your cashier will honor me with gold from your vaults, and then I can return your bullion." If he possessed important news likely to cause an advance in the price of stock, he ordered his broker to sell half a million. Capel Court rang with the news, and the funds fell; a panic ensued, and the price sank 2 or 3 per cent. Large purchases were made at the reduced rates. Then the good news was known, the funds instantly rose, and an immense profit was the result. Of course he had reverses, and had enemies, who often threatened him with personal violence. Two strangers came into his office; he fancied they were searching their pockets for pistols; he hurled a ledger at the intruders, who were only

seeking for letters of introduction. A friend said to him—

"You must be a happy man, Rothschild."

"Happy! me happy! why, just as I'm going to dine, I get a letter, saying, 'Send me £500, or I will blow your brains out!' Me happy!"

He was believed to sleep with loaded pistols under his pillow, and was in continual dread of assassination. The splendor of his residences and entertainments was extraordinary, and he was the golden idol of all ranks. His mode of letter-writing bespoke a mind wholly absorbed in accumulating wealth, and his language under excitement was rude and violent. He was a frequent subject for caricature. Huge and slovenly of figure, his lounging attitude, as he stood against his favorite pillar in the Exchange, his foreign accent, and rude form of speech, often made him the object of ridicule. Though not remarkable for extensive benevolence, Dr. Herschell declared that Mr. Rothschild had placed a large sum in his hands, for the benefit of his poorer brethren. He died at Frankfort, and his remains were brought to England for interment.

These particulars, relative to Nathan M. Rothschild, are from various sources, but especially from the daily journals, and a work called "The Chronicles of the Stock Exchange," by Jno. Francis.* Here is a story worth transcribing:—

Last century was the hanging century. A great fraud, involving forgery, had been committed on the East India Company. The day of trial was near, and the leading witness against the accused was accustomed to visit a house near the Bank, to be dressed and powdered, according to the fashion in vogue. A note was handed him, setting forth that the attorney for the prosecution wished to see him at his private house in Portland Place. On arriving he was ushered into a large room, where sat several gentlemen over their wine.

"There is a mistake," said he.

"There is no mistake," said one of them rising. "I am brother to the gentleman soon to be tried for forgery, and without your evidence he cannot be con-

* He was a bank clerk. His book went through several editions, and as his employers found no fault with his facts, they were probably true.

victed. The honor of a noble family is at stake. Your first attempt to escape will lead to a violent death. There is nothing to fear, but we must detain you till the trial is over."

The witness acquiesced; but, managing to escape, was pursued, and declared to be insane. A lady passing in a private carriage heard his story, and drove him to the Old Bailey, in time to give the necessary evidence, and consign the criminal to the scaffold.

Here is a companion tale: A stock-broker, meditating suicide, was on his way to Bankside. A stranger accosted him, who had just landed from Brussels, and informed him of the victory at Waterloo. The ruined jobber hastily returned to Capel Court, and made large purchases of stock. As the news became known, the funds rose rapidly; and his profits amounted to £20,000.

William Coutts was an Edinburgh merchant. His sons came to London, and commenced banking in the Strand; and Thomas, on the death of his brothers, became the sole proprietor. He frequently gave dinners to the principals of similar firms. A guest told him that a certain nobleman had solicited for a loan of £30,000, and had been refused. Coutts waited on the peer, and requested him to call in the Strand, when he offered to discount his acceptance for the required sum.

"But what security must I give?" said his lordship.

"I shall be satisfied with an I. O. U."

£10,000 were received, and £20,000 retained as an open account. The money was soon returned. New customers abounded, and one of them was George III.

The father of Lord Overstone was a dissenting minister at Manchester. Mr. Jones, a member of his congregation, half banker, half manufacturer, had a daughter, who became intimate with Parson Lloyd, and married him. Jones was soon reconciled to his son-in-law; but, not thinking a preacher's business lucrative, made him his partner. How he prospered need not be told. His son is now Lord Overstone.

The founders of Barclay's house were linendrapers in Cheapside. On Lord Mayor's day, 1760, George III. paid a state visit to the city. There was a

street tumult. A horse in the state carriage grew restive. The king and queen were in danger, when David Barclay, a draper, came to the rescue, saying:

"Wilt thou alight, George, and thy wife Charlotte, and see the Lord Mayor's Show?"

Presently David introduced his wife after this manner:

"King George of England; Priscilla Barclay, my wife," etc.

Barclay attended the next levee.

"What do you mean to do with your son John?" asked the king. "Send him to me, and I will give him profitable employment."

He declined the offer, but John and James became bankers in Lombard street.

John Baring was a cloth manufacturer in Devonshire. Leaving a large fortune, Francis, his second son, became a banker. He reaped large profits from government loans, and was created a baronet. He realized a fortune of £2,000,000. Alexander Baring succeeded him. His monetary operations were on a prodigious scale. On one occasion he lent the French government £1,000,000 at five per cent. He was elevated to the peerage as Lord Ashburton. In 1809 six of the Baring family were in Parliament.

Mr. Morrison, for many years a tradesman in Fore street, realized a fortune of £3,000,000. Hudson, one of our railway kings, was for a long time the golden calf of the multitude, and might, at one period, have commanded any number of millions. During the late terrible panic Overend, Gurney, and Company failed for £13,000,000; and a renowned baronet and M. P. stopped payment for above half that sum. Indeed, the figures now representing financial operations so far exceed those of former merchants and brokers, that their scale of business seems to have been comparatively small.

We have spoken of enormous financial operations here as a curious fact. By way of contrast, a few days since we were shown a penny Bank-of-England note. To facilitate some pecuniary arrangement (the transaction took place in the Bank parlor about forty years since), the words Five Pounds were crossed through, One Penny substituted, and an official signature appended. As

a great favor, this unique penny note was parted with for forty shillings.

BRIGANDAGE IN THE PONTIFICAL STATES.*

THE system of robbery and kidnapping known as brigandage—a word which in its olden sense applied chiefly to the produce of robbery, but which in its modern sense has a much wider signification—is said to have had its origin, in as far as regards the Pontifical States, in the overthrow of social institutions by the French Revolution. As is the case everywhere when liberty or license come into the foreground, the enfranchisement, as it was termed, of North Italy by General Bonaparte, having led to a general uprising throughout the peninsula, several parties surged to the surface in the Roman States, but these merged into two great divisions, the Papal and the Republican.

These two great parties were in appearance not only opposed to one another, but placed on an utterly different basis. But such is not the case, nor ever has been the case, where Rome is concerned. It is true that while the first party pretended to defend the rights of the throne, the other announced that the era of tyranny had expired in Italy, and was for ever replaced by that of liberty! But when one day the republican party planted the tree of liberty in one spot, and pillaged the houses of the priests, whom they declared then, as now, to be enemies to the wishes of the Italians, next day the papal party arrived, cut down the tree, and pillaged the houses of the more wealthy classes under the pretext that they were Jacobins. In reality, then, both parties resembled one another, and each had the same object in view—that of enriching themselves and avenging themselves upon their private enemies without troubling themselves, in the slightest degree, with the common welfare. Both alike committed many murders, and both alike became equally odious to the middle classes, who generally remain in the minority,

or in the background, in times of revolution.

At length the French came a second time, and Napoleon Bonaparte, who did not recognize that temporal power of the Pope by which his nephew holds so tenaciously, invaded Rome and Naples. The town of Terracina having ventured to oppose the progress of the French, a bandit chief, Barnabo by name, who had charge of one of the gates, offered to open it, upon the condition that the safety of himself and his band were insured. The General promised, but Terracina having fallen, and its citizens having been massacred, Barnabo and his followers were arrested and put to death, to the number of twenty-four, without any form of trial, whilst their bodies were cast into a common sewer.

Napoleon had no sympathy for Italian brigands. No mercy was shown to them, and everything that could be done to eradicate this territorial plague was carried out. It was, however, in vain. The papal brigands and the republican brigands having been obliged, in many instances, to refund their ill-gotten gains, the more resolute and courageous among them united together, irrespective of parties, to form more or less numerous bands, and to carry on the congenial avocation of kidnappers and assassins.

One of the most famous of these bandit chiefs at that epoch was Giovanni Rita, who had established his head-quarters in a forest on the mountain of Sezza. He was surrounded by an armed force in 1809, but even then would have effected his escape only for his wife, who was in a cavern, the entrance to which he defended until he had killed or wounded eighteen of his assailants, when he fell from a shot in the thigh. The wily brigand then called Capucci, the leader of his assailants, to put an end to his sufferings. The latter, however, sent one of the sbirri, whom he shot dead with his pistol. The others then ran up and cut off his head, making his wife comb the tangled locks before it was carried in triumph to Frosinone. "I shall be quite willing to do that honor to my husband," said this wife of a bandit chief. "You cannot boast of having killed him, whilst if you count your flock you will find many missing." Maria Elelta, as this she-bandit was called, was sentenced to twenty-

* Le brigandage dans les Etats Pontificaux. Mémoires de Gasbaroni, rédigés par Pierre Masi, traduits par un officier d'état-major de la division d'occupation à Rome. Paris: E. Dentu.

years' imprisonment, but she was liberated on the return of Pius VII. from France.

Napoleon was determined to put a stop to the abomination if possible, but the measures which he adopted with that view were more energetic than effective. All the relatives of brigands, even to the second degree, were arrested, and transported to Corsica, Elba, or Sardinia. Whoever did not give notice of the presence of bandits was liable to the penalty of death. Finally, by a law known as the *Ristretta*, all cattle of every description—cows, oxen, sheep, goats, and pigs—were placed at night-time within walled precincts, guarded by armed men. No one was even allowed to remove food from their premises under pain of death. The bandits fared well not the less, whilst the herds were decimated by disease and starvation. The transportation of relatives gave rise not only to the most painful and distressing scenes, but the brigands retaliated with increased desperation. They were headed by one Pascal Jambucci, who was surnamed "the madman of Valle Corsa." This daring bandit got possession of the person of the sous-préfet of Frosinone when travelling with an escort of dragoons, and conducting him to his lair, made such an exhibition of bread, wine, cheese, hams, tongues, and other comestibles, as to fully satisfy the préfet of the inutility of the law of *Ristretta*. He then set the functionary at liberty without exacting a ransom, and the préfet was so grateful that he annulled the law, and set many of the relatives of the bandits at liberty; but he had all the forests which bordered the highways cleared for a depth of a hundred yards.

The brigands were not always so successful. Three of them got into a window on the third story of the chateau of a Signore Salvatori, five or six miles south of Frosinone, by means of ladders. A servant overheard them, watched through a keyhole, and when they struck a light he fired, and shot the leader, one Mangiafichi. The robbers decamped, carrying away the body, which they placed on an ass, and removing both to the forest of Siserno, they buried the bandit and the donkey in the same grave—in order that the latter should tell no tales. The precautions which they

took were, indeed, as refined as the persecutions to which they were subjected were inveterate. The organization of the band was most strict. No one was admitted to the brotherhood save the strong, the healthy, and the courageous, and all who had friends or relatives suspected of being favorable to peace and order were at once rejected. A novice was not admitted unless he had previously committed one or more murders. If accepted, he was supplied with arms gratuitously, but to be afterwards accounted for. The day was passed in the mountain forest, all marches being undertaken at night, and in the most perfect silence. The chief marched first. If a house, a ford, or a bridge had to be crossed, the chief got hold of a peasant, went over first with his prisoner, and if the latter did not give notice of the presence of danger, he was at once put to death. The night was spent in kidnapping or in the robbery of booty and provisions, the peasants contributing the latter to save the first, and by break of day they withdrew to the woods, placing sentinels whilst the others slept. If any peasants, men or women, came accidentally upon their lair when engaged in cutting wood, they were detained till night—neither to the satisfaction nor the welfare of the latter. Booty upon a larger scale was obtained by sacking country-houses and mansions, or by stopping conveyances on the highway. Prisoners were uniformly removed to the mountain, and a ransom demanded. The peasantry were obliged to carry out the necessary negotiations to obtain payment of the ransom under penalty of death, and if the money was not forthcoming, first the ears and then the nose of the unfortunate prisoner were sent to their relatives to stir up their charity. No great undertaking was entered upon without the consent of a majority of the band. A sick or wounded man was left in a hut, and the band removed to carry on its depredations to some distant spot, in order to divert the attention of the authorities. The life of a bandit was so conducive to health, that few, however, fell sick, and only two—Luigi d'Angelis de Fondi and Luigi Palombi de Vallecorsa—are known to have died a natural death in a quarter of a century.

The brigands of Italy have further

even had friends not only in the country, but in the towns and cities. This will be easily understood when we consider the character of partisanship which they always give to their infamous practices. They have their armorers, their tailors, their shoemakers, and other tradesmen in the towns, and they are paid out of the profits of their booty. They have also their receivers, and the peasants are employed as commissioners. The town friends are only known to the chief. Even persons in authority, who have rural property, or flocks or herds, are obliged to cultivate their friendship, or, at the least, to wink at their malpractices if they wish to preserve their property.

The wife of a brigand, for example, had been put to death under the Ristretta, by the mayor of San-Stefano. The husband set the towns people to watch, and learned when he was going to Frosinone. Placing himself on the way, he shot him, although he was protected by an armed escort. Jambucci, upon one occasion, carried off the Cavaliere Magistris from the town of Sezza, and only delivered him up for a ransom of five thousand golden crowns. In 1813, Monsignore Ugolini (recently deceased) was seized in his carriage, and as some difficulty was experienced in removing a valuable ring from his finger, it was cut off. Gaetano, surnamed the Calabrais, having made prisoners of the brothers Giuliani, in their palace at Rocca-Secca-di-Piperno, he not only exacted a ransom, but put them both to death. This, which was deemed to be a cowardly act, even among brigands, excited the indignation of the whole country, for the brothers were renowned for their many charitable acts. In cases like these the prisoners were generally betrayed by their own servants, or by persons living on the premises, and who counselled extreme measures, from reasons of private enmity, or to secure themselves from detection.

In the same year, a young man of good family, Vincenzo Panici, having, with the assistance of four others, murdered a priest, took refuge among the bandits. The latter told him they would receive his friends, but they could not trust him, and they should put him to death. In order to propitiate the

brigands, he went off with his four companions, took up a position on the Apian way, and carried off the Princess of Etruria and her daughter, whom they grossly maltreated. This done, they went back to the brigands, who received them with a volley which broke Panici's shoulder. Panici then withdrew to his palace at San Lorenzo, but he was arrested by Ugolini, Bishop of Frosinone, put to death upon the spot where he had outraged the princess, and his head exposed in an iron cage on the walls of the Torre-tre-Ponti.

Napoleon having fallen before the allied powers in 1814, Pius VII. was restored to temporal power, and brigandage being "the eldest brother of revolution," the bandits were amnestied, Jambucci taking up his quarters at Vallecorsa, Decimove at Sezza, and the Calabrese Gaetano at Sonnino. But a quiet life no longer suited those who had tasted of the freedom of the mountain. Quarrels arose about some of the relatives of the bandit who had not been restored to their homes, and these attained to such a pitch that on Holy Thursday, 1814, Jambucci and his comrades massacred the mayor, Giovanni de Rossi, his wife and servant, and all those who had occupied positions of authority under the Emperor Napoleon. Thirteen persons fell beneath the daggers of the assassins, who then took to the woods.*

Antonio Gasbaroni, the most celebrated of all the brigands of the Papal States, was born at Sonnino in 1793. He was, as a boy, nothing but a common cowherd. His humble position did not, however, prevent his falling in love with a girl of rare beauty. But Gasbaroni had a brother named Gennaro, as also a brother-in-law, Angelo de Paolis, who had wedded his sister Guistina, and who had both joined the brigands to

* Murat, or Joachim Napoleon, when King of Naples, enacted very severe laws against bandits, whom he treated as enemies of the public. Alison and other historians have placed on record that the "beau sabreur" was shot in accordance with a law which he had himself enacted. But it was a law enacted against bandits, not against political offenders. The French were unable to distinguish men hung for assassinating a police constable from political offenders, and the Italians are sometimes unable to distinguish between political offenders and brigands.

avoid conscription. They had returned to their native place—Sonnino—under the amnesty of the Pope in 1814, but the father of the young girl refused to give his daughter in marriage to a man who belonged to a family of brigands. The brother went so far as to threaten him with death if he attempted to prosecute his suit. Gasbaroni at once drew his dagger, and killed the young man beneath the window of his beloved. Such was the first crime committed by Gasbaroni, and all the rest may be said to have flowed from it. We have seen that, in 1814, all the brigands of the Papal States having been amnestied by Pius VII., had returned to their homes till the outbreak of Jambucci. It was not so, however, with the brigands of the kingdom of Naples, who were anxiously awaiting the restoration of Ferdinand I. to obtain the same favor. Gasbaroni having outlawed himself by the crime of murder, had no papal band with whom to seek refuge, so he joined that which still held together on the Neapolitan territory under Domenico the Calabrese. This Domenico, brother to Gaëtano and Pietro, surnamed the Calabrese brothers, of the pontifical bands, was a rough, uncultivated, and licentious brute, who ruled with the stick, was exceedingly avaricious, and ungrateful to the peasants who lent him their aid. Five other youths having joined the band from the Pontifical States, among whom Alessandro Massaroni, as daring and enterprising as Gasbaroni himself, they agreed to separate themselves from a chief of so repulsive a character, and to constitute a band of themselves, and they selected Gasbaroni as their head. Thus it happened that the latter had not been a bandit many months before he became the chief of the only band of brigands at that time existing in the Papal States. The Calabrese had vowed destruction to him and his band, as deserters, but he was shortly afterward betrayed by a peasant, Marzo by name, whose wife he had outraged, and who seduced him and seventeen of his followers to a château near Fondi, under promise of plunder, plied them with wine, and then had the place surrounded by an armed force whilst in their orgies. Several were slain in a vain attempt to escape, but Domenico

and others were captured and taken to Capua, where they were put to death. Marzo did not, however, escape the revenge of the bandits, who shot him eight years afterwards, when he ventured to return to his own country.

The other brigands who had been amnestied got on no better than Jambucci.

Gaëtano, who had turned butcher at Sonnino, used to pay for his beasts with blows of a stick, and woe to those who ventured to complain. Decinnove contented himself with simply levying contributions in money from the inhabitants of Sezza, whither he had retired; this, although these amnestied brigands were actually supplied with sufficient means to procure a livelihood by the pontifical authorities. When the Austrians occupied the country in 1815, all the Neapolitan and Papal brigands were once more amnestied, and Gasbaroni and his band left the mountains to assist in supplying the Austrians, who were besieging the fortress of Gaëta, held by Joachim Murat, with provisions. He is said to have even paid a visit to the British fleet during this epoch of a recognized existence. But after the fall of Gaëta, reports were current that the pontifical authorities would not abide by the amnesty tendered by General Bianchi; so Gasbaroni had no alternative left to him but to gather together his little troop, and take once more to the mountains. Other reasons, probably, guided Gasbaroni in this determination. In order to assist in the supply of the Austrians, he had devastated the rural property of the Patrizi's near Itri—a family of such strong Jacobin tendencies, that as far back as 1799 they had organized a band in search of the royalist freebooter Fra Diavolo. He had, therefore, the hostility of many powerful families, who were opposed to the Bourbons, to encounter upon the withdrawal of the Austrians. Gasbaroni, although not of an avaricious disposition, but, on the contrary, exceedingly free with his money, was—like most strong, hardy men, with sanguinary and lustful instincts, kept under little or no control—exceedingly partial to the fair sex. It is, therefore, probable that he felt that he could give a freer vent to the worst impulses of his nature as an outlaw than as a dweller in cities, and subject to the

pains and penalties incurred by open infractions of the rules of rectitude and morality.

Love had been the cause of his first becoming a bandit, and love was the cause of his final incarceration. His passion for the fair sex had left him penniless at the end of all his exertions to provision the army of Gaëta; so no sooner had he taken to the open country, than he seized upon the person of a wealthy priest, who dwelt in the village of Campo di Miele, and from whom he exacted a ransom of two thousand crowns.

At this epoch—the last months of 1814—the pontifical government had issued edicts promising a reward of fifty crowns to whoever should kill a brigand chief, and twenty-five for every bandit slain. An amnesty was also promised to any bandit who should bring in the head of a comrade to Frosinone. To the infinite amusement of the brigands, the bells of the churches were also ordered to be rung whenever they were supposed to be in the neighborhood, to call the population to arms. Nothing answered their purpose better than letting them know their presence had been discovered. The band of Gasbaroni received continued reinforcements notwithstanding all these edicts, and, curiously enough, one of the origins of this predilection for a life of outlawry lay in a municipal proclamation against long hair and ribands in the hat—decorations attributed peculiarly to brigands, but common to most of the peasantry. One of the bravest of Gasbaroni's recruits—Decesaris of Prossedi—joined the band because he had shot the provost of that place for having insulted him by pulling his long locks. Ugolini, Bishop of Frosinone, had also issued an edict to arrest all those who had been amnestied by the Austrians, which caused many to take to the open country; whilst others, who had persevered in their faith in government, were arrested, and among them, Jambucci, Gaëtano, and Decinnove; and the latter, having attempted to escape, was shot by the gendarmes. Among others who had married and led a life of quietude for many years, and who were forced to take to the forest by the new edict, was Louis Masocco, a veteran bandit of such proved courage and well-known experience, that Gasbaroni felt

himself called upon to resign his chieftainship of the band in his favor.

This was in the month of March, 1816. It was at this epoch that Gasbaroni received his first wound. A capture had been made, the ransom asked, and a messenger sent to bring it to the hut of a charcoal-burner in the mountain. The gendarmes caught the messenger, obliged him to reveal the spot where the bandits awaited him, under a free administration of the stick, and posted themselves in the hut. The brigands, on coming down from the mountain, suspected something wrong from no charcoal-burners being about; but Gasbaroni volunteered to approach by himself. He was received by a volley which laid him, to all appearance, dead on the ground. The gendarmes then rushed forth to cut off his head; but Masocco hurried forward at the same moment with all his band. The brigadier and two gendarmes were killed, and the rest fled, leaving behind them swords, cloaks, and hats, as also the ransom. Gasbaroni, who was shot through the body, was removed to Monticello di Fondi, where, thanks to youth, a vigorous constitution, and the skill of a well-paid professional, he ultimately recovered, but he never afterwards walked so upright as he did before his wound.

The reward promised for the head of a brigand—a reward for treachery, as Bishop Fenelon long ago remarked, unworthy of a secular government, and still more so of a sovereign who is at the same time the head of the Catholic Church—induced four gendarmes to simulate an attack upon a carriage in order to be admitted into the brotherhood. Disturbed by other gendarmes, they had to separate; Gasbaroni met one, and killing him, he cast his body into a cavern in the mountain of Terracina; the other three were put to death by Massaroni's band. This effectually cured the gendarmerie of attempts at treachery.

But not so with the bands themselves, where the promised rewards did not fail to beget traitors. There were in Masocco's band two brothers named Usecca, and two others named Monacelli. One of the Monacelli being ill, an Usecca was left in the charge of him. The latter killed the sick man, and carried his

head to Frosinone, where he received the promised reward and was admitted into the gendarmerie. The brother of Monacelli insisted, in consequence, that the brother of Usecca, who remained with the band, should be put to death; and Masocco was obliged to permit the sacrifice of another bandit as an expiatory victim for the treachery of his brother.

Gasbaroni's brother, Gennaro, and his brother-in-law, Angelo de Paolis, were, we have observed, kept in confinement. Gasbaroni resolved upon setting them at liberty. To effect this, he, with Masocco's consent, separated himself from the band, and gave currency to a report that he had quarrelled with his chief, and was determined to take his life. This coming to the ears of the Bishop of Frosinone, he offered Gennaro and Angelo their liberty, if they would join Gasbaroni, and together slay the terrible Masocco. They agreed; but once free, they killed the gendarme who had first arrested them, and then hastened to Masocco, not to kill him, but to reinforce the band. Never was a bishop more signally duped. The authorities and the bandits were, indeed, perpetually at cross purposes. The same year (1816) an universal amnesty was proclaimed. All the bands were to assemble at Vallecorsa, to be emancipated by the authorities. Masocco was there with the rest, but, mistrustful of the loyalty of a priestly government, only Gasbaroni and Massaroni presented themselves as delegates of the band within the walls of the town. The authorities, who only intended to dupe the bandits, were enraged that Masocco and all his band had not fallen into the trap. They were especially annoyed that one Varoni, a bandit of especial renown for his ferocity, was not at least one of the delegates. Gasbaroni and Massaroni found in this the means of extricating themselves from a most perilous position—for they had been disarmed, and were at the mercy of the authorities. But they said they would go and bring in Varoni, and they were trusted! Masocco laughed heartily when his two lieutenants rejoined the band without their rifles, daggers, and girdles for cartridges, or patroncina, as they called them, to all of which they attached the greatest value, as tried friends, and on which they expended

large sums of money. The decoration of Gasbaroni's patroncina alone cost him fifty crowns.

Such cross purposes read really more like child's play than a struggle for life and liberty between the established authorities and a group of reckless adventurers. Decesaris and fifteen men of his band were foolish enough to accept of the promised amnesty. The consequence was that instead of being allowed to join his family—the boon he sought for in giving himself up—Decesaris found himself condemned to thirty years of galleys. He then swore that he would spare no means of evasion, and if he could only succeed, he would for the future renounce all belief in amnesties; nor was he long in finding an opportunity for carrying his oath into effect.

The French had introduced the *Ristretta*. The pontifical government adopted the same system for starving out the brigands, only they improved upon it in this way, that the cattle and sheep being gathered within the folds of a paternal government, many never found their way out of it. Not being able to capture the men, the authorities also wreaked their vengeance upon the women, one of whom was shot, for a few bullets found in her possession, another because she was detected washing some shirts of a better quality than those usually worn by the peasantry. The shepherds were likewise bastinadoed in every direction, but with no better result than to exasperate the whole country against a cruel and impotent government.

Masocco's band was now divided into three detachments: one under himself, the other two under Massaroni and Gennaro Gasbaroni. Thus divided, yet acting in concert, they killed a spy close to the gates of Vallecorsa, in order to draw out the gendarmes; but they only succeeded in shooting five of the latter. The next day a similar trick was practised at San Lorenzo, where three gendarmes and two belligerent tailors fell before their rifles. The authorities met, indeed, with nothing but bad luck. A squadron of *sbirri* was sent from Vallecorsa, and another from Sonnino the ensuing night, to surround the convent of San Manno, near Fondi, where the brigands were supposed to have taken refuge.

In the dark, and in their terror, one party fired upon the other, and a corporal and three men were killed.

In 1817 Monsignore Pacca set the example of leniency, and gave some of the female relatives of the bandits their liberty; and in 1818 Cardinal Gonsalvi invited Massoco to a conference at Terracina. The bandit chief exacted a hostage for his personal safety, and then presented himself, armed and in full bandit costume, before the cardinal minister and his followers. The bandits, as before observed, take great pride in the richness of their costume and the decoration as well as efficiency of their arms and accoutrements, and they are always very fond of displaying these in towns and villages, when they can do so with impunity. In this respect Naples and the Papal States have ever been a kind of Mexico.

Masocco was a very handsome man. Barely thirty years of age, he was tall, strong and well proportioned. He had a splendid head of dark hair, with beard to match, expressive eyes, and good face and forehead. Not only was he a remarkable man in outward appearance, but he was very intelligent, and could speak well and to the purpose. He had as a youth, indeed, been educated by an estimable priest—his *nominal* uncle. The curiosity excited by the appearance of the renowned chief of bandits at Terracina was great. After a lively discussion, the cardinal succeeded in winning over the bandit to accept an amnesty, the only conditions of which were a year's confinement in the castle of San Angelo, at Rome, where they were to be allowed to see their wives and families. Masocco accepted the conditions, and returned the next day in company with Antonio Gasbaroni, De Paolis, and the rest of the band, and they were at once transported under an escort of dragoons to the Cortile del Oglio, in the castle of San Angelo. Gennaro Gasbaroni and Massaroni, annoyed that the cardinal secretary of state should have only addressed himself to Masocco, took no steps towards obtaining an amnesty; but the band known as that of the *Vellitrains*, who exercised their profession under a certain Barbone, beyond the limits of Frosinone, submitted to the same terms as had been accepted by Masocco.

Guiseppe Decesaris had escaped with three others from the dungeons of Civita Vecchia six months previously. Fortune seems to favor the daring, for not only was their escape almost miraculous, but no sooner out of prison than they stumbled upon a brigade of gendarmes bathing in a river. To seize upon their carbines and accoutrements, and to shoot the unarmed men in the water, was with the bandits the affair of a few minutes. They then made a desperate attempt to secure the person of Cardinal Fesch, unclè to Napoleon, in order to set them up in the world. Unfortunately for them they only captured a French artist in the palace of Frascati, for whose ransom the cardinal had, however, to pay five hundred crowns. This, however, with four thousand crowns derived from the capture of a merchant of the name of Felicetti, gave them a good start. They also made prisoner a certain Count Sylvestris; but as he was fat and infirm, and could not walk as fast as they wished, the wretches put him to death, after they had received five hundred crowns towards his ransom. A peasant had come into the dungeons at Civita Vecchia whilst Decesaris was there, and had grossly insulted him. No sooner free, than he sought him out and cut him to pieces. Decesaris was one of those who refused to accept the proposed amnesty. He had taken an oath to perish in the mountains, arms in hand.

Antonio Gasbaroni was in the meantime a prisoner within the walls of Fort Angelo. De Paolis, who had married his sister Guistina, was also there, with his wife and his own sister Demira. Gasbaroni, not to be alone, married the latter in the chapel of the fort. But if pleasures were to be found in confinement, so were also pains and penalties; for one Francesca Antonelli denounced Gasbaroni and De Paolis as resolved to take to the mountains at the expiration of their sentence. This he did to curry favor with the authorities. The consequence was, that whilst at the end of the year Antonelli, although his charges had been disproved, was appointed gaoler in one of the prisons of the capital, Gasbaroni was exiled to Cento, on the frontier of Modena, and De Paolis to Comacchi, amid the lagunes of the Adriatic.

As to Masocco, he was appointed

lieutenant of sbirri, or archers, in Frosinone. The price of the head of a bandit was at the same time raised to five hundred crowns, and of a chief to a thousand. Masocco devoted himself to his new duties with zeal and honesty, and his intimacy with the habits and lairs of the brigands made all the other officers look up to him. There were at that time only eighteen brigands in the mountains, twelve under Gennaro Gasbaroni, and six with Decesaris and Massaroni; but the persecution of Masocco soon obliged them to act in concert. Masocco having shot one of the brigands, cousin of Gennaro, the latter shot Masocco's sister-in-law, and his brother, in return, murdered Gennaro's child in its cradle. It must be admitted that what was termed brigandage was assuming a very desperate and despicable character.

A commissary, Rotoli by name, was deputed by the secretary of state to aid and abet Masocco, with plenipotentiary powers of amnesty and even pardon. Decesaris and Massaroni turned this very circumstance to the detriment of Masocco. They put themselves into communication with Rotoli, and said they would deliver up the band under Gennaro Gasbaroni, if the commissary would give them the aid of a few sbirri. The latter proposed, as they expected, the assistance of Masocco. It was in vain that the latter represented that the whole thing was a plot, and that it would cost him his life. The commissary insisted. He then, accompanied by Masocco, went forth from Prossedi on the night of the 15th of August to an olive-grove on the mountain. They were followed at a distance by five gendarmes, relatives of Masocco's. The commissary and Masocco, having entered the wood, found there Decesaris and Massaroni. Decesaris took the commissary aside as if to speak with him, while Massaroni entered into conversation with Masocco. At the same moment one of the band, Luigi d'Angelo, shot the chief in the side, another brigand, Panni, rushing forward to secure his double-barrelled rifle. This cost him his life; for the gendarmes, perceiving the act of treachery, discharged their carbines on the group, killing Panni, and at the same time mortally wounding the unfortunate com-

missary. This tragedy was followed by another still more lugubrious. The lieutenant of sbirri, Pietro Avarini, enraged at the death of Rotoli and Masocco, had all the relations of Decesaris and of Vittori, including their wives and children, altogether thirteen in number, old men, women, girls, and children, arrested and massacred, without trial or form of trial. No wonder that brigandage flourished when the sbirri were no better than the bandits!

The rage and exasperation of Decesaris and of Vittori, when they learnt how cruelly their wives and children had been treated, may be imagined. In the first burst of their fury they went the same night, burnt the cottages of all their relatives, and slaughtered the cattle and sheep and all living things. They then set fire to the house of the governor of Prossedi, and put five peasants to death. For some days not a night passed but one or more of the inhabitants of the place fell victims to their sanguinary and insensate rage, merely because they had done nothing to save their families from immolation. At length Massaroni, ashamed of the brutality of his colleague, got him away from the scene of massacre into the Neapolitan territory. On the way he thought that he recognized one of the officials who had been concerned in the outrage upon his children, and who was escorted by sbirri; but Decesaris never hesitated; alone he attacked the travellers, wounding some, and putting the rest of the escort to flight. As to the official himself, he is said not only to have slain him, but to have devoured his heart. Let us hope, for the sake of human nature, that this is a popular exaggeration; but the tradition that he devoured human flesh remained for ever afterwards attached to the name of Decesaris.

Long habit of brigandage not only placed the bandits of the Pontifical States in a peculiar and anomalous position with regard to the authorities, but they themselves cherished the most erroneous and perverted ideas as to the nature of their avocations. Almost all took a pride in what they considered to be indications of intelligence, courage, and heroism, overlooking the horrible atrocities of robbery, plunder, and murder. When these atrocities were made

to assume the character of a political partisanship, it only made matters worse. It was just like Fenianism in this country. The Fenians may shoot policemen, blow up or set fire to prisons and public and private buildings, murder and outrage all who are obnoxious to them, and if the guilt is brought home to them, the penalties of the law are tempered by mercy, whilst others may both openly palliate crime, preach disorder, and give themselves up to all kinds of treasonable language, without any notice being taken of them. Nay, there are some in high places who are ready to aver that no outrages can be punished till real or imaginary grievances are removed. The bandits of the Roman States had, as we have seen, their grievances also. But to defend their malpractices on account of their grievances, as was done by some in the Papal States, only attested the same disorganization of the moral sense, as is to be found among the humanitarians of our own country in the present day.

The time of retribution, however, invariably comes, and neither indifference, perversity, nor political animosities can long shield culprits from a deserved fate. Massaroni was one day leaning against a tree, humming a song, when he received a ball in the abdomen. He was removed by his comrades, and recovered after an illness which lasted a whole year. Decesaris was also shot in the month of March, 1820, in the very olive-wood on the side of the mountain of Prossedi, where Masocco had fallen. Two gendarmes had got notice of his whereabouts, and lay in ambush. He was walking quietly along, when four barrels were almost simultaneously discharged at him from a distance of a few paces, and the much-dreaded bandit lay a corpse at their feet. Three thousand crowns had been put upon his head, which was carried in triumph into the town; but, as usual, many were to be found who pitied the fate and regretted the death of the ferocious bandit.

Antonio Gasbaroni was, in the meantime, leading a pleasant life enough at Cento, in the Romagna. He was lodged with his wife in an hostelry, and allowed thirty sous a day. A son had been born to him during this interval of repose.

A great drawback to his happiness presented itself, however, in the contempt with which he and his wife were treated. The good people of Romagna could not appreciate the heroism of a bandit, and they only wondered that he was not hung instead of being pensioned off upon nine crowns a year. As to De Paolis, all he did at Comacchio was to gamble in public-houses. At length, the body of a fisherman who was known to have won money from the ex-bandit having been found in the town-ditch, he was removed to Ferrara. Here he established relations with another bandit, Pietro Rinaldi by name, and, purchasing guns and accoutrements, they started for Cento, where they appear to have experienced little difficulty in inducing Gasbaroni to join them.

This was on the 20th of August, 1820, and it was thus that these incorrigible rogues abandoned their wives and families, for Paolis had four children, and gave up a protected and pensioned existence to take once more to the mountains. The small band resolved to make its way by Tuscany to the Papal States. But arrived at Bologna, they found that the news of their evasion had spread over the country, and so sharp was the look-out, that Gasbaroni, being more indifferent to comfort than his companions, set off by himself, keeping to the woods and mountains till he arrived at Carpineto, in Frosinone. As to Paolis and Rinaldi, they were less fortunate. Having stumbled on their way on a carriage in which was the Countess Mariscotti, Paolis fired at the coachman, and missing him, killed the countess. For this the two bandits were arrested, and the heads of both were cut off on the Place of Bologna. Paolis ascended the scaffold smoking a cigar, but Rinaldi was far from manifesting so great an indifference to that death which he had so often inflicted on others. It is not quite certain if Gasbaroni was not one of the party, and that he fled afterwards. His wife perished from grief a week after she had been abandoned by him, but his child was removed with the widow and children of De Paolis to Rome, where it also died at an early age. As to Signora De Paolis, who was very pretty, she fell a victim to her beauty, for she was killed by a lover who had been re-

jected in favor of another. All the children perished one after another from sickness entailed by close confinement.

Gasbaroni took refuge at first in the hut of a shepherd well known to him, and where he remained until he had recovered from the fatigue entailed by his long and harassing journey. He had also lost his arms. So when he set forth from the shepherd's hut, restored to health, he had a stout cudgel as his only weapon, yet he managed with its aid to kill a spy whom he met on his way. Arrived at Terracina, he established communications with his brother Gennaro, who was at that time within the walls of the town with his band, awaiting an amnesty from Cardinal Gonsalvi. Gennaro having declined to take to the mountain, Antonio Gasbaroni was obliged to pass into the Neapolitan territory, where he joined the band under Massaroni, which only numbered at that time ten men.

Man cannot affront nature without suffering for it one day or another. Gasbaroni regretted to a degree, that would scarcely be expected of a bandit chief, his conduct towards his wife and child. The only relief he could obtain to his torture was in active employment. With the aid of only one comrade, a certain Pasquale de Girolami, who had been reduced to distress by a wound and long illness, he carried off a wealthy proprietor of Terracina, for whose ransom they obtained a thousand crowns. With this sum they were enabled to decorate their persons with cartridge girdles adorned with silver plates, with silver buttons, and gold earrings. The vanity of a brigand seems to be among the most repulsive of all vanities. But nature is the same in all, no matter under what slight differences of form it may present itself—a peculiar cut or color of garb, a waistcoat, a neck-tie, or even gold earrings.

The two bandits were thus enabled to dazzle Massaroni and his men when they returned to head-quarters, and the former was so jealous of Gasbaroni's success that he organized an expedition against the seminary of Terracina, situated on a hill outside the town. This expedition entailed the death of the father-rector, the capture of seven students, one of whom was sent home because he was

wounded, and the murder of two youths in cold blood, although their ransom (four thousand crowns) had been duly received for them as well as for the others.

In 1820 a revolution in Naples drove Ferdinand I. from the throne, and an Austrian army was sent to punish the rebels. The latter, under Prince Caracosi, established relations with the bandits, the two principal bands of which were Massaroni's, in the Pontifical, and Michele Magari's, in the Neapolitan States. They were offered the village of Monticello-di-Fondi for head-quarters, and thirty sous pay per diem, if they would only harass the Austrians as the celebrated Fra Diavolo of Itri had previously done the French. Massaroni himself was accoutred in a red uniform with a captain's epaulets. It is thus that the Italian states have in all times of trouble organized brigandage, and consequently strengthened its footing in the country. Even Garibaldi himself has in his time been denounced as a brigand, and a price of thirty thousand crowns placed upon his head.

The two bands united did not at first number more than twenty-five men; but a recognized and paid banditti was another thing, and in less than a month a hundred and twenty-five criminals and outlaws came to seek employment at Monticello. They had their chaplain and their surgeon. Such as were married and had families were joined by them, others took to themselves women of Monticello. Festivities and orgies became the order of the day. A guard was mounted, it is true, and the business of the bandits was transacted at Naples by one Antonio Mattei; but as to the rest of the outlaws, they thought of nothing but indulgence in sensual and riotous debauchery. Massaroni, whose wife, Matilda, was as much given to excesses as her husband, encouraged him in his orgies, until the wound, which we have before noticed, re-opened, and he was laid up with a dangerous illness. Gasbaroni was, if anything, still more licentious in his conduct, and he spent all his money upon vile courtesans attracted to the spot by the rumors of prodigality. Poverty soon obliged him to have recourse to the highway—a proceeding which was not precisely in the pro-

gramme of their political duties at Monticello; so government interfered, and the bandits were obliged to send four unfortunate young volunteers to be shot in their places. Even Italian consciences were shocked by such an outrage upon human nature.

When the Austrians arrived on the frontiers, the Neapolitans disappeared as if by magic, and the brigands also hastened to evacuate Monticello. Gasbaroni, who was one of the last to quit the arms of his mistress, recognized among the officers who came to take possession of the place, one whom he had known at Mola-di-Gaëta in 1815, and, entering into communication with him, he obtained through his mediation an order that Monticello should continue to be an asylum for brigands.

An anonymous letter, announcing that the village would be attacked, however, induced Gasbaroni to withdraw from it shortly afterwards, and selecting fifteen of the most enterprising youths in the place, he formed a band of his own. Among those who stood by him was a priest named Nicola Tolfà, and under his guidance a descent was effected upon the monastery of Chartreux, at Frascati, and four of the monks were led off to captivity. But Nicola Tolfà, who was also employed in negotiating the ransom, fell into the hands of the authorities, and he was condemned to perpetual seclusion, while the gendarmes, following up the band, killed one of their number and wounded one of the captive monks. All that the band got by this daring exploit was some two thousand crowns. This was very little for such men as Vittori, Feodi, Girolarni, and Minocci, all of whom belonged to Gasbaroni's band, and whose heads were, like his, valued at three thousand crowns.

Whilst Gasbaroni was thus plying his avocation on his own account, Monticello, where Massaroni had remained confined by illness, was invested on the night of the 21st of June by the united Pontifical and Neapolitan forces; most of the band made their escape, but Massaroni was captured, exposed on the Place of Fondi, and dying the same night, his head was cut off and conveyed to Frosinone. Several other brigands were either slain or made prisoners on this occasion. One of them, Mastroluga, a

man of singular ferocity, was hid in a stable, and would have escaped, but that, seeing among the sbirri a man to whom he bore a deadly enmity, he could not resist the temptation of shooting him. The rest being thus made aware of his hiding-place, rushed upon him and put him to death. It was all over, however, with what were designated as the pleasures of the enchanted Castle of Monticello; some who escaped joined the band of Magari in Naples, others returned to their homes. Mattei, whom we have before noticed as acting as secretary at Naples when the outlaws were quartered at Monticello, and who was the man who led to their extermination, was encountered by one Ugolini, a refugee from head-quarters, and was by him put to death. This Ugolini was incorporated into the sbirri, who, at that epoch, being organized into ten companies of a hundred men each, were more generally known by the name of *Centurioni*.

Gasbaroni, after his exploit at Frascati, entered upon a campaign in the Abruzzi, passing on his way the towns of Arpino and Sera, where he had the audacity to display himself in the cafés without any one daring to molest him. Thence, after levying contributions from merchants and others, he took to the Apennines, near Leonessa. Here he and his band were surrounded by an armed force, but Gasbaroni, having remarked a certain anxiety among the shepherds of the vicinity, withdrew with his band into a rocky defile, whence they were enabled to drive off their assailants, with the loss of only two men wounded.

Winter coming on, and the mountains becoming clad with snow, the band was obliged to return to the maritime region of Frosinone. Government was at this moment very active in putting down brigandage. All the relatives of bandits were arrested, and their houses demolished. As to Gasbaroni, he was placarded as a "tiger who devoured the hand that fed him as well as the hand that struck him." The bandit chief, determined to show that he was not the tiger that he was represented to be, made two successive visits on the occasion of the fair at Veroli, one to the inn at Alatri, the other to the inn at the bridge of Tommacella, when

they were full of people—merchants and tradesmen, priests and soldiers, women and children—and supping with them, and treating them, left every one delighted with his affability and generosity.

The peasantry were, however, influenced by the hostility of government, and began to denounce the movements of the banditti. The latter, however, soon put a stop to this by massacring all who ventured to denounce them—Magari and his band at Reisonna, Gasbaroni in Frosinone. A favorite spot had been selected by the latter for carrying on business, and this was on the high road to Naples, between Portello, the custom-house of the Neapolitan States, and Epitafio, the custom-house of the Pontifical States. Here they stopped whatever conveyances pleased their fancy which were plying between Fondi and Terracina. Among other captives thus made was an Austrian colonel and his servant. The colonel, Gutnohen by name, wrote for his ransom, fixed at twenty thousand crowns, to the police at Terracina and to his general at Naples. The latter replied, "Ai signori brigante di Valle-Marina"—such was the superscription of the missive—that he would send twenty thousand soldiers instead of the twenty thousand crowns demanded. The general accordingly arranged with the armed force of Frosinone that the banditti should be surrounded by the former coming over the mountains to the north, whilst a strong force of Austrians advanced, also over the hills, from the Terra di Lavoro. The bandits were thus fairly entrapped; but Gasbaroni, having perceived that the troops of the Pontifical States had put white kerchiefs around their hats, so that they should be known to the Austrians, he made his band adopt the same insignia, and they were thus enabled to pass through the Austrian lines with their prisoner unscathed. Gasbaroni, fearful, however, that the Austrians might take reprisals on their families, set the colonel free—against the wishes of Vittori and others, who were desirous of putting him to death; and the latter was ever afterwards grateful to Gasbaroni, and when a general he set some of the relatives of the bandits at liberty; and when the bandit chief was himself a prisoner at

Civita Vecchia in 1834, he visited him, and did everything in his power to relieve the privations of his captivity.

Upon another occasion, and in the same locality—that is to say, in the group of hills and valleys that come down to the shore between Fondi and Terracina—Gasbaroni attacked a whole brigade of gendarmerie who had ventured into the hills in pursuit of the bandits, and put them to flight, killing four and wounding many others.

Gasbaroni made his second campaign in the Abruzzi in the summer of 1822, and upon this occasion he lost his lieutenant, Vittori, who was shot in an ambuscade by the Neapolitan gendarmerie. Gasbaroni himself received a ball through the leg and arm in the winter of the same year, as he was stooping to pick up his rifle, not far from Terracina. He was obliged, in consequence, to lay up in a hut near Monticello. It is said that the ointment procured at Fondi for dressing his wounds was poisoned by the authorities. This having failed, a strong party was organized to capture him in his retreat, but Gasbaroni, having received intelligence of the movement, had himself transported to another mountain, whence he could contemplate at his ease the arrival of the armed force, and their useless exploration of the hut and the surrounding woods.

A third campaign was entered upon in 1823, Gasbaroni having recovered from his wounds. Nay, so perfectly had he recovered his health, that seeing one day some women busy gathering wood in the forest, he bade his band bring them in. Never was order obeyed with greater alacrity. Gasbaroni, as usual, selected the prettiest; but she was as virtuous as she was fair, and opposing force to the approaches of the bandit, Gasbaroni got into such a passion that he put the unfortunate young woman to death.

Luckily the accursed bandit was not always so sanguinarily disposed. Meeting a noble lady on horseback accompanied by only one servant, he arrested her, and demanded a ransom of two thousand crowns. But the lady declaring that her husband, although wealthy, did not like her sufficiently to pay a ransom to procure her freedom, Gasbaroni

was so much amused by the incident that he consented to set the lady at liberty on condition that she would give him information regarding the whereabouts and resources of her relatives. The lady appears to have been nothing loth, and he was enabled by these means to obtain possession of the persons of the intendant of Prince Colonna and of his son-in-law, and a ransom of two thousand crowns—a feat which, however, cost him dear.

The victims, on their liberation, set all the *sbirri* of Palestrina and Anagni on the traces of the robbers, who were caught in an ambuscade, and in the skirmish that ensued, although the *sbirri* were driven off, Gasbaroni received a third wound, this time in the back and shoulders. He was once more obliged to lay up, selecting the territory of Veroli until he was cured, after which he descended into the maritime districts, where he learned from the peasants that a plan had been organized for capturing him during the winter in the farm of Pia, a spot situated at the extremity of the Pontine marshes, not far from Terracina, and close to the high road to Frosinone, but sheltered by two deep streams and beds of reeds, and which was one of the favorite resorts of the banditti. Here they were invaded on Shrove Tuesday, 1824, by a strong force of dragoons, gendarmes, and *sbirri*. But Gasbaroni's luck did not fail him; fearing a plot, he had withdrawn to the forest of Rocca-Secca, and the rest of the band escaped by a ford over the Amazeno, which had been left unguarded, after killing one of the *sbirri*. Soon afterwards, Gasbaroni revenged himself for the treachery of the peasants of the Pia farm by putting four of them to death, and burning down the house of one of the leaders of the armed force.

These incidents happened at the epoch when Leo XII. had just succeeded to Pope Pius VII., and all attempts to conciliate the brigands were frustrated by the inveterate animosity of Gasbaroni. The latter, after massacring the peasants at Pia, withdrew to the hills of Piperno, where he stopped the diligence, but only got seven hundred crowns and a sackful of sweetmeats. The band was in return pursued by the gendarmerie, who were, however, beaten off. This done, they

took their way to the Strada d'Appia, at the entrance to which they stumbled upon an English carriage, which they stopped and plundered of eighty crowns, a gold watch, and a good deal of linen. A shepherd, upon whose person some of this linen was afterwards discovered, was hung in consequence.

In 1824, the episcopacy of Frosinone was converted into a legation, and the bishop was succeeded by Cardinal Pallotta, who removed the seat of jurisdiction to Ferentino, and at the same time relaxed the laws against brigandage. This was, indeed, the golden age of bandits. Gasbaroni and his band were enabled, under the new edict, to spend the nights in villages and country-houses, enjoying unlimited hospitality. But this happy state of things was soon put an end to by Gasbaroni's violence, he having penetrated with his band into the church of Pisterzo, on the occasion of the celebration of grand mass on Ascension-day, and massacred the governor, who had manifested great hostility to bandits. A thing incomprehensible without the Pontifical States, the archpriest, who was performing mass at the time, invited Gasbaroni and his band to dinner after the murder. Cardinal Pallotta, however, sent his commissary to Pisterzo, to levy a fine of five hundred crowns for the scenes enacted there, as also the same sum at Veroli, where Minocci and his band had been ravaging the women.

Cardinal Pallotta was succeeded by Monsignore Benvenuti, who showed much greater vigor in suppressing brigandage. Gasbaroni, after enjoying himself some time at Piperno, had taken up his quarters in the forest of Caserta, a vast wood which stretches from near Terracina to Rome, a distance of seventy miles, and is designated, according to the towns it neighbors, forest of Terracina, of San Felice, of Cisterna, of Nettuno, of Campo Morto, and of Conca. The high road, known as the Strada d'Appio, is carried along the line of demarcation between this forest and the Pontine Marshes. The first capture made was of two Austrian officers; but as no ransom was to be got, they were robbed and allowed to depart. A next exploit was the capture of a wealthy proprietor in his own mansion at Montelánico, and who was ransomed for four

thousand crowns, besides considerable booty found on the premises.

Treachery began at this epoch to manifest itself among the bandits. First, one Bracci slew another bandit named Iranelli, and took his head to Frosinone in order to pocket the reward. Next, a traitor of the name of Ciovaglia, not only carried the head of his comrade Mandatori to Frosinone, but he also denounced the movements of the banditti, and the names of their accomplices. This was followed by Olivieri and Vitori slaying the bandit Orsini, and then enrolling themselves among the sbirri. The most fatal of all betrayals was, however, that of the shepherd Vallecorsa, who, to save the life of his brother, denounced the whereabouts of Minocci and his small detachment. They were surrounded, and Minocci, Simoni, Grammana, and Percari were slain, and Feodi was grievously wounded.

It happened with Gasbaroni's band just as with Minocci's. The brother of a shepherd, named Mangiapelo, had been condemned to death for having linen taken from the English carriage on his person. Mangiapelo denounced the whereabouts of Gasbaroni in order to save his brother's life. All the available force at Frosinone was accordingly despatched in three detachments into the forest of Caserta. The consequence was that the bandits were obliged to disperse in various directions, and many fell victims to the treachery of their own comrades. Gasbaroni made his escape into the territory of Naples, with only six of his band remaining.

Disorganization of the banditti once set in, it proceeded at a quick pace. On the 15th of July, 1825, Feodi and a small detachment, betrayed by a peasant, were caught in an ambuscade by the civic guard of Naples; two of the bandits were killed, and Feodi, wounded, was made prisoner, and perished in tortures in the Place of Pastena. The system of exportation of the families of bandits had also been once more put in force, and tended to increase the already existing demoralization. Gasbaroni's last murder was that of a shepherd, who had betrayed his band at Predaporei, near Terracina. He had some time previously fallen in love with the daughter of a well-to-do peasant of Sonnino—

Gertruda Demarchis by name. His affection was returned; and the two used often to meet in the daytime, for at night the girl could not get out, the gates of Sonnino being closed. In the fervor of his new passion the veteran bandit was induced to listen to promises of amnesty held out by Monsignore Pellegrini, sent to the legation by the secretary of state with especial power to seduce the bandits from their evil ways. An interview with the prelate was arranged near Monticello. Gasbaroni stipulated at this interview that the church of Madonna della Pietà, situated close to the gates of Sonnino, should be ceded to him and to his little band until the terms of the amnesty could be arranged. This was granted; the prelate knew that all that Gasbaroni sought for was to be with his beloved Gertruda Demarchis, and he felt sure of his victim. Gasbaroni was soon afterwards joined at the church, which served as an asylum, by the rest of his band, as also by that of Magari. On the 19th of September, 1825, the prelate Pellegrini dined with the assembled bandits, eight of whom agreed, upon the faith of his promises, to lay down their arms, and to proceed to Rome under his safeguard. Gasbaroni was one of the eight.

Arrived at the capital, they were confined in Fort San Angelo, whilst Gertruda, who had been promised in marriage to Gasbaroni by the prelate, as a reward for his submission, was removed to another place. The number of prisoners was soon increased by other submissions brought about by the same fallacious promises. On the 24th of May, 1826, Gasbaroni and ten others were removed to Civita Vecchia, and they remained there until the Revolution of 1848, when they were removed, first to Rocca di Spoleto, and then to Civita-Castellana.

There were fifty brigands in Gasbaroni's band in the Pontifical States, and eight in Magari's in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1824. Out of the first-mentioned fifty, seventeen were killed or betrayed, eight by the gendarmes or their acolytes, nine by peasants; seven were betrayed by their own comrades. All the rest capitulated, and must have since died in prison. On the

18th of November, 1866, Gasbaroni was still alive, with seven only of his band and one Neapolitan; but he was racked by rheumatism contracted in damp dungeons; his beard was white as snow; his teeth were gone; and he was awaiting to appear before that judgment-seat which may be more merciful than that of men, but where he had much to account for.

(Concluded from Page 597.)

ABYSSINIA.

IN 1840 the English appear again. The three great divisions of Abyssinia were then ruled, Tigré and Samien by Ubié, Amhara by Ras Ali, and Shoa by Sahela Selassie, with none of whom had we any treaty. But in that year, through the efforts of Dr. Beke, who travelled there in 1841, and was anxious to try if a supply of laborers for our sugar-growing colonies could not be obtained from among the adventurous race of the Abyssinian Highlands, Mr. Walter Plowden was appointed British Consul at Massowah, duly accredited to Abyssinia, and a treaty was signed between England and Ras Ali in the same year. Mr. Plowden found a countryman and a former fellow-traveller, Mr. John G. Bell, in high favor at Court. He had married the daughter of a native chieftain, and adopted Abyssinian habits; and had been of great use to Ras Ali in his contest with Ubié, his only formidable rival. Tigré was in insurrection; and it seems probable that Messrs. Bell and Plowden attached themselves to Ras Ali in the belief that he was the man most likely to obtain a firm hold in the country if Ubié fell. Mr. Plowden's policy obtained the approval of his Government,—even when he meddled with Abyssinian affairs so far as to raise a body of musketeers for the army of which his friend was commander-in-chief. This act procured him a nickname in Abyssinia, which has descended to his successor Captain Cameron. The natives, in their attempts to pronounce his name, got as far as "Buladen;" then, shortening this to "Bulad," and prefixing "Basha," they dubbed him "General Gunlock." This is a fair instance of the characteristic love of punning, to which their light-mindedness and the genius of

the language constantly tend. Their very poetry, abundant as it is, is nearly all satirical and full of verbal quibbles.

But Ubié, backed by the French, Ras Ali by the English, and Sahela Selassie in Shoa, were all soon to find their master in a young bandit chief of whose existence, perhaps, they were scarcely aware. Going back to the year 1818, we find the province of Kuara under the regency of the widow of Hailo, the recent governor of the province. She was of low birth, and the nobles resented her appointment. She was soon driven from the throne and reduced to sell kosso in the streets,—a drastic drug of universal use in Abyssinia, and recently adopted by our own medical men,—while Kassai was sent to a convent on Lake Dembea to be educated for a "debtera." He had remained there long enough to acquire so much knowledge as entitled him to be considered an accomplished man according to the Abyssinian standard, when the convent was pillaged by a marauding party, and Kassai fled to his native mountains, where he soon collected a rabble of followers. He then set out for the seat of war between Ras Ali and Ubié, determined to join the stronger party. Meeting on the way with a troop under Menena, a famous Amrazon, mother of Ras Ali, and governor of Dembea, a woman of indomitable pride and fierce temper, he attacked and defeated them, wounding and making her a prisoner. Ras Ali at once appreciated his talents, made him joint-governor of Dembea with Menena, gave him high rank in the army, and, with Menena's consent, married him to his daughter. Kassai next undertook to recover the district of Galabat and Kuara, which had been seized by the Egyptians during the disturbances after his father's death; but he was repulsed and wounded. His doctor demanded a cow for his fee before he would do anything. Kassai wrote for one to Menena, who, however, thought that he was down, and might safely be insulted; so she sent him a quarter of one, saying that it was enough for a man of his condition. As soon as ever he was able to sit in his saddle again, she paid for her message by the loss of her authority and liberty. She had few qualities to recommend her to our pity. One say-

ing describes her ideas of policy. Being remonstrated with for destroying a large portion of the palace at Gondar, which bore witness to the magnificence of the earlier kings, she said, "We have no time to leave similar traces of power; so we will destroy the works of others, which give the people ground for despising us." It is confidently said that she was known to kidnap and eat children.

On the capture of his mother, Ras Ali offered to make terms with Kassai, and obtained her release. But his son-in-law kept Gondar, declared himself Ras, and seized the tribute due from Gocho, the Governor of Shoa. Ali at once promised Gocho all the territory which he could conquer from Kassai, and war followed, in which the young adventurer was compelled again to fly to his native mountains. But in 1852 he reappeared at the head of a force sufficient to defeat Gocho, who was killed. Ras Ali fled to his kinsfolk the Gallas; and Kassai was left master of Amhara, Kuara, and Dembea. He had also taken prisoner Birru, Gocho's son, and Shoa was at his feet.

The question of supremacy now lay between him and Ubié, and was by mutual consent to be left to the decision of a council of nobles, who met at Gondar, in February, 1854. The council soon showed symptoms of favoring Ubié, the Abuna declaring himself ready to crown his patron emperor. But Kassai promised M. Jacobis, that if he, as Roman Catholic "Abuna," would crown him, the empire should profess the Catholic faith. Jacobis instantly complied; and when Salama excommunicated Kassai, he was simply told that, though French absolution was as valid as Coptic excommunication, there was room for negotiation. Salama took the hint; and a bargain was struck, by which he came over to Kassai, and the Catholics were banished. Ubié tried the fortune of a battle; but was totally defeated on the field of Dereskié, and taken prisoner. This was in February, 1855. Seven years later, he regained his liberty, on the marriage of his daughter to the conqueror, but has been again confined on some pretext unknown.

Two days after the battle, Kassai was crowned "king of the kings (Negus) of Ethiopia." He took the name

Theodore, perhaps from mere policy, perhaps himself partly deceived, in order to secure the *prestige* given by an ancient prophecy which declared that a prince of that name should restore the glories of the Ethiopic empire, and spread Christianity throughout the world. From this time he claimed descent from the original line of kings, and counted it high treason to remember his mother's lowly occupation.

Messrs. Plowden and Bell had already joined his party, for the same reason that they had attached themselves to Ras Ali, and were now his right-hand men and intimates. Mr. Bell aided him in the revision of the laws, and advised and supported him in carrying out many most needful reforms. Indeed, under this influence, he reigned so well as to appear, in the eyes of missionaries and travellers of all nations, one of the most virtuous, amiable and pious, as well as firm and judicious men who ever adorned a throne. His handsome person, charming manners, wisdom in projecting and ability in carrying out schemes for the benefit of his people, made him, in M. Lejean's opinion, one of the most remarkable men of the century. The dark traits of his character,—his pride, his violent bursts of passion, his ambition, his drunkenness, licentiousness, were kept in check by his two friends, and by his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached.

A few instances will show that his good character was not undeserved. One great necessity of the kingdom was to reduce the power of the clergy. Ecclesiastical disputes had long been the bane of the country; and the new emperor was not sorry to find an opportunity of holding them up to public ridicule. Said Pasha, of Egypt, sent his Abuna as an envoy to Gondar, in 1856, to ask for guarantees against the persecution of Mahomedanism, to which Theodore was inclined. Abuna David thought he would also do a little for himself in the way of buying slaves,—the Christians of Abyssinia being allowed to buy, but not to sell, in that trade. He took grave offence when the Emperor asked him contemptuously whether he had come to further Egyptian interests or the cause of toleration, and used his great weapon of excom-

munication. Salama at once absolved his sovereign; David was confined in a tent, surrounded by a thorny hedge, close to the similar abode of his rival; and the two dignitaries were left to have their quarrel out in the presence of the soldiery. David told Salama that his absolution was of no avail against the punishment of his superior, "and I excommunicate thee." "In Abyssinia thou art nothing, and I am supreme. I excommunicate thee," shouted back Salama; and so the wordy war went on till Theodore thought his men had learned their lesson of contempt for the Church.

The country was overrun by brigands; and Theodore issued a decree that every man should return to the occupation of his forefathers. A village of robbers came before him, and pleaded that their ancestors had all been highwaymen. Theodore offered to stock their farms if they would quietly set to work. But they left him apparently baffled by their adherence to the letter of his order. On their way home a troop of the royal cavalry taught them that there was an older law to put down violence and kill robbers.

Hitherto two modes of marriage had been recognized, the one sanctioned by the Church, and indissoluble, the other simply a civil contract, to be broken at the whim of either party. This latter connection, which was universal in the army, common throughout the country, and fashionable among the nobility, Theodore strongly discountenanced. Married himself at the altar, he enforced the ceremony on his soldiery, and favored it to the utmost of his power where he did not feel himself able to compel it.

His judges were all venal to the last degree; and he resolved to take the administration of justice into his own hand. To do this without unfairness, he brought before them a cause to which he was himself a party. They hesitated to give sentence, saying, "Your Majesty is the law." He said that, if so, he would be his own executive, and stripped them of all but their titles. Thenceforward not merely appeals, but ordinary cases were brought before him. He listened with the greatest patience and diligence, and was always accessible. Often he was waked by the lamentable

cries and howlings of suitors long before the proper State official came to arouse the palace, and drive away the hyænas from the gates, with the crack of his whip.

Theodore also began one work which alone remains, amid the ruin caused by his ungoverned savagery, to tell of the bright and hopeful beginning of his reign. It was the making roads in the neighborhood of Gondar, his capital, and of Magdala, where the State prison and the arsenal are.

Under the shadow of Mr. Plowden and Mr. Bell, the Protestants again came into favor. Dr. Krapf replaced M. Jacobis. Encouraged by the promise of the new *régime*, M. Gobat introduced a number of artisan missionaries, trained at the college founded at Basle, by Spittler, in 1840. Theodore was delighted, received them with great kindness, and sent them to Gaffat, a village near to Debra Tabor, where they worked for him in iron, built houses, made roads, and attempted to make a carriage—but forgot the wheels. In later and worse times, they were set perforce to make mortars, an art which is not instinctive: no wonder if the guns blew up. A little later, in 1860, Mr. Stern was sent out by the Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews, and obtained leave to undertake a mission to the Falashas, who, scattered through the central provinces, keep the Levitical ritual almost intact, so far as it is possible to do so without a temple. A Scotch mission went out about the same time, one of whose members was Mr. Staiger. Mr. Stern did not stay in the country; but came home for a couple of years, wrote a book about his journey, and returned with Mr. Rosenthal, also now in imprisonment. Mr. Flad, whose name so frequently occurs in the newspapers, was one of the first batch of artisans. It has sometimes been found difficult for missionaries of different sects to work together in a narrow field; and it is said that these rival embassies did not always live on the best terms with each other. It was a "happy family" that Theodore collected in his cage at Magdala; and if our Christian missions outlive our warlike one, doubtless greater harmony will prevail.

In spite of his good conduct, the Emperor had lost none of his appetite for

power, and broke out, from time to time, when his English friends were not at hand, into acts of diabolical cruelty. He had not been on the throne more than three years, when he set up an accusation of heresy against Shoa, and, marching against it, took the capital and its governor, and put one of his relatives in charge of the province. He was called thence to suppress a rising in Godjam, where he showed barbarous severity. It was vain, if he hoped so to overawe the rebels. For, the next year, the province again rebelled under Tedla Guala, the governor whom he had himself placed over it, and who also traces his descent from the legitimate dynasty. This man has succeeded in making good his position from that time till the present—a period of eight years.

In 1859 the Chief of Tigré raised the standard of revolt. Not daring to risk the life of the captive, Ubié, by setting one of his sons at their head, they agreed to combine under a leader of the name of Negousyé, who had been once in high office, but had retired into private life, and was loth to make himself prominent again. But he had distinguished himself at Dereskyé, and the nobles proclaimed him Emperor against his will. This war lasted for some time with varying success, and led to results as disastrous to the conquerors as to the conquered. Consul Plowden was attacked by a body of men under Gerred, a cousin of Negousyé's, and was wounded and taken prisoner. Theodore at once ransomed him—an act of generosity which was suitably acknowledged by both the Home and the Indian Governments—but he died of his wounds. Shortly afterwards Mr. Bell, at the head of the royal troops, struck down Gerred, but was himself killed; and Theodore completed the tragedy by killing Gerred's brother, the only remaining leader of the rebels, who at once laid down their arms. But the king, maddened by grief for the loss of his friends, and of his queen, who had recently died, put 150 of the defenceless troops to the sword, and amputated the feet and hands of the other 1,500. This was the beginning of a great change in him. Thenceforth he abandoned himself to all savage impulses in war ard to all vicious excesses in private life.

Strange to say, he received a formal letter of thanks from our Government for thus revenging the deaths of two British subjects. Negousyé himself soon fell into his hands, suffered amputation, and was left to die in the sun. Theodore entered Axum in triumph, and was met by the clergy of the monastery, of which the city chiefly consists. He made a grand oration to them, which reached this climax: "I have made an agreement with God. He will not come down to earth to smite me, and I shall not go up to heaven to molest Him."

Returning to Godjam, Theodore took with him the newly-appointed French Consul, M. Lejean, who tasted his severity in a twenty-four hours' arrest for a trifling breach of court etiquette. Here Captain Cameron, the successor of Mr. Plowden, also joined him, bringing in his train Mr. Bardel, who has since attained an unenviable notoriety. Disorders abounded in the interior; and M. Lejean puts into the Emperor's mouth a reflection that, finding his efforts at good government baffled by universal insubordination, he had come to know that his first idea of being a herald of peace and order was a mistake, and that really he was a rod in the hand of God. He had "Theodore, the Scourge of the Perverse," inscribed on the carriages of his cannon.

Hoping to strengthen himself by external alliances, he next despatched M. Bardel as ambassador to France, and commissioned Captain Cameron to send letters for him to England. Captain Cameron also went, at his request, to try to prevent hostilities with the Egyptians in the territory of Bogos—a mission which he combined with a journey he had been directed by the Foreign Office to take, to investigate the capabilities of the cotton districts on the western frontier. It proved an unfortunate expedition altogether. On his return to Court, he received letters from home, blaming him for mixing himself up with Abyssinian politics—though Mr. Plowden had been approved for doing the same; bidding him tell Theodore not to count on English support against Egypt; directing him to return to Massowah; and taking no notice of Theodore's letter to the Queen, or his offer

of friendly relations. Every particular of these instructions of Lord Russell's was vexatious to the King, and added to the suspicion he entertained against Cameron for having dismissed his Abyssinian attendant on the frontier, and gone to stay for some time on Turkish ground. He put him on parol till a formal answer should come to the letter, and thus prevented his return to Massowah in obedience to orders.

Meanwhile, M. Bardel returned with a letter from M. Druyn de Lhuys, but not from Napoleon himself, expressing approbation of Theodore's conduct in tolerating Catholic missions—which he had not done, but had banished them all; warning him to calculate his strength before entering on a war against Egypt; and expressing friendly sentiments. This tone of distant patronage was more than Theodore could endure. He called all the Europeans together to hear his denunciation of the French Emperor, and dismissed M. Lejean, who vainly tried to explain matters.

The French Consul sent home, and Captain Cameron out of favor, the Emperor's wrath was increased, early in September, 1863, by a difficulty about some letters which Captain Cameron sent down to Massowah, but which were seized by the governor of Woggera. The servant who went to ask for their restitution was, by royal command, beaten severely on the morning of October the 15th, 1863. That same evening, Mr. Stern, returning from a missionary journey, presented himself at Court with two servants. The time was inconvenient, and the interpreters mistranslated Mr. Stern's speech. Theodore's fury broke bounds, and the two servants were beaten to death. In great distress and excitement at the shocking scene, Mr. Stern bit his thumb. Some courtiers standing near, saw him, and represented the act to Theodore as a threat of revenge. Next day, Mr. Stern was himself seized, and beaten so severely that his life was long in danger. Captain Cameron, who wished to interfere on his behalf, was refused an audience; and Mr. Flad with difficulty got leave to attend to the sufferer. That Theodore had no personal quarrel with Mr. Stern, and felt that he had none, is obvious from his

sending to Gaffat, a fortnight later, to propose that the workmen should come to Gondar, and formally reconcile him to Mr. Stern in the Abyssinian fashion, according to which the peacemaker ceremoniously introduces the parties to each other, that they may mutually ask forgiveness. But before this could be done, fresh complications arose. Mr. Stern had written in his pocket-book, and in some letters not yet despatched, several things about Theodore likely to increase his anger—comments on his evil life, and on his bad government. He was anxious to destroy these, and asked his seeming friend, M. Bardel, to do it for him. When M. Bardel afterwards came to share the imprisonment, he confessed to having betrayed these notes to the Emperor. Another cause of offence was trumped up. Mr. Stern, in his book, told the story of Theodore's youth, not omitting mention of his mother's humble industry. Somehow or other this came to Theodore's knowledge, and gave him huge offence; and it has ever since furnished him with a topic for constant reproach and ill-will against the missionaries.

The result of this treachery of M. Bardel's was, that first all the missionaries, together with the artisans and their wives, were taken and imprisoned; and then all the Europeans who could be found, including Captain Cameron. This was at the end of October, 1863. A few days after, a sort of trial was held, and the lay missionaries were released: Messrs. Stern and Rosenthal, accused of crimes of precisely the same nature, were declared worthy of death, but were respited at the petition of the Waag-Shum Gobazye (Governor of Waag), then one of the principal men at Court; but who now, at the head of a considerable force, is in revolt against Theodore, and claims independent sovereignty. The Scotch missionaries were also set at liberty.

Two days later, on the 22nd of November, 1863, a young Irishman, Mr. Kerens, arrived at Gondar as Secretary to Captain Cameron, bringing with him presents to the Emperor. One of these chanced to be a rug, with a picture upon it of a Zouave attacking a lion, and aided by a mounted European. Theodore at once interpreted this as a studied insult: the lion must be himself, "The Lion of

the House of Judah," as his State seal entitles him; the Zouave was a Turk attacking him, while the armed European, a Frenchman, helped. "Where is the Englishman to help the lion?" he asked. Kerens was imprisoned; and Cameron, who having received a fresh order from home to go to Massowah, had asked Theodore for his dismissal, was for the first time put in chains.

Early in December, news of these transactions reached England; and the eyes of our readers have since that time been so constantly turned to Abyssinia, that it is unnecessary to detail here the sufferings of the captives and the efforts made for their release, culminating in the present expedition. It will be remembered that in 1864 a demand for their release, contained in an autograph letter from the Queen to Theodore, was made through Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, the assistant to our political resident at Aden. This gentleman, a native of Mosul, of Christian parentage and English education, who had shown ability in Mr. Layard's work at Nineveh, was thought peculiarly fitted, by his antecedents, and by his diplomatic and personal gifts, for the difficult post. At first he seemed certain of success; and a report reached us in January, 1866, that the prisoners had actually been released. But it proved that Theodore was only playing the game of the cat with the mouse; and Mr. Rassam was added to the number of the victims of his caprice. All were sent to Magdala; where, in the State prison on the top of a high rock, loaded with chains which give no respite from distress, but otherwise meeting with all varieties of treatment which the drunken caprice of their captor, or the temper of their gaolers suggest, they have now (with one exception) for years kept up health and spirits and constant communication with their friends. Their captivity is shared by all the powerful chiefs of the country upon whom Theodore has managed to lay hands, including Salama, Ubié Birru, the son of Gocho, and legitimate ruler of Shoa, and many others. The detention of these chiefs does not secure tranquillity in the country. The Waagshum Gobazye is at the head of revolt in Lasta and Waag; Tedla Gualu in Godjam; Menilek, Theodore's son-in-law, and son of the last Governor, in

Shoa; and a relative of Negousyé, named Tessu (*Qu. Kassai*) Gobazye, in Tigré; while large masses of Egyptian troops on the frontier, increased garrisons in the ports lately ceded by Turkey to Egypt, together with our own threatened invasion, combine to make Abyssinia politically as tossed and torn as the wildest of its rugged hill-ranges.

And now, what chance have we in our endeavor to bring off our countrymen? We have to do with a clever strategist and a man of bold and desperate resource; who has never risked his power by concentrating it in any one city, but has within the last two or three years entirely destroyed his capital, and now lives in a flying camp. But the troops which he commands, at best imperfectly armed, unaccustomed to resist disciplined force, and physically weak through the vegetable diet to which their fasts confine them for more than nine months in the year, are few in number, and decreasing daily through disease and the mad severity of the Emperor. Yet they are said to be capable of almost any efforts, so powerful is the devotion or fear with which the savage monarch inspires friend and foe.

It is commonly hoped that we may procure some one of the rebel chiefs to do for us what we doubt our power to do for ourselves. If, indeed, while we are making our marches, any one pretender to empire should obtain possession of our envoys—especially if it should be the Waagshum Gobazye—it is possible that we may find him more easy to treat with than Theodore; and a bribe to him would not touch our national honor. But the Turks are the *bête noir* of the Abyssinians; we are known as their allies; Egyptian troops are in Massowah; and it would take very little to unite all the contending parties in a common hatred and distrust of the "Frankis" or "Gypzis," as they call us. Our commanders have so far received help and encouragement; but its continuance must not be relied upon. Our success is not a military question; it concerns the lives of our envoys; and the chances of war in an uncivilized state are incalculable. We can destroy, but how can we conquer?

When this quarrel of ours is laid, and supposing that the country should by

any means be united under one ruler, is it capable of becoming anything like a civilized country? Its original institutions are good, could they only be carried into effect; and the people cherish a vague reverence for the ancient civilization from which they have been retrograding through centuries of disorder. More western than eastern in their social habits, whatever disgust we may feel at their feasts of raw flesh, we cannot but admit that the equality of the sexes, the general education—so far at least as reading and writing go (and M. Lejean says that in this respect Abyssinia compares favorably with France), the universal obedience to the discipline of even so vitiated a form of Christianity as they possess, their toleration and even encouragement of missionary effort, their agricultural industry,—are all good materials ready for some skilful workman, or some powerful impulse. They are clever to learn anything that does not require an arithmetical process (which is a final stumbling-block to them); they are enterprising. They have the means of commercial wealth—a soil which produces, with little artificial aid, two or even three crops in a year, four-and-twenty sorts of breadstuffs, fine indigenous breeds of cattle and horses, the most rare and valuable drugs, cotton growing in profusion, unutilized and uncultivated, but of fine staple, the tea and coffee plants wild, gold, silver, and iron of good quality, and coal in abundance, and in many cases lying on the surface. The coal, indeed, they did not know the use of, till a little was carried to Gaffat for the iron works there.

What, then, is wanting to them? A settled government and access to the sea-coast. The energies of a restless people, shut up in an isolated region from all the civilizing influences of intercourse with other nations, have turned to constant internal dissension,—energies which, in a people fond as we are ourselves of travel, undaunted by hardships, and surrounded by regions whose fertility becomes more patent to us as every fresh traveller returns from the great Nile enterprise, might have continued and prospered a great Christian power in the East, had it not been for the Turk, whose very neighborhood

seems able, and able only, to bring ignorance, misrule and decay.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MADAME TALLIEN.*

NOTRE DAME DE THERMIDOR is the somewhat sensational title-page to what purports to be a biography of Madame Tallien, from the pen of M. Arsène Houssaye; and as the heroine was so hailed with acclamation by the survivors of the Terror in '94, and the tale is in itself a romance, we can more easily pardon this little affectation than the many other vices of style and construction that we find as we proceed with the work. Would that it were a history of Madame Tallien or of Tallien himself, so that we might learn something of the real characters and motives of a man and woman who played such parts on such a stage, whom destiny threw together at the critical moment, and then left to drift asunder to meet "the sombre close of that voluptuous day" under such different circumstances. But the author tells us in his preface that he has a far wider and more ambitious aim than this: no other than to write the history of the Revolution as it has not been written yet. "Where," he says, "will you find it? Not in the pages of Thiers, Michelet, Louis Blanc, Esquiros, Lamartine or Mignet; no, each of these has his prejudices, the *Moniteur* itself has its passion. J'aurai la passion de la vérité!" This is the sublime of modest assurance. Must we tell him that he has failed to produce this desideratum in history which is to supersede and surpass all that has been said already, and that instead of finding truth reflected in the clear mirror which shall present us with the facts so harmonized and grouped that we can grasp them in their relative positions and importance, we rise from the perusal of his pages bewildered and fatigued with the effort to distinguish any fact at all in that which is essentially "without form and void." The Revolution itself was an era so tremendous that, as Buffon said of it, it might be called an epoch in nature—a tremendous theme to our thinking, fit only for the

* *Notre Dame de Thermidor: Histoire de Madame Tallien.* Par Arsène Houssaye.—H. Plon, Paris. 1867.

giants to handle, and which the pigmies would do well to avoid. But it will ever be a mine of sensational writing for French authors, and if its true historian has not yet arisen, the separate biographies that from time to time appear of the different characters who prominently figured in it, may be accepted as contributions to the history of the future, compiled as they are while the traditions of living witnesses still linger with the generation that is fast passing away. So for the present let us trace the career of Theresa Cabarrus, who was born a noble Spanish lady, married a French Marquis of the *ancien régime* at sixteen, at twenty divorced him, danced the *carmagnole*, led the fashion when full dress meant no more clothing than the drapery of a marble muse, and when these times and the fashion thereof had passed away, wore decorous *gigot* sleeves and died a Princess of Chimay.

Her father was a man of eminence, a financier, with theories of political economy far in advance of his day, and who had introduced the system of banking into Spain. Charles IV. named him director of the royal bank, and created him, for his past public services, a Count of Castile. M. de Cabarrus gave his children a careful education, and Theresa, when he brought her to Paris at sixteen, was already a most accomplished and brilliant personage. She sang and danced divinely; she spoke three languages in perfection; she had the rarest beauty, and what is rarer still in beautiful women—fascination. Her appearance made an immense sensation in Parisian society in the *carnaval* of 1788. Who among the hosts of her admirers was to be the fortunate man who should carry off such a prize? To the astonishment of many, the proposal she accepted was that of the Marquis de Fontenay: he might have been her father, but he was handsome still, gay, witty, rich, and devoted, and he won her fancy. The wedding fêtes were magnificent, and Madame de Fontenay was not less the fashion than la belle Cabarrus, whose younger lovers continued to flutter round her, and with Mirabeau, Champfort, Rivarol, Barnave, Camille Desmoulins, and others, formed a society over which, in the *allées* of Fontenay and the salons of Paris, she reigned a queen—or goddess rather in

the speech of those days, when queens were going out of fashion. It was the age when, by one consent, mankind, or at least French mankind, had been converted by Jean-Jacques Rousseau to the worship of nature and virtue. The Monthyon prize for the most virtuous action had been offered with not less gravity than a somewhat similar proposal lately made to the greatest benefactors of their species in connection with the International Exhibition at Paris, when the reign of universal peace began with the most unexampled show of rifled cannon and other material of war; and though in those days Baron Grimm scoffed at “*messieurs les savants*,” who were to sit in judgment on the comparative degrees of virtuous actions, virtue continued much in men’s mouths. Pure white was woman’s only wear; *fêtes champêtres* were no longer à la Watteau but à la nature. The repast was spread on the grass, which at once transported the *convives* to Arcadia, and if an inopportune gust of wind threatened to blow away the syllabubs or the gentlemen’s perruques (as once actually happened to M. de Robespierre at Fontenay), plenty of mirth compensated for lack of comfort.

Carle Vernet, Duplessis-Bertaut, Dubucourt, and Isabey have all left portraits in different styles of the lovely Theresa, but at the moment we speak of, it was, as our author informs us, “*du grand style de faire peindre sa femme par Madame le Brun*,” who surely never had a fairer sitter. The artist, who was said in general to paint ladies rather as they wished to be than as they were, confessed her inability in this case to improve on nature, or even to do justice to so many charms. The sittings were long, and to enlighten their tedium M. de Fontenay brought his friends to watch the progress of the portrait, and to give their opinion of it. One day when Rivarol was one of the society assembled in the studio of the Rue St. Honoré, the flow of his witticisms was interrupted by the entrance, unannounced, of a young man unknown to all the party, who came from Panckoucke’s printing-office to beg, he said, that M. de Rivarol would have the goodness to explain the meaning of some passages in his handwriting in a pamphlet just going to press, which had

baffled master and compositors alike to decipher. While they discussed the MSS. with some sharpness on Rivarol's part, the young compositor answering with indomitable coolness and ready wit, the other visitors, gathered around the easel, were displaying their powers of criticism or of flattery; one found the mouth too large, another the eyes too small, till Madame le Brun, out of patience, exclaimed that they were one and all incompetent judges, and that as Molière used to appeal to his old servant for a sincere verdict, she should now, in the absence of her domestic, ask the young man who had just come in, and who did not look like a flatterer, what was his opinion. "Sir," she said, addressing him, "I have heard so many contradictory absurdities about this portrait that I am at a loss to know in truth whether what I have done is the work of an artist or of a sign-painter?" "Madame, I will tell you." There was a long silence, while the young man, unabashed, looked from the lady to the picture again and again, but ever longest at the lady; and then, after delivering himself in the very best language of an exceedingly intelligent criticism of the likeness, in which he failed not also to convey a delicate compliment to the original, he bowed to the company and departed. This was Tallien, and Madame de Fontenay had observed that he was handsome and distinguished, if not with the graces of the *vieille cour*, yet with an extraordinary energy and self-possession; and so in old age she told the story of their first meeting. The face and figure of the future tribune bore an individuality that could not be forgotten or mistaken, and twice again Madame de Fontenay recognized him before the fateful encounter at Bordeaux, once as the secretary of her *adornateur*, Alexandre de Lameth, and once in the Convention. Who was he? The reputed son of the Marquis de Bercy's steward, by many supposed to stand in that relationship to the marquis himself, who stood god-father to him and placed him at college. But at fifteen Tallien was already the very impersonation of revolt and insubordination, and he very soon fled from rules and study. The marquis refused to do more for him, the steward threatened him with his paternal malediction. "Taisez-vous, mon

père, cela ne se fait plus dans le monde," was the incorrigible reply. The mother brought him to reason so far as to consent to seek employment in a procureur's office, and still to study Greek and Latin at home. But a few days of office work and stamped paper wearied him, and he tried at Panckoucke's, the most classical printer of the day, to find a market for his knowledge of the dead languages as a compositor. There his talent and his idleness were alike remarkable. He seems to have fluctuated between the printers and the procureurs, and to have made many friends among the briefless young *avocats* with whom he paced the Salle des Pas Perdus. Presently we find him private secretary to A. de Lameth, and of course violently imbued with the passion of the Revolution. Let us in the meantime glance briefly at the momentous events of '89 and the two following years. The States General were convened at Versailles on the 4th of May, 1789; a few stormy weeks elapse, Mirabeau, leading the Third Estate, has won both nobles and clergy (the other two) to side with it in the struggle against court and ministers who are vanquished, and on the 22d of June the Estates proclaim themselves "the National Assembly," or Constituent Assembly, met to frame the constitution of France. M. Necker's dismissal is insisted on; the excitement in Paris grows and surges in the clubs and in the streets, till it culminates on the 14th July in the fall of the Bastille. Shall we also take a glimpse at the private journal of the person most concerned in all that is passing in the first fortnight of July? It is in the handwriting of Louis XVI., then at Versailles:

Mercredi, le 1er juillet 1789, rien. Députation des États. Jeudi, 2, monté à cheval à la porte du Maine pour la chasse du cerf à Port-Royal. Pris un. Vendredi, 3, rien. Samedi, 4, chasse du chevreuil au butard. Pris un et tué vingt-neuf pièces. Dimanche, 5, vespres et salut. Lundi, 6, rien. Mardi, 7, chasse du cerf à Port-Royal. Pris deux. Mercredi, 8, pris médecine. Jeudi, 9, rien. Députation des États. Vendredi, 10, rien. Réponse à la députation des États. Samedi, 11, rien. Départ de M. de Necker. Dimanche, 12, vespres et salut. Départ de MM. de Montmorin, Saint-Priest et de la Luzerne. Lundi, 13, rien.

Is it possible that the sound of the cannon, when the Bastille fell, should not break even a lethargy like this? Scarcity, rioting, and tumults continue in Paris through the next two months; then the 5th of October sees the march of the ten thousand women to Versailles to demand bread. Something more, too, is asked, and the request is a command that cannot be disobeyed—that Louis and his family shall come to Paris, and the National Assembly with them. All through the autumn the nobility emigrate, those who have not chosen to vote away titles, honors, and rights, and to embrace the new doctrines of fraternity, liberty, and equality. 1790 sees the National Assembly still in labor-pangs till the new constitution can be brought forth. Destruction has been rapid and simple; reconstruction, with famine and discontent out of doors, is by no means so easy. Vergniaud, Barnave, Robespierre, Champfort, and Camille Desmoulins are the constituents (as they are called) who are most popular; Mirabeau, however, is the one genius who can control or guide that which men already call the Revolution. The Court catches at the hope that he may be induced to do something in the way of compromise for royal prerogative fast ebbing away, and the queen makes secret overtures to him which seem to promise some result. But the thread snaps suddenly. Death has claimed him, and a few weeks later the Royal family attempt the luckless flight to Varennes, to seek help and shelter with the stranger—a deep affront to the nation—after which their position is truly pitiable. The king has no choice but to accept the constitution brought him for signature on the 14th of September; and then the Assembly, its work accomplished, dissolves itself amid illuminations of Paris, and the new Legislative Assembly—a far more republican body than its predecessor—is elected according to the laws of the new Constitution, and sits eleven months, till it gives way to a National Convention. But long before the terrible days of September and the Convention, the young Tallien has been rising into notoriety. He is twenty-two years of age, impassioned, naturally eloquent, and though he figures in the pages of one great historian of the

period as “red-haired, gloomy Dis,” his own countrymen spoke of him as “le beau Tallien.” A somewhat theatrical air was natural to him, the air too of one who felt himself born to rise speedily above a subordinate rôle; so, from correcting the press for the *Moniteur* he has come to write in it—nay, to start a journal of his own, or, at least, a something between a journal and a placard, with which he covers the walls of Paris under the attractive title of *Journal des Sans-Culottes*, which expounds to all true citizens, their rights and duties. It was a success, and continued under other names: *L'ami des Citoyens*; and finally *Le Journal Fraternel*. In all the sections of Paris there is soon no more active spirit than Tallien. He is elected one of the Commune; he is the orator who heads its deputation to the Assembly, where his face and his eloquence were alike well known before he had a seat in it. After the 2d of September, Guy de Kersaint, the deputy for Versailles, drew back in horror at the rivers of blood that were flowing from the prisons, and resigned with the words:

« Si l'amour de mon pays m'a fait endurer le malheur d'être le collègue des panégyristes et des promoteurs de ces assassinats, je veux au moins défendre ma mémoire d'être leur complice.

This more daring patriot took his place. What had been his complicity in the massacres since when the deed was accomplished he joined the party who were their undoubted authors? Listen to his own language when summoned before the Assembly to speak for the Commune and give account of its acts. The commissioner Truchot had spoken first, declaring most of the prisons to be now empty, about four hundred dead (no fewer than a thousand and eighty-nine perished), and all the debtors and women released. We give Tallien's own words:

On s'est d'abord porté à l'Abbaye. Le peuple a demandé au gardien les registres. Les prisonniers détenus pour l'affaire du 10 août et pour cause de fabrication de faux assignats ont péri sur-le-champ; onze seulement ont été sauvés. Le conseil de la commune a envoyé une députation pour s'opposer au désordre. Le procureur de la commune s'est présenté le premier, et a employé tous les

moyens que lui suggéraient son zèle et son humanité. Il ne put rien gagner, et vit tomber à ses pieds plusieurs victimes. De là le peuple s'est porté au Châtelet, où les prisonniers ont été immolés. A minuit environ, on s'est porté à la Force. Nos commissaires s'y sont transportés et ont fait ce qu'ils ont pu pour empêcher l'hôtel de la Force d'être pillé; mais ils n'ont pu arrêter en quelque sorte *le juste vengeance du peuple*. Car nous devons le dire, ces coups sont tombés sur des fabricateurs de faux assignats. Ce qui a excité la vengeance c'est qu'il n'y avait là que des acclérats connus.

And the Princesse de Lamballe? What was her crime? And the thirty helpless priests in one prison, and the old men and maidens of high birth, who were driven out into the slaughter-yard one after another till the swords of the murderers were blunted, and their arms weary of the work?

The Commune on the 3d accuses itself thus:

La commune de Paris se hâte d'informer ses frères de tous les départements qu'une partie des conspirateurs féroces détenus dans ces prisons a été mise à mort par le peuple; actes de justice qui lui ont paru indispensables pour retiner par la terreur les légions de traîtres cachés dans ces murs au moment où il allait marcher à l'ennemi, et sans doute la nation entière, après la longue suite de trahisons qui l'ont conduite sur le bord de l'abîme, s'empressera d'adopter ce moyen si nécessaire au salut public. Signé Duplain, Paris, Sergeant, L'Enfant, Jourdeuil, Marat, l'ami du Peuple.

But not Tallien. Later, when the horror and shame of this thing was more deeply felt, he tried to efface the red stain from his hand. When he had overthrown the Terror, the name of *Sep-tembriseur* was odious to him, and he both spoke and printed an elaborate defence, in which he speaks of these deplorable events as the explosion of the popular feeling against traitors to the Revolution, whom it was impossible to leave alive in Paris, when the nation had to send all her armies to resist invasion from her enemies on the frontier. The march of the Prussians on Longwi and Verdun sealed the fate of the prisoners. His own part had been to save all the innocent that he could from the sword of the assassins. But it availed not entirely either then or now. In another tragedy, which the

world witnessed with dumb astonishment, horror, and pity, a few months later, on the question put by the president of the Convention (National Assembly no longer)—“What punishment has Louis Capet ci-devant king of the French incurred?”—his vote was death: not the famous “la mort sans phrase” of Sièyes. Tallien does add a phrase: “Louis Capet a fait couler le sang français.” Had no one else? On the evening of the king's execution, Tallien was elected one of the Committee of Public Safety. This Council of Ten, whose decrees are secret, swift and inexorable as those of the renowned Ten of Venice, is a dictatorship without a dictator, with Marat for a conscience. It is entirely composed of Montagnards: it governs the Convention, and proclaims the extermination of Girondins, aristocrats, and moderates. The provinces were the stronghold of the Gironde, and when they had given up the unequal contest in Paris, the chiefs, declared *hors la loi*, retreated to the large towns before their party was totally crushed. These disaffected towns must be regenerated, say Robespierre and Saint-Just—Bordeaux first of all; and the task is confined to Tallien, Proconsul of the Republic, Ysabeau, and La-combe. The process is indicated to them by the Committee of Public Safety—prison, confiscation, and the guillotine; and there is no lack of zeal or energy on their part in carrying out these instructions to the letter. “La république est sauvée si on continue sur le pied où nous avons mis les choses dans le Midi. Tallien et Ysabeau ont trop bien commencé pour rétrograder maintenant,” says Baudot triumphantly in the Convention. But a new influence from an unexpected quarter was to check the reign of Terror, first in Bordeaux, and finally cause the overturn of its authors in Paris. Tallien and La Cabarrus met again in Bordeaux. In the four years since her marriage, Theresa, it is said, has discovered that she is but ill-mated with M. le Marquis, who is an old libertine and desperate gamester; and divorce, as the modern solution of these domestic difficulties, has been contemplated by her. However, he is now in trouble since the publication of the terrible law against “les suspects,” and

her womanly instincts lead her to help him, if possible, to a place of safety. So M. and Mme. de Fontenay are at Bordeaux in this autumn of '93, not to assist at its regeneration, but *en route* for the Pyrenees, over which they hope to escape into Spain, where M. de Cabarrus will shelter them. There are various legends about the arrest of Mme. Tallien more or less incorrect; her own version of it, as related by her daughter, Mme. du Hallay, to M. Houssaye, we may presume to be the true one. She betrayed herself by a generous imprudence. They were lodging with a brother of her father's, and there she heard that 300 unfortunate Bordelaisian royalists, most of them ruined by the revolutionary tribunal, still anxious to escape with their lives, had taken their passage on board an English vessel in the harbor, but that, at the last moment, the captain had refused to sail, because all the passage-money was not forthcoming.

She was indignant, and would listen to no remonstrance, but instantly set off in search of the captain, with the 3,000 francs in her hand; paid them over to him, and instead of taking a receipt for the money which he offered her, said, "No; give me the list of your passengers," with which she returned proud and happy. Unfortunately, the captain did not sail without relating to more than one person on shore that a beautiful woman—evidently a "grande dame"—had visited him, and given him a large sum. The emigrants got off in safety, but those who were balked of their prey set themselves on the traces of the lady who had saved the aristocrats. Next evening, going to the theatre, she was attacked by the mob, and rudely handled; but her courage was equal to any emergency: she declared herself a patriot. "Look at my cocarde, and you will see. You are mistaken: those citizens who sailed yesterday were not contre-revolutionnaires." "Well, give us the list, for we know you have it." And one tried to force it out of the bosom of her dress. She repulsed him with all her strength, and taking the list, she tore it with her teeth. "I will not give it you, you may kill me first!" At this instant, Tallien stepped through the crowd, calmed them with a sign of his hand, and though he had not observed

who she was, his intention was to release the young woman from her unmanly assailants, and let her go in peace. But he was too late; his colleague Lacombe had informed himself of the whole transaction, and had given an order for the formal arrest of the citoyenne Fontenay. As that order was executed, the proconsul recognized the beautiful prisoner. He hurried to visit her in the prison, trying hard to maintain the attitude of an inflexible judge and incorruptible sans-culotte; but this enemy of the Republic had a strength mightier than he knew of. Theresa was the loveliest woman of her time, fully aware of her charms, and knowing how to use them; and now that she must either conquer this stern citizen of twenty-four or die, she pleaded for life and liberty till he, in his turn, sued for love. M. Houssaye gives us the scene drawn from his imagination: we prefer to leave it to every reader to supply according to his or hers. When it was ended, and Tallien left the prison, the gaoler, not apparently devoid of penetration, took pen and paper and despatched to Robespierre the following: "Tout le monde trahit la république; le citoyen Tallien fait grâce aux aristocrates." Yes, Theresa Cabarrus was free, and M. de Fontenay was at liberty also to cross the Pyrenees alone. She is to remain and be the Egeria of the Montagne, as Madame Roland had been of the Gironde, says Tallien. "I know nothing of Montagne or Gironde, I only know the people: let me serve them," she replies; and she nobly kept her word. Whether she ever really gave her heart to Tallien, or if indeed she was capable of an attachment to any one that could survive loss of power and place, the after events of her career may lead us to doubt; but if she loved power, she made a splendid use of it. She saved life. Tallien's hotel overlooked the Place de l'Échafaud at Bordeaux, and for this reason Theresa refused to inhabit it. He was ready to come to hers. "No, it is not you, but the guillotine, that must move;" and very soon it disappeared. She had subjugated Ysabeau also, and savage Lacombe almost, till the death-lists were given up to the goddess of Pardon. She used to appear in public with Tallien: sometimes driving in an open carriage, her exquisite beauty set off by Grecian draperies; at

other times, *en Amazone*, she would address the people, whose enthusiasm for her soon knew no bounds. While she assumed the attitude of the goddess of Liberty, and preached a republic of universal peace and charity, she also encouraged Tallien in the *façons de grand seigneur* that were natural to him; and his proconsulship for a time was distinguished by anything rather than republican simplicity of living. How the means for this were provided—whether the confiscations had anything to do with it—is not stated; indeed, in all matters of fact or dates in these biographies, M. Houssaye's omissions cannot be too much regretted. But there were not wanting at Bordeaux men of sterner stuff to criticise such a falling away, and to report to Robespierre. Jullien writes:

There are singular political details about La Fontenay, and Bordeaux seems to be a labyrinth of intrigue and plunder (*gaspiillage*). We must restore the people to the sincere love of the real virtues of the Republic.

So Tallien is recalled, and Bordeaux must once more undergo the process of regeneration, and the Revolution continue, in the words of Vergniaud, like Saturn, "to devour her own children."

During an eventful fortnight, from the 22d of March, 1794, to the 3d of April, Tallien, recalled to Paris by Robespierre, presided over the Convention. Such was doubtless far from the intention of Robespierre in recalling him, but he found his former disciple more irrepresible since he had tasted the sweets of authority, and more eloquent than ever. Many a lance was broken between them in debate—forerunners of a strife à l'outrance yet to come. But the storm was to break first on other heads—Hébert, La Fayette, Dumouriez, and Pétion have been denounced as traitors to the Republic, and have fallen; but the cry is still "Plots!" More conspiracies, and the Dantonists are next suspected. Danton, the most colossal figure of the Revolution perhaps, when he hears that his turn is coming, growls out, "Ils m'oseront," and goes quietly to bed. But he was arrested before morning, with Camille Desmoulins, who, in his light mocking vein, has ventured to print in his *Vieux Cordelier* that week, "Hier il y eut un miracle à Paris—un

homme est mort dans son lit." The miracle was not repeated in his case, for he and Danton were both guillotined on the 5th of April. The same day we find Theresa Cabarrus, ci-devant Marquise de Fontenay, making a lengthy and eloquent exposition before the Convention of her republican and evangelistic views and sentiments, beginning, "Citoyens représentants, puisque la morale est plus que jamais à l'ordre du jour," etc. etc., entreating that women, now adorned with the noble title of *citoyennes*, may be allowed to find some work to do for the State in training the young and in alleviating the sufferings of the poor and the sick, and concluding:

Celle qui vous adresse en ce moment l'hommage de ses pensées est jeune, âgée de vingt ans; elle est mère, elle n'est plus épouse: toute son ambition, tout son bonheur serait d'être une des premières à se livrer à ces douces, à ces ravissantes fonctions. Daignez accueillir son vœu le plus ardent, et que par vous ce vœu devienne celui de toute la France.

This speech was pronounced in the presidency of Robert Lindet, who succeeded Tallien in the chair; it was loudly applauded, but there were perhaps some sceptics. At any rate she was not to be permitted to show the world these virtues in practice. A few days later Robespierre desires the Committee of Public Safety to arrest her, and their decree of the 3d Prairial, signed by Robespierre, Billaud-Vareannes, Collot d'Herbois, and Barrère, orders la "nommée Cabarrus, fille d'un banquier espagnol, et femme du nommé Fontenay, ex-conseiller au Parlement de Paris, sera mise en état d'arrestation, et sera mise au secret." Robespierre dared not yet strike Tallien himself, but by this crafty and cruel blow he felt that his enemy would be tamed under his hand: meanwhile his spies watched day and night, and one emissary was sent to Theresa at La Force, to offer her liberty on condition that she would sign a declaration of Tallien's treason against the Republic at Bordeaux. "I am only twenty years old, but I would rather die twenty times," was her reply, so she remained in her dungeon.

Some say her arrest took place in a friend's house at Versailles, others that

it was at Fontenay les Roses, her ex-husband's château. In her latter days, when she was, perhaps, given to embellishing a little the sufficiently striking incidents of her life, she used to relate the circumstances much as the public went to see them dramatized in a tragi-comedy at the Gaieté in 1830. Madame de Fontenay gives a fête at Fontenay les Roses; Robespierre, with his blue coat and his perpetual bouquet, is the favored guest. She relates to him the triumphs of clemency at Bordeaux; he, moved to tears, declares that the gods are no longer athirst, that the prison doors shall be opened, and that the reign of peace and fraternal love is beginning. They embrace, they dance, and when Robespierre retires, Madame exclaims, "We are saved! He is the most just of men!" General congratulations and rejoicings, but gens d'armes break in on the scene; they have a commission, signed *Robespierre*, to arrest the hostess. She was many weeks a prisoner; first, *au secret*, at La Force, then at Les Carmes, where she shared the same cell with Joséphine Beauharnais and the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, then a second time at La Force, and during all these Tallien, unable to effect her release, and trembling lest every hour might prove her last, watched the daily procession of victims, Fouquier-Tinville's *journées*, as they were called, go from the prisons to the Barrière du Trône where Sanson's work was done, and meditated how best he might effect the deliverance of the woman he loved, and save France from the Terror that was weighing down all men's spirits. Never were there more women in the death-carts: as Thermidor approaches, the guillotine goes faster, and still no remedy is found. It is true Robespierre has proclaimed in the name of the nation that the French people believe in an *Être Suprême*, and in the immortality of the soul; but the bodies of countless citizens are thrown into pits full of quicklime, the gutters run constantly with human blood, and at Meudon, it is said, there is a tannery for human skins. Shall an *Être Suprême* look on much longer and keep silence?

In her second incarceration at La Force Theresa was not so rigidly kept *au secret*: indeed, some alleviations, probably procured by Tallien's influence,

began to be allowed her. In the evenings she was taken down into a small court of the prison to breathe the fresh air for an hour, and there one day, as she was pacing up and down, a stone suddenly fell at her feet. She instantly picked it up, and saw that a note was attached to it, but did not dare to unfold it then or attempt to read it, but had to hide it and wait through all the hours of darkness in her cell, till in the first rays of dawn she eagerly deciphered these words from Tallien: "I am watching over you; every evening you will go into the court at nine, and I shall be near you." For eight days she had this comfort, but then the gaolers were forbidden by Robespierre's police to allow her to go out any more. But she must have had a friend among them, or how did she contrive to send Tallien one most significant, though silent message? On the morning of the 4th Thermidor he saw glittering on his table a little Spanish dagger that belonged to Theresa Cabarrus, and which some unseen hand had placed there during the night. He understood its meaning, and placing it within the breast of his coat, went out. It is said that outside of the commune, as he saw four cart-loads of victims pass that day, he met Robespierre and David the painter, walking together, and that he told the former he had a request to make to him. He entreated him to let the horrid spectacle of women being put to death for political offences cease; it was unworthy of a great republic to strike such weak and defenceless beings; there was also one in particular who was unjustly arrested whom he wished to plead for; and then his courage failed him to name Theresa, and he said, with a hesitation at which Robespierre smiled mockingly, "C'est la citoyenne Beauharnais." "Je ne connais pas la citoyenne Beauharnais; d'ailleurs, nul n'est arrêté illégalement," was the reply. Tallien continued to urge on him mercy to the weaker sex, but in vain. "Les femmes, tu ne les connais pas: ce sont toutes nos ennemies; elles n'aiment que les orgies de la royauté. C'est par une femme que la république périt," turning on his heel. "C'est ton dernier mot? Eh bien, tu l'as dit, tyran et lâche, c'est par une femme que ta république périt," was Tallien's re-

joinder, when out of hearing and sight he took the dagger from his bosom, and swore on it to perish or succeed in the struggle coming on. It was no secret that Robespierre, who had reduced the Convention and the redoubtable committees to be almost the passive executors of his decrees, now aspired to the name as well as the power of dictator. His immediate adherents were, his younger brother, Couthon, Le Bas, and Saint-Just, his most enthusiastic admirer. Tallien, Barras, Fréron, Barrère, Ysabeau, Collot d'Herbois, and Carnot, it was felt, would oppose these designs to the last; some from motives of personal ambition, some from love to the Republic, all perhaps from the feeling that in this game the losers must inevitably pay with their heads. When Saint-Just had been heard to declare to the Jacobins that the committees must, to insure the safety of the Republic, be replaced by one man of genius, patriotism, and energy, as dictator, and that that man was Robespierre, the only man capable of saving the State, they knew that the moment for action was come. Barras is the narrator of the counsels that prevailed for the next two days among the Thermidoriens, as the party was afterwards called. On the evening of the 7th Thermidor, the weather being oppressively hot, the friends dined together under the trees outside the Café Ledoyen in the Champs Élysées, while, by a curious coincidence, the two Robespierres, David, Saint-Just, and Le Bas, were similarly engaged, but in an upper room, with closed doors, at the same establishment. As the evening wore on, and dusk fell, each party left the Champs Élysées, and both found themselves at the same moment in the Place de la Révolution, close to the statue of Liberty. Barras, without consulting his friends, stepped up to Robespierre and addressed him: "I have the right to speak the truth to you at the foot of this statue. We have established a reign of Terror, in which we only frighten one another; let us cease such child's play and be men." "Why not? I make no one afraid, and I am afraid of no one," answered the would-be dictator, coldly. Tallien broke in with a violent apostrophe about the guillotine, but Barras tried to calm him, and said sev-

eral complimentary things of all that Robespierre and Saint-Just had done for their country, and Tallien likewise; if now each would make the sacrifice of private interests and passions for the common cause. David chimed in, "Yes, let us all unite to save the vessel of the State, but let Robespierre remain at the helm." "I ask nothing but peace," said the latter, "but it is only true republicans who must be the masters of the situation." "Are you not absolute master everywhere?" exclaims Tallien, angrily; "when I say you, I mean the Montagne," he added. "No," said Robespierre; "it is just there that I find most traitors." "Name them," cries Barras. "We have heard that you have a list; show it to us." And then, from an extraordinary impulse of frankness, the only one on record in his career, he pulled from his pocket the very paper. "Let it be torn now," said Fréron; "we are all to be good republicans, and we swear to suppress the guillotine." The first name on it was Tallien's; then came Barras, Fouché, Thuriot, Fréron, Rovère, then an initial C., that might mean Carnot d'Herbois, or Chénier. It seems almost incredible that the tyrant should have thus shown his hand, and the old account of the matter was that one day, when he was dining at Clichy with Barrère, Carnot, passing through the ante-room, searched the pockets of Robespierre's overcoat, and read the names of the doomed ones, forty in number, his own among them; but Barras speaks both as one of the actors and witnesses of this extraordinary scene in the Place de la Révolution. Tallien was the first to break silence: "Since you have shown us our names, you mean to efface them, because you believe that union will be strength. Tell us your programme." He harangued them in a long speech about the critical state of affairs, and proposed to take Tallien and his friends into confidence if they would unite with him in effecting the proscription of the rest of his enemies. At the last moment Tallien begged the liberty of La Fontenay. "Never," was the reply. "For her you betrayed the Republic at Bordeaux; she leads you like a child." "La Fontenay is my wife, and I will have her set free this very evening; and if blood you must have,

take our heads," shouted Tallien, and broke away from the group. He was desperate, for that afternoon Theresa had found means to send him these words, since the dagger three days before had produced no effect:—

De la Force, le 7 thermidor. La citoyenne Fontenay au citoyen Tallien, rue de la Poule. L'administrateur de police sort d'ici: il est venu m'annoncer que demain je monterai au tribunal, c'est à dire sur l'échafaud. Cela ressemble bien peu au rêve que j'ai fait cette nuit: Robespierre n'existait plus et les prisons étaient ouvertes. . . . Mais, grâce à votre insigne lâcheté, il ne se trouvera bientôt plus personne en France capable de réaliser.

Tallien had replied:—

Soyez aussi prudente que j'aurai de courage; mais calmez votre tête.

Robespierre spoke in the Convention on the 8th with all the eloquence of which he was master, describing his own services and zeal for the State, only to read in the faces of his audience that he had spoken in vain. The next day Tallien, whose eloquence was of a different sort, broke in on Saint-Just, was encouraged, went on; denounced him and his chief as traitors and murderers, and was applauded to the echo. In vain Robespierre tried to speak or to be heard; cries of "A bas le tyran!" filled the hall. His adversary has the hardness to say, "I have armed myself with a dagger to pierce the heart of this Cromwell, if the Convention does not decree his arrest;" and he is still more applauded. The arrest is decreed without a dissentient voice, also that of Couthon, Le Bas, and Saint-Just. The bitterness of death was tasted then. It is needless to follow them to the guillotine, whose last victims they were. The Reign of Terror had expired, and Mme. Tallien left her prison, to become for a season, as Notre Dame de Thermidor, the queen and the idol of Parisian society. For now that people feel their heads to be safe on their shoulders, society is once again possible, and a *jeunesse dorée* hastens to claim its privileges. It is weary of gloom and terrorism, of talk about virtue and Sparta, it longs to feast, to dance, to ride splendid horses, to sun itself in the smile of beauty, to play high. Enormous fortunes have found their way rapidly into new hands. Magnificent hotels, with

gorgeous furniture and cellars of choicest wines, have passed to self-made men: shall they not enjoy these things? The "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die" of sullen despair is gone, and now it is "Let us eat and drink and dance to-day, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, still seek new ways of killing time and spending money;" and accordingly in this reaction all Paris dances—dances as if it never could make up for lost time, dances over graves, dances with crape on the sleeve at the Bal des Victimes, where the admission is the loss of a relative by the guillotine. From the highest to the lowest, every man, woman, and child seems seized with a dancing mania: a lucrative time for fiddlers, one would say, when there are no fewer than six hundred and forty-four places for dancing in Paris. And what dancing! exclaims the older generation. No longer stately minuets, contre-danse, or quadrille, but the German waltz, in which women, far too scantily clad for former notions of decency, are whirled about in their partners' arms till they almost drop from exhaustion. If we go to the memoirs of the day, the pamphlets, the caricatures, *Les petites Affiches*, and other contemporary notices of the manners and morals of this society, it is a thing to shudder at, while at the same time it is hard to repress a smile. Perhaps the closest parallel to it might have been found in Fifth Avenue, New York, among the shoddy aristocracy at the close of the late war. In Mme. Tallien's salons naturally its aspect was somewhat different. To her great beauty she added wit and grace, and the external refinement and polish of an earlier day, and Mme. Sophie Gay, who was a frequent guest, describes her circle thus:—

Ainsi, c'est dans le salon de Mme. Tallien que s'opéra la renaissance de tout ce qui faisait autrefois la renommée et le charme des salons de Paris. Les émigrés rentrés y ramenèrent cette politesse exquise, cette conversation simple et de bon goût dont le secret commençait à se perdre. Les gens de lettres, si longtemps muets, y discutaient de nouveau sur des sujets littéraires; les artistes y retrouvaient les inspirations trop longtemps étouffées par la Terreur; les blessés de tous les partis y recevaient une douce hospitalité.

But let us look at the drawings and

engravings of the time to see how society clothed itself—a fact not without significance. *Place aux dames.* First the wig; hair was cheap while the guillotine continued in operation, and every variety of coiffure was necessary for the toilette of a woman of fashion. Mme. Tallien had thirty perruques, all blonde, à la Titus, à la Victime, &c. &c.; but one day she appeared as a brunette, and black hair instantly came into vogue. No silks or stuffs which are stiff and heavy, and conceal the form, could be endured in these classic days. Nothing but finest gauze, lawn, or muslin, innocent of starch, for the *robe à la Grecque*, which only Nancy was supposed to be able to cut and Mme. Tallien to wear in perfection. The Terror has its *sans-culottes*, the Directory has its *sans-chemises*. “Voilà plus de deux mille ans que les femmes portent des chemises; cela est d’une vetusté à périr,” writes a *journaliste des modes* of the period, and the venerable garment was discarded for a week by the *esprits forts* of the sex, when, by the example of Mme. Hamelin, the chemise became again à l’ordre du jour.

These transparencies are necessarily fatal to health in the severity of northern winters, but when did a Parisian belle consider any sacrifice to fashion too great? “Plus la femme est nue, plus elle est habillée,” is their motto, quoted from the Greeks: beautiful arms are bared to the shoulder, where a riband and a single cameo support the corsage; shoes and stockings give place to sandals, and the prisoner of Bordeaux and la Force used to show the guests in her salons what she called the marks of the rats’ teeth on her exquisite foot, where they could only perceive the pressure of the ruby rings on her toes. The dress of the nobler sex had been for a moment a matter of grave public deliberation, and to David the task of inventing a suitable costume for a patriot was intrusted. He had, we believe, an inspiration on the subject, which, when executed by the tailors, Talma was public-spirited enough to exhibit on his fine person, and was hooted as a lunatic in the Palais Royal on its first and last appearance. To whom, therefore, the credit of the *habit carré*, and other monstrosities of a gentleman’s costume during the Direct-

ory is due, we cannot say, but surely at no period did the male biped look more thoroughly ungainly and ridiculous. The Incroyable wore a coat “carré comme quatre planches,” with collar up to his ears, an immense cravat rolled round and round the throat, suggesting goltre or some such affliction; he carried a short knotty stick, he abjured powder, fine linen, or lace; the *culotte* was worn studiously wrinkled and ill-fitting, but while he tries to *poser* for a Hercules of strength, his latest affectation is an inability to pronounce several of the letters of the alphabet.

But from the contemplation of these passing follies it is time to return to the subject of the memoir before us: we hardly dare call her our heroine, she lacked morals for that; and though many of the anecdotes of the time were scandalous and calumnious enough, there are passages in her life where an admiring biographer is tempted to touch very slightly, if at all, on the facts of the case, or, looking at her many amiable points and wonderful power of charming, to exclaim with a poet of our day:—

Add but that other grace,
Be good: why lack what the angels vaunt?

Constancy or modesty, however, were not plants likely to flourish in the atmosphere she lived in, where marriage ties had lost all their sanctity, and divorce was resorted to so frequently and on so slight pretexts, that people were said to change their matrimonial partners as quickly as if life were but a *contre-danse*. Theresa Cabarrus was divorced both in law and in fact from her first husband when she left the prison at Bordeaux; and we are left to infer that she and Tallien became man and wife, by whatever scant ceremonies and maimed rites such bonds were then entered into, during the period of his reign there, for we have heard him call her his wife in the last interview with Robespierre. As Mme. Tallien, she was the queen of society, of the Republic, and of the Directory; but who was king? For a very short period Tallien at least was the queen’s consort, but soon it seems as if she and Barras suited one another better in tastes and inclination. Barras loved pleasure, pomp, and show; Tallien had loved the Revolution for its own sake, for action,

stir, and strife—its tumults and conspiracies were his element; now it is ebb tide with him, and Fate will soon leave him high and dry, past use or service, when Liberty and the Republic are no longer words to conjure with, and other men with other aims have become the masters of the situation. And the woman whom he had made his idol, his conscience (his Egeria, he called her), with her quick instincts, saw and felt this sooner perhaps than any one else. But in the first years after Thermidor she was still at his side in the delicious Chaumière du Cours-la-Reine, where a brilliant circle gathered round them—Barras, Fréron, Sièyes, Chénier, and Hoche were there, Ouvrard, Mme. de Staël, and the young Bonaparte; beautiful women too, for the hostess could not fear a rival even in Mme. Récamier or Mme. Visconti. When, within a few weeks after his memorable victory in the Convention, the Jacobins attacked Tallien, accusing him of treason to the Republic, and decreeing his exclusion from their body, Theresa went with Fréron and Thionville and closed the club doors, carrying off the keys in triumph—a feat which, says M. Houssaye, caused Pitt to exclaim, “This woman is capable of shutting the gates of hell itself”—a saying probably as apocryphal as the gold and intrigues of the said Pitt, which loom so large in the imaginations of Frenchmen even to this day. In ’95 Tallien was at Quiberon with Hoche, and led the troops of the Republic when they successfully repulsed the landing of the *émigrés* under the English convoy of ships. He returned to find his enemies actively plotting against him, and Barras defending him in the Convention, whose end was so near at hand. Yet when that end came, and the new legislative bodies were formed, with the executive or directory of five, Barras’ name is first, and Tallien’s is not found among them. It is impossible not to pity this man when he woke to the fact that not only in public affairs his part was played out and his influence was gone, but that his Egeria looked on him in the light of an incumbrance, a weight to drag her down from the heights of fame and popularity, from which she resolved not to descend with him. His fortune and credit too were both gone; what

remained? He did not complain, but in June ’98, when Bonaparte was preparing to sail for Egypt, he asked to be allowed to accompany him in the capacity of a scientific explorer! So the sword of the once terrible Proconsul of the Republic was exchanged for a barometer and a case of mathematical instruments, and he set out to measure the Pyramids, a sad and silent man henceforth. One letter to his wife, dated from Rosetta, M. Houssaye prints at the end of his volume: it breathes no reproaches, only the tenderest affection and remembrances of her and home. When in 1801, unable to endure the insults of General Menou, he returned to France, it was to find the Chaumière no longer home, and its mistress gone to inhabit a beautiful hotel with fabulous gardens in the Rue Babylone, of which Ouvrard had one day presented her with the key. She obtained her second divorce, and empowered Ouvrard to offer the unhappy husband the Chaumière and a pension of twelve thousand livres, which it is needless to say were rejected. He was penniless and applied to Fouché and Talleyrand: the former owed him his life, and now repaid the service with the post of Consul of France at Alicant. How long exactly it was held we know not, but we know that he lived to return poor, broken in health and almost blind, to Paris, to be visited by the Princess of Chimay, and to receive her charity. The biographer says:

Tallien avait pardonné, parce qu’il avait reconnu que c’était sa faute à lui et non sa faute à elle: il accepta une chambre au soleil et un arbre pour se mettre à l’ombre.

He loved much, so possibly he forgave much, but into his heart he allowed none to look; he had at least enough of the Roman in him to fold his mantle over all its wounds and to die in silence. He sold his books, his last possession, one by one, for he could see to read them no longer, and he had no other means of procuring bread. It is said that his condition coming to the knowledge of Louis XVIII., the king sent M. Décaze to visit him and offer a small pension which he was too poor to refuse; but he died before it came. Probably this was the last and overflowing drop in his cup

of bitterness. An old Almanach de Gotha might tell us, though her biographer does not, at what date Theresa Cabarrus contracted her third marriage with Joseph de Caraman, Prince de Chimay, an accomplished gentleman, whose exquisite violin-playing had afforded him a means of subsistence in the days of the emigration. At the Restoration he inherited large estates in France from an uncle; he was Grand d'Espagne, Premier Pair d'Hainaut, and Chamberlain to the King of the Netherlands. This, says M. Houssaye enthusiastically, "was the true marriage, her true husband, and she was the good angel of the family;" but on what vicissitudes she may have experienced in the interval he is silent—either from ignorance or discretion. Perhaps we may conjecture that for a moment before she took safe root in that princely house which she was to adorn till her death, she may have had a glimpse of a possible abyss of poverty and neglect, at least an expression in a letter of hers in the *Catalogue Charavay*, No. 252,

8 vendémiaire, an ix (1802), relative à une harpe qu'elle veut vendre, "puisque la fortune me traîne depuis longtemps comme mes anciens amis,"

almost looks as if she had felt the pinch of poverty. At Chimay she organized a graceful and stately existence; artists, poets, and musicians formed her little court. She loved to *jouer la comédie* to an appreciating audience, who applauded her in the rôles of the incomparable Mlle. Mars. She kept her beauty to old age, and continued to study dress as one of the fine arts to the last: and when in the winters she used to appear in her box at the theatre in Brussels with her three daughters, she was said to look more like their sister than their mother. But there was one crook in the lot, one bitter thought that poisoned all the sweets of life. When the Prince de Chimay went to fulfil his duties at court, he went alone, for the queen could not be prevailed on to receive a lady whose antecedents had been so notorious; no diplomacy, no entreaties, not the interest of the Prince of Orange himself could effect it—a poignant humiliation, no doubt, to one who possessed a full share of her sex's vanity, with perhaps all the

ambition and love of power that usually belong to the other. Her life was prolonged to 1835, when she died at the age of sixty-three. From the contemplation of these calm, uneventful, and prosperous latter days, the imagination involuntarily turns to the death of the man with whose name her fame in the world is for ever associated, who expired ten years earlier in a humble garret near the scene of their former triumphs, blind, broken-hearted, and alone.

(Continued from page 448.)

THE BLOCKADE: AN EPISODE OF THE END OF THE EMPIRE.

From the French of Erckmann-Chatrian.

XII.

THE city was joyful the next day, notwithstanding the firing in the night. A number of men who came from the ramparts about seven o'clock, came down our street shouting: "They are gone! There is not a single Cossack to be seen in the direction of Quatre-Vents, nor behind the barracks of the Oak-Forest! *Vive l'Empereur!*"

Everybody ran to the bastions.

I had opened one of our windows, and leaned out in my nightcap. It was thawing, the snow was sliding from the roofs, and that in the street was melting in the mud. Sorlé, who was turning up our bed, called to me: "Do shut the window, Moses! We shall catch cold from the draught!"

But I did not listen. I laughed as I thought: "The rascals have had enough of my old bars and rusty nails; they have found out that they go a good way: experience is a good thing!"

I would have stayed there till night to hear the neighbors talk about the clearing away of the Russians, and those who came from the ramparts call out that there was not one to be seen in the whole region. Some said that they might come back, but that seemed to me contrary to reason. It was clear that the villains would not quit the country at once, that they would still for a long time pillage the villages, and live on the peasants; but to believe that the officers would excite their men to take our city, or that the soldiers would be brutes enough to obey them, never entered my head.

At last Zeffen came into our room to dress the children, and I shut the window. A good fire roared in the stove. Sorlé made ready our breakfast, while Zeffen washed her little Esdras over a basin of warm water.

"Ah, now, if I could hear from Baruch, it would all be well," said she.

Little David played on the floor with Sâfel, and I thanked the Lord for having delivered us from the scoundrels.

While we were at breakfast, I said to my wife: "It has all gone well! We shall be shut up for a while until the Emperor has carried the day, but they will not fire upon us, they will be satisfied with blockading us; and bread, wine, meats, brandies, will be dearer. It is the right time for us to sell, or else we might fare like the people of Samaria when Ben-Hadad besieged their city. There was a great famine, so that the head of an ass sold for four-score pieces of silver, and the fourth part of a cab of dove's-dung for five pieces. It was a good price; but still the merchants were holding back, when a noise of chariots and horses and of a great host came from heaven, and made the Syrians escape with Ben-Hadad, and after the people had pillaged their camp, a measure of fine flour sold for only a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel. So let us try to sell while things are at a reasonable price; we must seize the lucky moment."

Sorlé assented, and after breakfast I went down to the cellar to go on with the mixing.

Many of the mechanics had gone back to their work. Klipfel's hammer sounded on his anvil. Chanoine put back his biscuits into his windows, and Tribolin, the druggist, his bottles of red and blue water behind his panes.

Confidence was restored everywhere. The citizen-gunners had taken off their uniforms and the joiners had come back to finish our counter; the noise of the saw and plane filled the house.

Everybody was glad to return to his own business, for war brings nothing but blows; the sooner it is over the better.

As I carried my jugs from one to another, in the cellar, I saw the passers-by stop before our old shop, and heard them say to each other, "Moses is going

to make his fortune with the brandies; these rascals of Jews always have good noses; while we have been selling this month past, he has been buying. Now that we are shut up he can sell at any price he pleases."

You can judge whether that was not pleasant to hear! A man's greatest happiness is to succeed in his business; everybody is obliged to say: "This man has neither army, nor generals, nor cannon, he has nothing but his own wit, like everybody else; when he succeeds he owes it to himself, and not to the courage of others. And then he ruins no one; he does not pillage, or steal, or kill; while, in war, the strongest crushes the weakest and often the best."

So I worked on with great zeal, and would have kept on till night if little Sâfel had not come to call me to dinner. I was hungry, and was going up stairs, glad in the thought of sitting down in the midst of my children, when the call-beat began on the Place d'Armes, before the town-house. During a blockade a court-martial sits continually at the mayoralty to try those who do not answer to the call. Some of my neighbors were already leaving their houses with their muskets on their shoulders. I had to go up very hastily, and swallow a little soup, a morsel of meat, and a glass of wine.

I was very pale. Sorlé, Zeffen, and the children said not a word. The call-beat continued; it came down the main street and stopped at last before our house, on the little square. Then I ran for my cartridge-box and musket.

"Ah!" said Sorlé, "we thought we were going to have a quiet time, and now it all begins again."

Zeffen did not speak, but burst into tears.

At that moment the old rabbi Heymann came in, with his marten-skin cap drawn down to the nape of his neck.

"In the name of heaven let the women and children hurry to the casemates! An envoy has come threatening to burn the whole city if the gates are not opened. Fly, Sorlé! Zeffen, fly!"

Imagine the cries of the women on hearing this; as for myself, my hair stood on end.

"The rascals have no shame in them!" I exclaimed! "They have no pity on

women or children! May the curse of heaven fall on them!"

Zeffen threw herself into my arms. I did not know what to do.

But the old rabbi said: "They are doing to us what our people have done to them! So the words of the Lord are fulfilled: 'As thou hast done unto thy brother so shall it be done unto thee!'—But they must fly quickly."

Below, the call-beat had ceased; my knees trembled. Sorlé, who never lost courage, said to me: "Moses, run to the square, make haste,—they will send you to prison!"

Her judgment was always right; she pushed me by the shoulders, and in spite of Zeffen's tears I went down, calling out: "Rabbi, I trust in you—save them!"

I could not see clearly; I went through the snow, miserable man that I was, running to the town-house where the national guard was already assembled. I came just in time to answer to the call, and you can imagine my trouble, for Zeffen, Sorlé, Sâfel, and the little ones were, as it were before my eyes. What was Phalsburg to me? I would have opened the gates in a minute to have had peace.

The others did not look any better pleased than myself; they were all thinking of their families.

Our governor, Moulin, Lieutenant-Colonel Brancion, and Captains Renvoyé, Vigneron, Grébillet, with their great caps put on crosswise, these alone felt no anxiety. They would have murdered and burnt every thing for the Emperor. The governor even laughed, and said that he would surrender the city when the shells set his pocket-handkerchief on fire. Judge from this, how much sense such a being had!

They passed in review before us, while groups of the aged and infirm, of women and children, passed across the square on their way to the casemates.

I saw our little wagon go by with the roll of coverings and mattresses on it. The old rabbi was in the shaft—Sâfel pushed behind. Sorlé carried David, and Zeffen Esdras. They were walking in the mud, with their hair loose as if they were escaping from a fire; but they did not speak, and went on silently in the midst of that great desolation.

I would have given my life to go and

help them—and I must stay in the ranks. Ah, the old men of my time have seen terrible things! How often have they thought:—"Happy is he who lives alone in the world; he suffers only for himself, he does not see those whom he loves weeping and groaning, without the power to help them."

Immediately after the review, detachments of citizen gunners were sent to the armories to man the pieces, the firemen were sent to the old market to get out the pumps, and the rest of us, with half a battalion of the Sixth Light Infantry, were sent to the guard-house on the square, to form stations and supply patrols.

The two other battalions had already gone to the advance-posts of Trois-Maisons, of La Fontaine-du-Chateau,—of the block-houses, the half moons, the Ozillo farm, and the Maisons-Rouges, outside of the city.

Our post at the mayoralty consisted of thirty-two men; sixteen soldiers of the line below, commanded by Lieutenant Schnindret, and sixteen of the national guard above, commanded by Desplaces Jacob. We used Burrhus' lodging for our guard-house. It was a large hall with six-inch planks, and beams such as you find now a days only in our forests. A large, round, cast-iron stove, standing on a slab four feet square, was in the left hand corner, near the door; the zigzag pipes went into the chimney at the right, and piles of wood covered the floor.

It seems as if I were now in that hall. The melted snow which we shook off on entering ran along the floor. I have never seen a sadder day than that; not only because the bombshells and balls might rain upon us at any moment, and set everything on fire, but because of the melting snow, and the mud, and the dampness which reached your very bones, and the orders of the sergeant, who did nothing but call out: "Such and such an one, march! Such an one forward, it is your turn!" etc.

And then the jests and jokes of this mass of tilers, and cobblers, and plasterers, with their patched blouses and shoes run down at the heel, and their little helmets without visors, seated in a circle around the stove, with their rags sticking to their backs, *thouing* you like all the rest of their beggarly race: "Moses,

pass along the pitcher! Moses, give me some fire!—Ah, rascals of Jews, when a body risks his skin to save their property, how proud it makes them! Ah, the villains!" And they winked at each other, and pushed each other's elbows, and made up faces askance. Some of them wanted me to go and get some tobacco for them, and pay for it myself! In fine, all sorts of insults, which a respectable man could endure from the rabble!—Yes, it disgusts me whenever I think of it.

In this guard-house, where we burned whole logs of wood as if they were straw, the old rags which came in soaking wet did not smell very pleasantly. I had to go out every minute to the little platform behind the hall, in order to breathe, and the cold water which the wind blew from the spout sent me in again at once.

Afterwards, in thinking it over, it has seemed as if, in the midst of all these troubles, my heart would have broken at the thought of Sorlé, Zeffen, and the children shut up in a cellar, and that these very annoyances preserved my reason.

This lasted till evening. We did nothing but go in and out, sit down, smoke our pipes, and then begin again to walk the pavement in the rain, or remain on duty for hours together at the entrance of the posterns.

Toward nine o'clock, when all was dark without, and nothing was to be heard but the pacing of the patrols, the shouts of the sentinels on the ramparts: "Sentinels, take care!" and the steps of our men on their rounds going up and down the great wooden stairway of the admiralty, the thought suddenly came to me that the Russians had only tried to frighten us, that it meant nothing; and that there would be no shells that night.

In order to be on good terms with the men, I had asked Monborne's permission to go and get a jug full of brandy, which he at once granted. I took advantage of the opportunity to bite a crust and drink a glass of wine at home. Then I went back, and all the men at the station were very friendly; they passed the jug from one to another, and said that my brandy was very good, and that the sergeant would give me leave to go and fill it as often as I pleased.

"Yes, since it is Moses," replied Monborne, "he may have leave, but nobody else."

We were all on excellent terms with each other, and nobody thought of bombardment, when a red flash passed along the high windows of the hall. We all turned round, and in a few seconds the shell rumbled on the Bigelberg hill. At the same time a second, then a third flash passed, one after the other, through the large dark hall, showing us the row of houses opposite.

You can never have an idea, Fritz, of those first lights at night! Corporal Winter, an old soldier, who grated tobacco for Fribo, stooped down quietly and lighted his pipe, and said: "Well, the dance is beginning!"

Almost instantly we heard a shell burst at the right in the infantry quarters, another at the left in the Piplinger house on the square, and another quite near us in the Hemmerlé house.

I can't help trembling as I think of it now after thirty years.

All the women were in the casemates, except some old servants who did not want to leave their kitchens; they drawled out: "Help! Fire!"

It was very evident that we were lost; only the old soldiers, crooked on their bench by the stove, with their pipes in their mouths, seemed very calm, as people may who have nothing to lose.

What was worst of all, at the moment when our cannon at the arsenal and powder-house began to answer the Russians', and made every pane of glass in the old building rattle, Sergeant Monborne called out: "Somme, Chevreux, Moses, Dubourg, march!"

To send fathers of families roaming about through the mud, in danger, at every step, of being struck by bursting shells, tiles, and whole chimneys falling on their backs, is something against nature; the very mention of it makes me perfectly indignant.

Somme and the big inn-keeper Chevreux turned round, full of indignation also; they wanted to exclaim: "It is abominable!"

But that rascal of a Monborne was sergeant, and they dared not speak or even squint at him, and as Winter, the corporal of the round, had taken down

his musket, and made a signal for us to go on, we all took our arms and followed him.

As we went down the stairway, you should have seen the red light, flash after flash, lighting up every nook and corner under the stairs and the worm-eaten rafters; you should have heard our twenty-four pounders thundering; the old rat-hole shook to its foundations, it seemed as if it was all falling together. And under the arch below, towards the Place d'Armes, this light spread from the snow banks to the tops of the roofs, showing the glittering pavements, the puddles of water, the chimneys, and dormer-windows, and, at the very end of the street, the cavalry barracks, the sentinel in his box near the large gate:—what a sight!

"It is all over! We are all lost!" I thought.

Two shells passed at this moment over the city: they were the first that I had seen; they moved so slowly that I could follow them through the dark sky; both fell in the fosses, behind the hospital. They were too heavily loaded, luckily for us.

I did not speak, nor did the others—we kept our thoughts to ourselves. We heard the calls "Sentinels, take care!" answered from one bastion to another all around the place, warning us of the terrible danger we were in.

Corporal Winter, with his old faded blouse, coarse cotton cap, stooping shoulders, musket in belt, pipe-end between his teeth, and lantern full of tallow swinging at arm's length, walked before us and called out: "Look out for the shells! Lie down flat! Do you hear?"

I have always thought that veterans of this sort despise citizens, and that he said this to frighten us still more.

A little farther on, at the entrance of the alley where Cloutier lived, he halted.

"Come on!" he called, for we marched in file without seeing each other. When we had come up to him, he said, "There, now, you men, try to keep together! Our patrol is to prevent fire from breaking out anywhere; as soon as we see a shell pass, Moses will run up and snatch the match."

He burst into a laugh as he spoke, so that my anger was roused.

"I have not come here to be laughed at," said I; "if I am taken for a fool, I will throw down my musket and cartridge-box, and go to the case-mates."

He laughed harder than ever. "Moses, preserve the respect of thy officers, or beware of the court-martial!" said he.

The others would have laughed too, but the shell-flashes began again; they went down the Rampart street, driving the air before them like gusts of wind; the cannon of the arsenal bastion had just fired. At the same time a shell burst in the street of the Capuchins; Spick's chimney and half his roof fell to the ground with a frightful noise.

"Come along! March!" called Winter.

They had all become sober. We followed the lantern to the French gate. Behind us, in the street of the Capuchins, a dog barked incessantly. Now and then Winter stopped, and we all listened; nothing was stirring, and nothing was to be heard but the dog and the cries: "Sentinels, take care!" The city seemed dead.

We ought to have gone into the guard-house, for there was nothing to be seen; but the lantern went on towards the gate, swinging above the gutter. That Winter had taken too much brandy!

"We are of no use in this street," said Chevreux; "we can't keep the balls from passing."

But Winter kept calling out: "Will you come?" And we had to obey.

In front of Genodet's stables, where the old barns of the gendarmery begin, a lane turns to the left towards the hospital. This was full of manure and heaps of dirt—a conduit in fact. Well, this rascal of a Winter turned into it, and as we could not see our feet without the lantern, we had to follow him. We went groping, under the roofs of the sheds, along the crazy old walls. It seemed as if we should never get out of this gutter; but at last we came out near the hospital in the midst of the great square piles of manure, which were heaped against the grating of the sewer.

It seemed a little lighter, and we saw the roof of the French gate, and the

line of fortifications black against the sky; and almost immediately I perceived the figure of a man gliding among the trees at the top of the rampart. It was a soldier stooping so that his hands almost touched the ground. They did not fire on this side; the distant flashes passed over the roofs, and did not come down to lighten the streets below.

I caught Winter's arm, and pointed out to him this man; he instantly hid his lantern under his blouse. The soldier, whose back was toward us, stood up, and looked round, apparently listening. This lasted for two or three minutes; then he passed over the rampart at the corner of the bastion, and we heard something scrape the wall of the rampart.

Winter immediately began to run, crying out: "A deserter! To the postern!"

We had heard before this of deserters slipping down into the fosses by means of their bayonets. We all ran. The sentinel called out: "Who is there?"

"The citizens' patrol," replied Winter.

He advanced, gave the order, and we went down the postern steps like wild beasts.

Below, at the foot of the large bastions built on the rock, we saw nothing but snow, large black stones, and bushes covered with frost. The deserter needed only to keep still under the bushes; our lantern, which shone only for fifteen or twenty feet, might have wandered about till morning without discovering him; and we should ourselves have supposed that he had escaped. But, unfortunately for him, fear urged him on, and we saw him in the distance running to the stairs which lead up to the covered ways. He went like the wind.

"Halt! or I fire!" cried Winter; but he did not stop, and we all ran together on his tracks, calling out "Stop! stop!"

Winter had given me the lantern so as to run faster; I followed at a distance, thinking to myself: "Moses, if this man is taken, thou wilt be the cause of his death." I wanted to put out the lantern, but if Winter had seen me he would have been capable of knocking me down with the butt-end of his musket. He had for a long time been hoping for the cross, and was all the time expecting to have it and the pension with it.

The deserter ran, as I said, to the stairs. Suddenly he perceived that the ladder,

which takes the place of the eight lower steps, was taken away, and he stopped, stupefied! We came nearer—he heard us and began to run faster, to the right towards the half-moon. The poor devil rolled over the snow-banks. Winter came up to him every time, and called out: "Halt! surrender!"

But he got up and began to run again.

Behind the out-works, under the draw-bridge, we thought we had lost him: the corporal called to me, "Come along! A thousand thunders!" and at that moment we saw him leaning against the wall, as pale as death. Winter took him by the collar and said: "I have you!"

Then he tore an epaulette from his shoulder: "You are not worthy to wear that!" said he; "come along!"

He dragged him out of his corner, and held the lantern before his face. We saw a handsome boy of eighteen or nineteen, tall and slender, with small, light moustaches, and blue eyes.

Seeing him there so pale, with Winter's fist at his throat, I thought of the poor boy's father and mother; my heart smote me, and I could not help saying: "Come, Winter, he is a child, a very child! He will not do it again!"

But Winter, who thought that now surely his cross was won, turned upon me furiously:

"I tell thee what, Jew, stop, or I will run my bayonet through thy body!"

"Wretch!" thought I, "what will not a man do to make sure of his glass of wine for the rest of his days?"

I have a sort of horror of that man; there are some wild beasts in the human species!

Chevreux, Somme, and Dubourg did not speak.

Winter began to walk towards the postern, with his hand on the deserter's collar.

"If he stops," said he, "strike him on the back with your muskets! Ah, brigand, you desert in the face of the enemy! Your case is clear: next Sunday you will sleep under the turf of the half-moon! Will you come on? Strike him with the butt-end, you cowards!"

What pained me most was to hear the poor fellow's heavy sighs; he breathed so hard, from his fright at being taken, and knowing that he would be shot, that we could hear him fifteen feet off; the

sweat ran down my forehead. And now and then he turned to me and gave me such a look as I shall never forget, as if to say: "Save me!"

If I had been alone with Dubourg and Chevreux, we would have let him go; but Winter would sooner have murdered him.

We came in this way to the foot of the postern. They made the deserter pass first. When we reached the top, a sergeant, with four men from the next station was already there, waiting for us.

"What is it?" asked the sergeant.

"A deserter," said Winter.

The sergeant—an old man—looked at him and said: "Take him to the station."

"No," said Winter, "he will go with us to the station on the square."

"I will reinforce you with two men," said the sergeant.

"We do not need them," replied Winter roughly. "We took him ourselves, and we are enough to guard him."

The sergeant saw that we should have all the glory, and he said no more.

We started, our guns on our arms; the prisoner, all in tatters and without his shako, walked in the midst.

We soon came to the little square; we had only to cross the old market before reaching the guard-house. The cannon of the arsenal were firing all the time; as we were starting to leave the market, one of the flashes lighted up the arch in front of us; the prisoner saw the door of the jail at the left, with its great locks, and the sight gave him terrible strength; he tore away his collar, and threw himself from us with both his arms stretched out behind.

Winter had been almost thrown down, but he threw himself at once upon the deserter, exclaiming, "Ah, brigand! You want to run away!"

We saw no more, for the lantern fell to the ground.

"Guard! guard!" cried Chevreux.

All this took but a moment, and half of the infantry post were already there under arms. Then we saw the prisoner again; he was sitting on the edge of the stairway among the pillars; blood was running from his mouth; not more than half his waistcoat was left, and he bent forward, trembling from head to foot.

Winter held him by the nape of the neck, and said to Lieutenant Schnindret, who was looking on: "A deserter, Lieutenant! He has tried to escape twice, but Winter was on hand."

"That is right," said the lieutenant. "Let them find the jailer."

Two soldiers went away. A number of our comrades of the national guard had come down, but nobody spoke. However hard men may be, when they see a wretch in such a condition, and think, "the day after to-morrow he will be shot!" everybody is silent, and a good many would release him if they could.

After some minutes Harmantier arrived with his woollen jacket and his bunch of keys.

The lieutenant said to him, "Lock up this man!"

"Come, get up and walk!" he said to the deserter, who rose and followed Harmantier, while everybody crowded round.

The jailer opened the two massive doors of the prison; the prisoner entered without assistance, and then the large locks and bolts fastened him in.

"Every man return to his post!" said the lieutenant to us. And we went up the steps of the mayoralty.

All this had so upset me that I had not thought of my wife and children. But when once above, in the large warm hall, full of smoke, with all that set who were laughing and boasting at having taken a poor, unresisting deserter, the thought that I was the cause of this misery filled my soul with anguish; I stretched myself on the camp-bed, and thought of all the trouble that is in the world, of Zeffen, of Sâfel, of my children, who might, perhaps, some day be arrested for not liking war. And the words of the Lord came to my mind, which He spake to Samuel, when the people desired a king:

"Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee; for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them. Howbeit yet protest solemnly unto them, and show them the manner of the king that shall reign over them. He will take your sons and appoint them for himself; and some shall run before his chariots. He will set them to make his

instruments of war. And he will take your daughters to be cooks and bakers. And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your olive yards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants. He will take your men-servants and your maid-servants, and your goodliest young men. He will take the tenth of your sheep; and ye shall be his servants. And ye shall cry out in that day, and the Lord will not hear you."

These thoughts made me very wretched; my only consolation was in knowing that my sons Frémel and Itzig were in America. I resolved to send Sâfel, David, and Esdras there also, when the time should come.

These reveries lasted till day-light. I heard no longer the shouts of laughter or the jokes of the ragamuffins. Now and then they would come and shake me, and say, "Go, Moses, and fill your brandy jug! The sergeant gives you leave."

But I did not wish to hear them.

About four o'clock in the morning, our arsenal cannon having dismounted the Russian howitzers on the Quatre-Vents hill, the patrols ceased.

Exactly at seven we were relieved. We went down, one by one, our muskets on our shoulders. We were ranged before the mayoralty, and Captain Vigneron gave the orders: "Carry arms! Present arms! Shoulder arms! Break ranks!"

We all dispersed, very glad to get rid of glory.

I was going to run at once to the casemates when I had laid aside my musket, to find Sorlé, Zeffen, and the children; but what was my joy at seeing little Sâfel already at our door! As soon as he saw me turn the corner, he ran to me, exclaiming: "We have all come back! We are waiting for you!"

I stooped to embrace him. At that moment Zeffen opened the window above, and showed me her little Esdras, and Sorlé stood laughing behind them. I went up quickly, blessing the Lord for having delivered us from all our troubles, and exclaiming inwardly: "The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. Let the glory of the Lord endure for ever! Let the Lord rejoice in his works!"

XIV.

It is still one of the happiest moments of my life. Scarcely had I come up the stairs when Zeffen and Sorlé were in my arms; the little ones hung around my shoulders, and I felt their lovely, full lips on my cheeks; Sâfel held my hand, and I could not say a word, but my eyes filled with tears.

Ah! if we had had Baruch with us, how happy we should have been!

At length I went to lay aside my musket, and hang my cartridge-box in the alcove. The children were laughing, and joy was in the house once more. And when I came back in my old beaver cap, and my large, warm woollen stockings, and sat down in the old arm-chair, in front of the little table set with porringers, in which Zeffen was pouring the soup; when I was again in the midst of all these happy faces, with their eyes wide-open and their little hands stretched out, I could have sung like an old lark on his branch, over the nest where his little ones were opening their beaks and flapping their wings.

I blessed them in my heart a hundred times. Sorlé, who saw in my eyes what I was thinking, said: "They are all together, Moses, just as they were yesterday; the Lord has preserved them."

"Yes, blessed be the name of the Lord, forever and ever!" I replied.

While we were at breakfast, Zeffen told me about their arrival in the large casemate at the barracks, which was full of people stretched on their mattresses in every direction—the cries of some, the fright of others, the torment from the vermin, the water dropping from the arch, the crowds of children who could not sleep, and did nothing but cry, the lamentations of five or six old men who kept calling out, "Ah! our last hour has come! Ah! how cold it is! Ah! we shall never go home—it is all over!"—

Then suddenly the deep silence of all, when they heard the cannon about ten o'clock—the reports coming slowly at first, and then in rapid succession like the roar of a tempest—the flashes, which could be seen even through the screens of the gate, and old Christine

Evig telling her beads in a loud voice as if she were in a procession, and the other women responding together.

As she told me this, Zeffen clasped her little Esdras tightly, while I held David on my knees, embracing him as I thought to myself, "Yes, my poor children, you have been through a great deal!"

Notwithstanding the joy of seeing that we were all safe, the thought of the deserter in his prison at the town-house would come to me; he too had parents! And when you think of all the trouble which a father and mother have in bringing up a child, of the nights spent in soothing his cries, of their cares when he is sick, of their hopes in seeing him growing up; and then imagine to yourself some veterans sitting around a table to try him, and coolly send him to be shot behind the bastion, it makes you shudder, especially when you say to yourself: "But for me, this boy would have been at liberty; he would be on the road to his home; he would perhaps have reached the poor old people's door, and be calling out to them, 'Open! it is I!'"

Such thoughts are enough to make one wild.

I did not dare to speak to my wife and children of the poor fellow's arrest; I kept my thoughts to myself.

Without, the detachment from La Roulette, Trois-Maisons, and La Fontaine-du-Château, passed through the street, keeping step; groups of children ran about the city to find the pieces of shells; neighbors collected to talk about the events of the night—the roofs torn off, the chimneys thrown down, the frights they had had. We heard their voices rising and falling, and their shouts of laughter. And I have since seen that it is always the same thing after a bombardment; the shower is forgotten as soon as it is over, and they exclaim: "Huzza! the enemy is gone!"

While we were there meditating, some one came up the stairs. We listened, and our sergeant, with his musket on his shoulder and his cape and gaiters covered with mud, opened the door, exclaiming: "Good for you, Father Moses! Good for you!—You distinguished yourself last night!"

"Ha! what is it, Sergeant?" asked my wife in astonishment.

"What! has he not told you of the famous thing he did, Madame Sorlé? Has he not told you that the national guard Moses, on patrol about nine o'clock at the Hospital bastion, discovered and then arrested a deserter in the very act! It is on Lieutenant Schnindret's verbal process."

"But I was not alone," I exclaimed in despair; "there were four of us."

"Bah! You discovered the track, you went down into the fosses, you carried the lantern! Father Moses, you must not try to make your good deed seem less, you are wrong. You are going to be named for corporal. The court-martial will sit to-morrow at nine. Be easy, they will take care of your man!"

Imagine, Fritz, how I looked; Sorlé, Zeffen, and the children looked at me, and I did not know what to say.

"Now I must go and change my clothes," said the sergeant, shaking my hand. "We will talk about it again, Father Moses. I always said that you would end by being a famous rabbit."

He gave a low laugh as was his custom, winking his eyes, and then went across the alley and into his room.

My wife was very pale.

"Is it true, Moses?" she asked after a minute.

"He! I did not know that he wanted to desert, Sorlé," I replied. "And then the boy ought to have looked round on all sides; he ought to have gone down on the Hospital square, gone round the dunghills, and even into the lane to see if any one was coming; he brought it on himself; I did not know any thing, I—"

But Sorlé did not let me finish.

"Run, quickly, Moses, to Burguet's!" she exclaimed; "if this man is shot, his blood will be upon our children. Make haste, do not lose a minute."

She raised her hands, and I went out, much troubled.

My only fear was that I should not find Burguet at home; fortunately, on opening his door, on the first floor of the old Cauchois house, I saw the tall barber Vésenaire shaving him, in the midst of the old books and papers which filled the room.

Burguet was sitting with the towel at his chin.

"Ah! It is you, Moses!" he exclaimed, in a glad tone. "What gives me the pleasure of a visit from you?"

"I come to ask a favor of you, Burguet."

"If it is for money," said he, "we shall have difficulty."

He laughed, and his servant-woman Marie Lorient, who heard us from the kitchen, opened the door, and thrust her red head-gear into the room, as she called out, "I think that we shall have difficulty! We owe Vézenaire for three months, shaving; do not we, Vézenaire?"

She said this very seriously, and Burguet, instead of being angry, began to laugh. I have always fancied that a man of his talents had a sort of need of such an incarnation of human stupidity to laugh at, and help his digestion. He never was willing to dismiss this Marie Lorient.

In short, while Vézenaire kept on shaving him, I gave him an account of our patrol and the arrest of the deserter; and begged him to defend the poor fellow. I told him that he alone was able to save him, and restore peace, not only to my own mind, but to Sorlé, Zeffen, and the whole family, for we were all in great distress, and trusted in him to help us.

"Ah! you take me at my weak point, Moses! If it is possible for me to save this man, I must try. But it will not be an easy matter. During the last fifteen days, desertions have begun—the court-martial wishes to make an example. It is a bad business. You have money, Moses; give Vézenaire four sous to go and take a drop."

I gave four sous to Vézenaire, who made a grand bow and went out. Burguet finished dressing himself.

"Let us go and see!" said he, taking me by the arm.

And we went down together on our way to the mayoralty.

Many years have passed since that day. Ah, well! it seems now as if we were going under the arch, and I heard Burguet saying: "Hey, Sergeant! Tell the turnkey that the prisoner's advocate is here."

Harmantier came, bowed, and opened

the door. We went down into the dungeon full of stench, and saw in the right-hand corner a figure gathered in a heap on the straw.

"Get up!" said Harmantier, "here is your advocate."

The poor wretch moved and raised himself in the darkness. Burguet leaned toward him and said: "Come! Take courage! I have come to talk with you about your defence."

And the other began to sob.

When a man has been knocked down, torn to tatters, beaten till he cannot stand, when he knows that the law is against him, that he must die without seeing his friends, he becomes as weak as a baby. Those who beat their prisoners are great villains.

"Let us see!" said Burguet. "Sit down on the side of your camp-bed. What is your name? Where did you come from? Harmantier, give this man a little water to drink and wash himself!"

"He has some, M. Burguet; he has some in the corner."

"Ah, well!"

"Compose yourself, my boy!"

The more gently he spoke, the more did the poor fellow weep. At last, however, he said that his family lived near Gérardmer, in the Vosges; that his father's name was Mathieu Belin, and that he was a fisherman at Retour-nemer.

Burguet drew every word out of his mouth; he wanted to know every particular about his father and mother, his brothers and sisters.

I remember that his father had served under the Republic, and had even been wounded at Fleurus; that his oldest brother had died in Russia; that he himself was the second son taken from home by the conscription, and that there were still at home three sisters younger than himself.

This came from him slowly; he was so enfeebled by Winter's beating, that he moved and sank down like a soulless body.

There was still another thing, Fritz, as you may think—the boy was young! and that brought to my mind the days when I used to go in two hours from Phalsburg to Marmoutier, to see Sorlé—Ah, poor wretch! As he told all this,

sobbing, with his face in his hands, my heart melted within me.

Burguet was quite overcome. When we were leaving, at the end of an hour, he said, "Come, let us be hopeful! You will be tried to-morrow.—Don't despair! Harmantier, we must give this man a cape; it is deadfully cold, especially at night. It is a bad business, my boy, but it is not hopeless. Try to appear as well as you can before the audience; the court-martial always thinks better of a man who is well-dressed."

When we were out, he said to me: "Moses, you send the man a clean shirt. His waistcoat is torn; don't forget to have him decently dressed every way; soldiers always judge of a man by his dress."

"Be easy about that," said I.

The prison doors were closed, and we went across the market.

"Now," said Burguet, "I must go in. I must think it over. It is well that the brother was left in Russia, and that the father has been in the service—it is something to make a point of."

We had reached the corner of the Rampart street; he kept on, and I went home more miserable than before.

You cannot imagine, Fritz, how troubled I was; when a man has always had a quiet conscience it is terrible to reproach one's self, and think: "If this man is shot, if his father, and mother, and sisters, and that other one, who are all expecting him yonder, are made miserable, thou, Moses, wilt be the cause of it all!"

Fortunately there was no lack of work to be done at home; Sorlé had just opened the old shop to begin to sell our brandies, and it was full of people. For eight days the keepers of ale-houses, and coffee-houses, and inns, had had nothing wherewith to fill their casks; they were on the point of shutting up shop. Imagine the crowd! They came in a row, with their jugs and little casks and pitchers. The old toppers came too, sticking out their elbows; Sorlé, Zeffen, and Sâfel had not time to serve them.

The sergeant said that we must put a policeman at our door to prevent quarrels, for some of them said that

they lost their turn, and that their money was as good as anybody's.

It will be a good many years before such a crowd will be seen again at a Phalsburg merchant's.

I had only time to tell my wife that Burguet would defend the deserter, and went down into the cellar to fill the two tuns at the counter, which were now empty.

Fifteen days after, Sorlé doubled the price; our first two pipes were sold, and this extra price did not lessen the demand.

Men always find money for brandy and tobacco, even when they have none left for bread. This is why governments impose their heaviest taxes upon these two articles; they might be heavier still without diminishing their use—only, children would starve to death.

I have seen this—I have seen this great folly in men, and I am astonished whenever I think of it.

My pleasure in money-getting had made me forget the deserter; I did not think of him again till after supper, when night set in; but I did not say a word about him; we were all so tired and so pleased with the day's profits that we did not want to be troubled with thinking of such things. But after Zeffen and the children had retired, I told Sorlé of our visit to the prisoner. I told her, too, that Burguet had hopes, which made her very happy.

About nine o'clock, by God's blessing, we were all asleep.

Blackwood's Magazine.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO I.—THE QUEEN.

THERE is something in the position of sovereign which seems to develop and call forth the qualities of a woman beyond that of any other occupation. The number of reigning women has no doubt been very limited, but it is curious to note how kindly the feminine mind takes to the trade of ruling whenever the opportunity occurs to it. It is, perhaps, the only branch of mental work in which it has attained a true and satisfactory greatness. The only queen regnant we know of who was nobody was our own placid Queen Anne. Such names as

those of Isabella of Castile, of Elizabeth, and Maria Theresa, are very illustrious examples of this fact. The historian cannot regard those princely personages with the condescending approbation which critics in every other branch of science and art extend to women. They are great monarchs, figures that stand fully out against the background of history in the boldest and most forcible lines; and that in very absolute contradiction to all conventional theories. The name at the head of this article is not a historical personage of the first eminence; but it is that of a very remarkable woman, who holds no insignificant rank in the long line of English sovereigns. The period is called the reign of George II.; but so long as her life lasted, it was Caroline who was the Queen.

The Guelph family, at least in its beginning, does not furnish us with any very interesting or dramatic group. The first Georges are historical characters only because they cannot help themselves—fate and the Protestant succession having been too many for them. They would without doubt have been more honored, more respectable, more at their ease in every way, had the prickly circle, of which the fifth Harry complained, never been placed upon their homely brows. It was no doubt a painful metamorphosis for the German "Lairdie," the obscure Elector, whom nobody expected to cope with a Grand Monarque, or take up the traditions of an imperial court, to emerge out of his jolly little uncleanly Teutonic paradise, and submit himself to the caustic inspection of Whig wits and Jacobite sneers. It was the greatest sacrifice of comfort to grandeur that has been made in modern times. These royal gentlemen have been weighed in a great many balances of late years, and the result has not been flattering to them, though it has not left them altogether without credit. We do not propose to reopen the record. The little monarch, with "his right leg well forward," and his "eyes à fleur de la tête," and the "dapper George" who succeeded him, have had more than their share of discussion. But from the year 1727 to 1737 there was another monarch in England whose name was not George—a woman not unfit to take her place

among the reigning princesses. Queen Caroline is even a greater contradiction to every ordinary theory which ordinary men frame about women, than are the other sovereigns who have proved the art of government to be one of the arts within a woman's powers. Every ideal of a good wife which has ever been conceived by man makes out the model woman to be furiously jealous and vindictive over the mere suspicion of infidelity in her husband. Has not some one said that every wife is a Queen Eleanor in her heart?—and it is not only the good woman who is subject to this infirmity. The light-minded, the careless, even the guilty, show the same ruling passion. She who sins herself is not made indulgent thereby to her partner's iniquity. It is the one fault which no woman forgives. And again, the popular imagination supposes that maternity destroys all power of discrimination in a mother. She may be wounded, injured, insulted by her children; she may see them do everything that is base and miserable; she may watch them sink into the lowest depths of degradation; but she will love and believe in them still. To these two fundamental principles of a woman's nature, there is scarce a creature in Christendom who would not seal his or her adhesion. They lie beyond or above all argument. They are proved, and over again proved every day.

Queen Caroline gives a dead contradiction to both. She was an admirable wife; but her husband made her the confidante of his *amours*, and told her about his Rosamonds, and yet she never poisoned, nor thought of poisoning, one of them. She does not even seem to have been jealous. Her historians, moved by the utter impossibility, according to all preconceived notions, of such extraordinary philosophy, pick out here and there the faint little snub bestowed upon "my good Howard," to show that in her heart this instinct of nature existed warmly enough, though in constant control. But the examples do not bear out the suggestion; for it is hard if a lady, not to say a queen, may not snub her bedchamber-woman for her pleasure without any motive. And she despised and disliked her son. We are aware that to say these words is as much as to give her cause over before every domestic tribunal. Monster! does not every

one say? Yet Caroline was no monster. She was a woman and a foreigner, and yet she was more actively and urgently Queen of England than any other except Elizabeth; she was a wife, and yet she varied the form of conjugal wickedness by almost encouraging her husband in his infidelities: she was a mother, yet gave up, despised, and opposed her son. For the first of her contradictory qualities, that of power, she sins in company with other illustrious exceptions to the common theory; but in her other faults she stands alone, or almost alone.

It is a difficult task to apologize for or explain such wonderful incongruities. They contradict at once the conclusions of experience and those certainties which are intuitive and above discussion. If a woman in fiction had been created with such failings, even had she been the highest heroine of tragedy, she would have been flouted as an impossible creature. She would be false to nature. But the real woman is very true in fact, and takes no heed about being true to nature. It is the one great advantage which fact has over invention, and the historic over every other Muse. There are no unities, no consistencies, no rule of probability, to bind the free current of real life. What a poet dare not dream of, existence produces calmly, contradicting its own laws, setting aside the very principles on which its continuance and stability are founded. But the character in which such extraordinary contradictions exist cannot be a simple or superficial one. And the office of the historical student is not to defend, notwithstanding the general rage for rehabilitation, which has changed or attempted to change so many of our landmarks, but only to record, and if possible to explain.

Caroline was born the daughter of a Duke of Anspach, one of the cluster of little German houses to which, for so many generations, we have owed our royal wives and husbands. She was brought up under the care of a princess of the house of Brunswick, the mother of Frederick the Great, and the daughter of the old Electress Sophia, of a stock to all appearance both sweeter and stronger in its feminine branches than it has ever been in its men. The first event in her life is as contradictory at

the first glance to all its future tenor, as the strange qualities which distinguished her in after life are contradictory to her womanhood. It is said that she was chosen by the King of Spain as his bride, under condition of abandoning the Protestant faith and becoming a Catholic. Such a change was (and indeed we suspect is) no such dreadful matter in the German matrimonial market, where princesses are trained to bless the world. And Caroline, far from being a bigot, or disposed to exaggerate the importance of religious distinctions, shows few symptoms of any religious conviction whatever. She refused, however, this advantageous bargain. Her faith, such as it was, seems to have been more to her than the unlucky but then splendid crown which was laid at her feet. "She could not be prevailed on to buy a crown at so dear a rate," says Bishop Burnet. Perhaps at that early period of her existence some lingerings of childish devoutness might be in the mind of the young princess; but there can have been very little piety round her, and she showed small sign of any in her after life. The real cause of her resistance probably was that her mind, though not religious, was essentially Protestant, as a great many minds are, especially in Germany. The Protestant mind still exists and flourishes, though not always in distinct connection with a Protestant faith; and is a far less conquerable thing than any system of doctrine. In such a constitution, a determined dislike to submit to authority, to bind the spirit down to obedience, or even to profess subjection in matters with which the intellect has so much to do, is infinitely stronger than the faculty of belief. Caroline, we suspect, would have been very vague in any confession of her faith; but it is easy to perceive how difficult the profession of Catholicism would be to a woman of such a character and mind.

"Her pious firmness," adds the bishop-historian, "is likely to be rewarded even in this life with a much better crown than that which she rejected."

It was to make Great Britain happy, as all the poets twittered, that the choice was made; and she married her George shortly after, and lived with him, in the most singular version of married life perhaps ever set before the world,

for more than thirty years. To judge it or her by the rules current among ourselves at the present day would be both unjust and foolish; but happily the chroniclers of the time have left us in little doubt about the manners and customs of that babbling and talkative age. It is painful to think how little of the same kind of pleasure our descendants, a hundred years hence, will get out of us. Thanks to Sir Rowland Hill (and many thanks to him), we, as a nation, write letters no more. And somehow, notwithstanding the contradiction which statistics would throw in our face did we venture on such an assertion, there do not seem to be so many of us afloat in the world nowadays as there were in the period when Horace Walpole corresponded with his friends. There is no such hum as of a crowd breathing out of the mingled mass of society where fashion and politics rival and aid each other. In the days of the great Horace the buzz filled the air; quiet people heard it miles off, counties off; now a great *bourdonnement*, filling their ears like the sound of the waves of life in the City when you stand within the silent aisles of St. Paul's, and listen—now scraps of distinct talk, like those you catch by intervals on the skirts of every assembly—now an opening of the crowd as some one comes or goes—now a gathering of the countless mass, as some pageant forms within its enclosure. We are more listless now, and speak lower, and don't enjoy it. It is a polite whisper, or it is a slow funereal drawl, the words dropping dolefully and at intervals, like signal guns, which alone reaches us out of the crowd. And somehow there don't seem so many people about; they are climbing the Alps and crossing the seas, and lecturing at Mechanics' Institutes, and writing pretty books—perhaps; or perhaps they are only of a lower vitality, and make less noise, like the good children. When our great-grandsons write our history, they will feel the difference; for the newspapers, which none of us much believe in, will probably have made themselves utterly incredible by that time, and have ceased to be referred to. Let us hope that the New Zealander will bring over with him some old packets of yellow letters written to the first colonists. In these, and in the big mails that go to

India, the budgets of news for the boys who are out in the world, lie our only hope of domestic records in the present silent age.

The court of George II., however, lies open in a full flood of light. Not only do everybody's letters contribute toward its illumination, but the curious Memoirs of Lord Hervey, unique in history, present it before us with a remorseless and impartial distinctness. To say that we know it as well as if we had lived in it, is little. We know it infinitely better. We know what everybody said when the royal doors were closed, and minister or bishop discussed the most important of national affairs with king or queen. Had we but been about Court at the moment, the extent of our observation could not have gone further than to remark how Sir Robert looked when he left the royal presence, or if Bishop Hoadley was cheerful after his audience. And it is not a pleasant spectacle. The age was not one in which man believed in man, nor in woman either, for that matter. If wits were not sharper, the tongue at least was less under restraint. And morality, as we understand it nowadays, does not seem to have had any existence. Most people behaved badly, and nobody was ashamed of it. To be sure, a great many people behave badly at all times; but, at least, the grace of concealment, of decent hypocrisy, of outward decorum, is general in the world. There was no concealment in those days. The ruling classes lived coarsely, spoke coarsely, sinned coarsely, without any illusion on the subject. The innocent and virtuous were little less indecent than the gross and wicked. Good wives, and even spotless maidens, discussed, without any pretence of shame or attempt at secrecy, the nasty adventures going on around them. The age was depraved, but it was more than depraved—it was openly unclean. And yet many notable figures circulate in this wicked and gossiping and unsavory crowd. The wickedness and unsavoryness have been largely discussed and set forth to the fullest vantage; yet there are higher matters to discuss, into which it is possible to enter without falling absolutely into the mire. It is hideous to hear the old King talking of his favorites to his wife's unoffended ears; but

the story of their life together—of her rule, of her wisdom, her extraordinary stoicism and patience, her good sense and infinite reasonableness—is a very curious, almost unique, and often most touching tale.

There is one thing to be remarked, to begin with, as a circumstance which explains much in the life of Caroline. It is only after she had attained the fullest maturity of mind that she takes her place in history. Such a hapless passionate existence as that of Mary Stuart is over and closed forever before the age at which Caroline begins to be fully apparent to us. Therefore, naturally, her virtues and her faults are both of a different kind from those which are likely to distinguish the earlier half of life. This of itself throws a certain light upon her wonderful conjugal tolerance. She was above forty when she came to the throne of Great Britain. Before a woman comes to that age she has learned much which seems impossible to youth. In a barren soil, it is true, cultivation can do but little, and there is many a woman who is as much a fool at forty as if she had still the excuse of being in her teens. But with the greater portion of reasoning creatures maturity makes a difference. It teaches patience first of all; it teaches the absolute want of perfection that exists everywhere, even in one's self. It makes the human soul aware of its incapacity to enter altogether into another, and to be possessed of its most intimate motives; and it exalts the great objects of family peace, honor, and union, of prosperity and general respect, of sober duty, above those enthusiasms of love and perfection which are natural and seemly in youth. A young woman who had been as tolerant as Caroline would have been simply a monster. But a royal soul, on the heights of middle age, having lived through all the frets and passions of youth, without becoming a whit less natural, separates itself from much that once seemed necessary to its existence. Far be it from us to say that love perishes in the growth and progress of the mind. But love changes. It demands less, it gives more. Its gifts are not always flattering to the receiver, because it is—alas!—impossible that it should always retain the fairy glamour in its eyes, and

think all excellence centred in the object of its regard. It is a favorite theory with young people, and chiefly with women, though one to which common life gives the lie daily, that when respect is gone love dies. Love, let us be thankful, is a much more hardy and vigorous principle; it survives everything—even imbecility, even baseness. Its gifts, we repeat, are not always flattering to the receiver; instead of the sweet thoughts, the sweet words, the tender caresses, and admiring enthusiasm of its earlier days, it often comes to be pity, indulgence, even endurance, which it gives; and that with a terrible desinterestedness—"all for love, and nothing for reward," with no farther expectation of the recompense without which young love breaks its heart and dies. Old Love, by long and hard training, finds out that it cannot die; it discovers that it can live on the smaller and ever smaller footing which experience leaves it. Like a drowning creature on its one span of rock, it lives and sees the remorseless tide rising round it. It survives ill-usage, hardship, injury of every kind, even—and this is a mystery and miracle, which few can understand—in some strange way it survives contempt. Men and women continue steadily—as the evidence of our own eyes and ears will tell us—to love women and men upon whom they cannot possibly look but with a certain scorn. They are disenchanted, their eyes are opened, no halo hangs any longer over the feeble or foolish head which once looked like that of a hero. His wife has to shield the man from other people's contempt, from blame, and the penalties of misdoing. She cannot, standing so near him, shield him from her own; but her love, changed, transfigured, embittered, exists and warms him still.

The only distinct incident of Caroline's youth which has escaped oblivion is that about the offered crown which she would not buy with the sacrifice of her Protestant birthright. History is silent as to her early married life, and perhaps it is as well. How she may have struggled against her fate we cannot tell; and probably it would not be an edifying tale. She came to England in 1714, a young mother with her children, and not till some years after does she even appear as a centre of society in her new country. When the

quarrel between her husband and his father broke out openly, the Princess of Wales began her individual career. The pair did what so many heirs-apparent have done—they set up their Court in avowed opposition to the elder Court, which rarely holds its own in such a struggle. In this case it had less than the usual chance. The elder Court was dull, and coarse, and wicked. It had no legitimate queen; and no charm, either of wit or beauty, recommended its feminine oracles, who were destitute of any claim on the respect of the nation, and were openly sneered and jeered at by high and low. On the other hand, the Court of “the Waleses,” to quote the familiar phraseology of the nineteenth century, was young, gay, and bright, full of pretty women, and clever men. The Princess herself was in the bloom of her age, handsome, accomplished, and agreeable. Among her attendants were some of the heroines of the time—the “fair Lepell,” the sweet Mary Bellenden, the “good Howard,” whose names are still as familiar as if they had been shining yesterday upon an admiring world. “The apartments of the bedchamber-woman in waiting,” says Walpole, “became the fashionable evening rendezvous of the most distinguished wits and beauties.” Pleasure of every kind and complexion was the occupation of this royal household. It had little influence in public affairs, and no place in the national economy. It was free to enter into all the gayeties of a private house, with all the splendor of a palace. Such a position, unofficial, unrestrained, without the curb either of filial or public duty, is more pleasant than safe in most cases. But the breach between the father and son was too desperate to give the Prince any power of mischief, so far as the affairs of the country were concerned. And he was not more depraved than it seems to have been considered his princely duty to be, as a man equal to the responsibilities of his position. He had a “favorite,” because, in the abominable code of the time, such an appendage was thought necessary; and George’s dull sense of his duty in this respect would be whimsical if it was not vile. But, strangely enough, he was all the time a man under the most perfect domestic management. And

more strange still, the woman who was his mistress gives even a prejudiced inquirer an impression of genuine *goodness*, sweetness, and truth, which it is hard to reconcile with her miserable position. For ten years a racket of pleasuring was kept up at Leicester Fields. The laughing Opposition jeered and jested, and made epigrams, and made love. The saucy maids of honor laughed at the little Prince to his face. They indulged in all kinds of obsolete merry-makings. They hated the King and his Dutch Queens, and his powerful Minister. When the old George ended, and the new George began, what a change was to be in the universe! Other laws, other policy, a different *régime*, with everybody in place who was out, and everybody out who was in, and a general reversal and delightful jumble of heaven and earth. So everybody believed, and so the Prince of Wales fully intended in his choleric soul. But master and servants alike reckoned without their Princess. While the racket went on around her, while her naughty little husband made love before her face, and his courtiers laughed in their sleeves, wise Caroline kept her bright eyes open—those eyes of which Walpole says, “that they expressed whatever she had a mind they should”—and looked on and pondered. She was “*cette diablesse la Madame Princesse*” to her charming father-in-law. She was in opposition, like the rest, naturally set against the powers that were. From her, even more than from her husband, might have been expected a desire to cross, and thwart, and run in the face of everything that had been before her. *Nous allons changer tout cela*. What other sentiment could be expected to rise in the breast of a clever and impatient woman, as she stood by for years and watched the Germans at St. James’s buying and selling, and the old King who had driven herself out of his palace, and kept her daughters as hostages, petting his favorite Minister? Could anybody doubt what her feelings must have been to the whole obnoxious group—King, Jezebels, Premier—who kept all influence out of her hands? And she was German, like all the others, and knew as little by nature what British policy ought to be. She must have sat still, impotent, and watched what they

were about, as she ruled her little Court, and led its pleasures, for ten long years. And the country, and the Prince, and the expectant statesmen, and even the Prime Minister himself, felt in their hearts, when the end came, how it must be.

It would be curious to inquire how it was that this woman knew better than all the people about her: how it was that she resisted the natural impulse of opposition, and all the temptations of vengeance and novel delights of power. There are various petty explanations suggested, as might have been expected. Sir Robert Walpole believed that it was his own cleverness in finding out from the first that her influence and not that of her rival was all-powerful with the King. Others considered it to be the direct court which his adversaries paid to Lady Suffolk. Caroline's conduct gives little warrant either to the one supposition or the other. A far more rational and obvious conclusion, as well as one infinitely greater and more worthy, would be that the spectator thus standing aside so long to watch with the keen interest of a future ruler the course of affairs, honestly perceived that the most skilful hand in the country was already at the helm, and made up her mind to sacrifice her prepossessions to the good of the empire. Not Prince Hal when he rebuked his ancient ally more startled and amazed his expectant followers than did the new King when, sulky and unwilling, he took his father's Minister to his counsels, and turned the comforters of his humiliation away. How "he as *King* came to consult those whom he never would speak to as *Prince*, and to admit no farther than the drawing-room at St James's those favorites who had ever been of the *Cabinet* at Leicester House; in short, how he came to pursue the very same measures in his own reign which he had been constantly censuring and exploding in his father's," is, Lord Hervey concludes, a wonder which everybody will be curious to know the reason of. Curiosity on this point has much decreased, no doubt, since he wrote; but it is as striking a political event as any in our modern history. And at this distance, when all the figures are rounded by time, and the far-off beholder has a chance of arriving at a more correct judgment than the spectator

who is on the spot and sees too much, the question is still interesting. George made this lame but wise conclusion as unwillingly as ever man did anything he could not help doing; and he did it because Caroline had been studying all the circumstances while he was amusing himself, and because she had the true wisdom, the supreme good sense, of putting her animosities in her pocket, and electing to do that which was best for the nation, as well as for the stability of her own family and throne.

When the news of the death of George I. reached England, the first act of the new King was exactly what was expected of him. He referred Sir Robert Walpole, who brought him the news, at once and ungraciously to Sir Spencer Compton, who had been his treasurer as Prince, and acknowledged partisan. Sir Robert accepted the decision as the most likely and natural one. "It is what I, as well as the rest of the world, expected would be whenever this accident happened," he said, according to Lord Hervey's report, to the new authority. "My time has been: yours is beginning." Then there came an awful pause of fate. England, which needed wary steering in those days, found herself suddenly for a breathless moment in the hands of George and Sir Spencer Compton. There is a certain grim fun in the situation, as of a couple of astounded pigmies left suddenly all at once to do a giant's work. Perhaps the King, had he been his own man, and not under lawful rule and governance, would have had courage to try it; and for a moment the crowding spectators who came to kiss hands, and those who made Leicester Fields ring with the sound of their applauses, expected it was to be so. But the second of the dwarfs was not so brave as his master. Either the joy of the triumph or the fear of responsibility overwhelmed the poor man. He had a speech to make for the King, and making King's speeches was not his *métier*.

He turned abject and dismayed to the dismissed Minister, who had just asked and received the promise of his protection. He begged like a schoolboy over his verses that Sir Robert would do it for him this time, till he got into the way of it. It was pure imbecility, or fate; for, as Lord Hervey remarks, "if

this precedent-monger had only turned to the old *Gazettes* published at the beginning of former reigns, he might have copied full as good a declaration from these records as any Sir Robert Walpole could give him." Such acts of folly mark the difference between the man who can and him who cannot. Sir Robert, no doubt, smiled as he retired into a room by himself, to do his rival's work. He had promised not to tell, "even to the people in the next room;" but when the new Minister had taken the speech in his own handwriting to the King, a discussion arose about it, in which again Sir Spencer appealed to his predecessor. Queen Caroline, we are told,* "a better judge than her husband of the capacities of the two men, who had silently watched for a proper moment to overturn the new designations, did not lose a moment in observing to the King how prejudicial it would be to his affairs to prefer a man in whose own judgment his predecessor was the fittest person to execute the office." She had already given a public proof that with her the late holders of office were not disgraced. On the very day after the accession, when "all the nobility and gentry in town crowded to kiss hands;" when the "common face of a Court was quite reversed," and "there was not a creature in office who had not the most sorrowful and dejected countenance of distress and disappointment," Caroline was the only woman in that servile crowd who took any notice of Lady Walpole—the wife of the Minister, whose "late devotees" kept her with "scornful backs and elbows" from approaching the royal presence; "but no sooner was she descried by her Majesty," writes her son, with natural triumph, "than the Queen cried aloud, 'There, I am sure I see a friend!'" An inferior mind might well have taken that little bit of vengeance on the former Court which had expelled and tabooed herself. But Caroline was either altogether superior to the temptation, or too wise, even in the first moment of triumph, to avail herself of it. All the elaborate machinery by which she ruled was already in operation to keep the tried and trusty public servant who had already managed the country for so

long, and knew its wants so well, at the head of affairs. She had the penetration to see that there was the friend and defender of whom her family stood in need.

It would be vain to attempt to say that the means by which Caroline procured her will were of the most dignified kind. They were such means as we see continually employed in private life, when a clever and sensible woman is linked (unfortunately not a very uncommon circumstance) to an ill-tempered, headstrong, and shallow man. They are means to which a pure and elevated mind would find it very hard, even impossible to stoop; but there can be little doubt that by their partial use many a family has been kept united and prosperous, and many a commonplace personage carried through the world with something like honor and credit, whose affairs would have fallen into hopeless loss and ruin had his wife suffered the natural disgust and impatience of a superior mind to move or be apparent in her. Queen Caroline, perhaps, as her stake was greater than most, carried those means of power to such a perfection as few have been able to reach.

"The Queen, by long studying and long experience of his temper," says Lord Henry, "knew how to instil her own sentiments, while she affected to receive his Majesty's. She could appear convinced while she was controverting, and obedient while she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion, and binding his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private."

Her labors were unremitting at this grand crisis of fate. And if it be remembered how very ticklish the position was, the immense importance at once to her family and to the country of an agent so judicious and unexcitable can scarcely be overcalculated. A young dispossessed legitimate heir was growing up with all those circumstances in his favor which naturally

* Horace Walpole's Reminiscences.

attend a new life. The old Pretender might have committed himself to many follies—the young Pretender was as yet unstained by any independent act. It might become at any moment the policy of one of the great Continental powers to take up the boy's cause, as indeed they were all well enough inclined to do. He had still a party in England, strong in rank, if not in much else, and a yet stronger in Scotland. The newly-imported German family, which scarcely pretended to love or sympathize with its new subjects, was totally unbeloved by them. Mere policy, and nothing else, an act of national necessity, desperation so to speak, had brought them over. They had neither traditional loyalty nor personal affection in their favor, nor the powers of mind, or even attraction of manners and appearance which win popularity. Caroline was as far sensible of this as any individual can be expected to be sensible of the disadvantages of her own immediate family. Though her life abounds in similar situations, there are none more expressive of the mingled tragedy and comedy, the curious junction of the greatest and pettiest interests, than this first scene in her life as queen. It is ludicrous, yet, if one but thinks what is involved, it becomes solemn. There is the little King strutting and storming, "losing no opportunity to declare that the Queen never meddled with his business," and strong in the notion of inaugurating a new *régime*; and the faltering unprepared new Minister who stammers, and hesitates, and turns to his rival and predecessor for instruction what to do; and burly Sir Robert standing by, not without a humorous twinkle in his eye, aware that his own interests, as well as those of the country, are at stake, yet not quite able to resist the comic features of the scene; and Caroline behind, cautiously pulling the strings that move her royal puppet, anxiously watching the changes of his temper and his countenance. Not a noble method of managing imperial business; yet without it a deadlock must have ensued, and the business could not have been managed at all.

George had formed a very different idea, as Lord Hervey informs us, of his royal duties.

"His design at his first accession to the throne was certainly, as Boileau says of Louis XIV.,

*Seul, sans ministre, à l'exemple des Dieux,
Faire tout par sa main, et voir tout de ses yeux.*

"He intended to have all his ministers in the nature of clerks, not to give advice, but to receive orders; and proposed what by experiment he found impracticable, to receive applications and distribute favors through no principal channels, but to hear from all quarters, and employ indifferently in their several callings those who by their stations would come under the denomination of ministers. But it was very plain from what I have just related from the King's own lips, as well as from many other circumstances in his present conduct, that the Queen had subverted all his notions and schemes, and fully possessed his Majesty with an opinion that it was absolutely necessary, from the nature of the English government, that he should have but one Minister, and that it was equally necessary, from Sir Robert's superior abilities, that he should be that one. But this work which she now (1733, five years after the accession) saw complete, had been the work of long time, much trouble, and great contrivance; for though, by a superiority of understanding, thorough knowledge of his temper, and much patience in her own, she could work him by degrees to any point where she had a mind to drive him, yet she was forced to do it often by slow degrees, and with great caution; for as he was infinitely jealous of being governed, he was never to be led but by invisible reins; neither was it ever possible for her to make him adopt her opinion but by instilling her sentiments in such a manner as made him think they rose originally from himself. She always at first gave in to all his notions, though never so extravagant, and made him imagine any change she wrought in them to be an afterthought of his own. To contradict his will directly was always the way to strengthen it; and to labor to convince was to confirm him. Besides all this he was excessively passionate, and his temper upon these occasions was a sort of iron reversed; for the hotter it was, the harder it was to bend, and if ever it was susceptible of any impression or capable of being turned, it was only when it was quite cool."

"The Queen's power was unrivalled and unbounded," Lord Hervey says at another period; and he adds, "How dearly she earned it will be the subject of future consideration in these papers." It is, indeed, the chief subject of his remarkable Memoirs, in which Caroline appears in all the intimacy of private friendship, enhanced as it is by

the absolute want of privacy that attends a royal existence. The position, as we have said, is in many respects undignified. The real rulers of the kingdom, herself and Sir Robert Walpole, have to meet each other in long secret consultations, like two conspirators. The highest designs of State, when they have been decided on between the two, have to be artfully filtered into the intelligence of the King. He has to be prepared, screwed up and down to one pitch or another, tempered to the necessary heat or coolness; they watch him with the most minute and anxious scrutiny—they propitiate him with little flatteries, with compliances and indulgences, which, as from the Queen at least, are at once unseemly and unnatural—they attend upon his humor with a servile obsequiousness that is simply bewildering. His naughty temper, his nasty ways, his wicked little tongue, are endured with steady patience. Worst of all, perhaps, poor Caroline has to submit to his company, seven or eight hours of it every day, which is evidently the greatest infliction she has to bear. The picture is miserable, dreadful, whimsical, absurd, and touching. For at the worst, when all is said, these two who have lived together so long, who have their children round them, who are not of different countries to make the manners of one repulsive to the other—two Germans, bred in the same ideas, in the same small Courts, who have come to this wonderful preferment together—must have, all errors notwithstanding, lived in such a union as few people ever attain to—a union which seems characteristic of the House of Hanover. No doubt, when it is the weakness of the woman which leans upon the man, the picture is more consistent with the arrangements of society, and more beautiful to behold as a matter of æsthetics. But when a strong, calm, enduring woman, unimpassioned yet tender, backs steadily with all her strength, all her life, the weak, unstable, and uncertain man, who, with all his imperfections, is her husband, it would be hard to refuse a certain admiration at the sight. His sacred Majesty was an intolerable little monster in many respects, yet for more than thirty years they clung to each

other, shared each other's good and evil fortunes, were cast into the shade together, and together burst into power; discussed every public matter, every domestic incident, every inclination, wicked or otherwise, in that grand committee of two which is, wherever it is to be found, the great consolation and strength of life. If the King brought little wisdom to this council, he yet brought himself, a malleable and shapeable being. The heart of the spectator melts to him a little as it becomes evident how very shapeable he was. The royal George was clay in the hands of the potter. He "strutted" out of doors; he strutted even and snubbed his wife when there was only Lord Hervey and some poor tedious German dependant looking on. But he never forsook her, or resisted the inevitable moulding which took place when they were alone. The extent of his "strutting" seems to have been extraordinary. He grew at once facetious and historical in his certainty of being master. In other reigns, he informed his courtiers, it had been otherwise. Charles I. had been governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses; King William by his men—and Queen Anne by her women—favorites; his own father by anybody who could get at him. Then, "with a significant satisfied triumphant air," the ridiculous little monarch turned to his auditors, "And who do they say governs now?" he said, swelling with royal pride and content. One can imagine how my lords bowed, and how the muscles twitched about their courtly mouths. But neither within doors nor without was there any echo of his Majesty's complacency. There are moments in our own time when the newspapers are impertinent, and "Punch" ventures on a joke which is a little less than loyal. But speech was very free in the middle of the eighteenth century.

"You may strut, dapper George, but 'twill all be in vain;

We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you, who reigns,"

sang boisterously the popular muse. It was the terror of her life that he should find out that he was ruled; it was the delight of his that he was unquestionably lord and master of all.

Sir Robert Walpole's authority, thus

once established, lasted five years longer than the life of his royal mistress. The politics of the time, involved as they are with foreign affairs to an extent which seems strange in these days of non-intervention—though indeed non-intervention had already taken shape, and was a principle to which Walpole clung with much tenacity—are too elaborate to be here discussed. The greatest of all matters to England at the moment was the steady continuance of things as they were, and settlement of the new dynasty, with at least such additional power as the habit of seeing them there could give, on the throne. The country had no love to give them; but so long as it had no positive offence—so long as it was kept content, and things went on to the moderate satisfaction of the people—every day that passed safely over the heads of the new monarchs was an advantage to them. Nothing is more curious than the account of the relations between the Court, the Cabinet, and the Houses of Parliament, which is incidentally given in this narrative. Everything that was done in the country was done by Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole, in private committee assembled. The complaisant Cabinet adopted their resolutions, signed their letters, and did whatever it was told to do. The Parliament, if not always so obedient, did its spitting very gently; and when a majority was not to be had otherwise, there were always means of getting it, according to the method adopted on the Prince of Wales's rebellious demand for more money. That majority cost the King only £900, Lord Hervey tells us; and it is evident that everybody thought it a great bargain. But the country out-of-doors made itself audible and visible now and then, as in the commotion about the Excise Bill, and in that marvellous mob-episode, the Porteous Riot in Edinburgh. The one was a constitutional, the other an unconstitutional outbreak; but in both cases the people had their way, and the Court had to put up with the affront. On the whole, there seems to have been some resemblance between the blustering King and his people at this period. They were both given to illegitimate pleasures; they were both very foolish, hot-headed, and obstinate. Both of them would pull up short at a bit of a

measure which a little while afterward they would swallow whole without the least reluctance. Sir Robert managed the nation much as Caroline managed her husband. He gave in, or appeared to give in, to it by times. Then after the many-headed mass had forgotten a little, he would come back to his abandoned measure, and get it over easily. His was light work, however, in comparison with the unceasing diplomacy and weary unending strain which was made on the Queen's strength by her master. She had seven or eight hours of him every day. She had to keep on her mask, and never to forget herself or her object in her most private moments. Such martyrs there are in ordinary life, whom nobody suspects. And there are some scenes in the Queen's history, trivial and miserable and exasperating, which most people have seen reflected in little episodes of domestic history in households much less exalted than those of kings and queens.

There are several other particulars equally noticeable. We do not speak of the general coarseness of talk, though that seems to have been universal; and indeed the fact of its being universal takes to some extent the meaning out of it. It was an odious fashion, but it was a fashion. The sweet Mary Bellenden, whom Horace Walpole describes as a perfect creature, talks in her friendly letters to Lady Suffolk as we presume women of the very lowest class, short of infamy, would be ashamed to talk now—and does it as a fast girl of the present day talks slang, from mere thoughtlessness apparently, and high spirits. We remember once to have walked for five minutes down a street in Glasgow behind a group of merry mill-girls, with bare feet and *coiffures* as elaborate as if each had employed a separate *artiste*; and their talk, which, after an interval of twenty years, still haunts the horrified ear, resembled the choice phrases with which Horace Walpole's "perfect creature" sprinkles her familiar epistles. Yet she was a woman against whom scandal had not a word to say. It would be in vain, then, to expect from Queen Caroline and her Court the purity of tone which prevails in our own; nor have we any right to blame individuals for what was at once a fault and fashion

of the age. We have no intention or desire to enter into that fossil nastiness. Thank heaven! the *mode* has changed.

But it is curious also to contrast the impartial attitude so strenuously maintained by the Sovereign in our own day with the complete absorption in politics and the cares of government which distinguishes Queen Caroline, and, in a lesser degree, her husband. It was her vocation—the work of her life. She enters into every detail as if she were a Lord of the Treasury. Probably no Lord of the Treasury nowadays gives himself up so entirely to the work of ruling. Nor was there any public pretence of constitutional indifference. The Ministerial party is called the Court party without disguise; the Opposition are his Majesty's enemies. And when anything goes wrong, an insubordinate Secretary or disappointed Chamberlain does not hesitate to give the Queen a bit of his mind. Fancy Lord Carnarvon or General Peel, when circumstances went against them, rushing into the presence of our liege Lady, and making speeches to her of a dozen pages, to the effect that she is deceived in her trust, that her Prime Minister is a rogue, and that she will repent in the end! Such was the mission of Lord Stair on occasion of the famous Excise Bill, on which Sir Robert Walpole was defeated by the country in one of its wild, and to all appearance unreasonable, epidemics of resistance. The whole transaction is sufficiently interesting, if it can be got into our limited space, to be told in full.

The scheme itself was simple enough. It was an expedient to diminish the land-tax, which in the time of war had been as high as four shillings in the pound, by an excise duty upon tobacco and wine which, along with the salt duty, was to balance the subtraction of a shilling in the pound from the tax on land; and Sir Robert, we are told by Lord Hervey, expected nothing but increased popularity from the proposal. Instead of this it set the country in a blaze. "Everybody talked of the scheme as a general excise; they believed that food and raiment, and all the necessities of life, were to be taxed; that armies of excise-officers were to come into every house, and at any time they pleased; that our liberties were at an end, trade going

to be ruined, Magna Charta overturned, all property destroyed, the Crown made absolute, and Parliament themselves no longer necessary to be called." To aid this hubbub, a small party of lords, all in office, sent a messenger in the person of Lord Stair to remonstrate with the Queen. He informed her Majesty that her Prime Minister was more universally odious than any minister in any country had ever been; that he was hated by the army, hated by the clergy, hated by the *city of London*, and hated by the Scotch to a man (the speaker himself, and half of the party he represented being Scots lords).

"That he absolutely governs your Majesty, nobody doubts," said this astute and amiable messenger; and he proceeded to inform Caroline that the scheme was so wicked, so dishonest, and so slavish, that his conscience would not permit him to vote for it. The Queen had listened to him calmly up to this point, but here her patience failed. "When Lord Stair talked of his conscience with such solemnity, she cried out, 'Ah, my lord, *ne me parlez point de conscience; vous me faites évanouir!*' " Such was the way in which deputations conducted themselves, and were received, in those days. When her visitor, however, went on to say that the profligacy of mankind could not be so great as that the House of Commons should pass a bill so opposite to the interests of their constituents, and so opposed to their wishes, Caroline answered with the following sharp retort:

"Do you, my Lord," she asks, with a certain fine scorn, "pretend to talk of the opinion of the electors having any influence on the elected? You have made so very free with me in this conference, my lord, that I hope you will think I am entitled to speak my mind with as little reserve to you. . . . I must, therefore, once more, ask you, my lord, how you can have the assurance to talk to me of your thinking the sense of constituents, their interest or their instructions, any measure or rule for the conduct of their representatives in Parliament; or if you believe I am so ignorant or so forgetful of all past proceedings in Parliament as not to know that in the only occasion when these considerations should have biased you, you set them all at naught? Remember the Peerage Bill, my lord. Who then betrayed the interests of their constituents? Who deprived their constituents of all chance of ever taking their

turn with those whom they then sent to Parliament? The English lords in passing that bill were only guilty of tyranny, but every Scotch lord was guilty of the last treachery; and whether you were one of the sixteen traitors, your own memory, I believe, will serve to tell you without the assistance of mine."

This stormy interview concluded with the exit of Lord Stair in "a violent passion," exclaiming, "*Madame, vous êtes trompée, et le Roi est trahi!*"

The King was occupied, one does not know how, while this was going on—eating bread and honey, perhaps—while the Queen was in her parlor with this passionate peer. But he was roused to interest when the kingdom began to heave and give forth volcanic groans. On the night of the debate, "justices of the peace, constables, and civil magistrates, were all astir to preserve the public peace; secret orders were given to the Horse and Foot Guards to be in readiness at a moment's warning." And "the mob came down to Westminster," crowding the lobby and the surrounding precincts, as we have seen it do in our own day. Notwithstanding all this commotion, the Bill was passed by a majority of sixty-one. Lord Hervey had to send word from the House how things were going, to satisfy the anxious couple at the Palace; and when he got back to St. James's "was carried by the King into the Queen's bedchamber, and there kept without dinner (poor Chamberlain!) till near three in the morning, asking him ten thousand questions, relating not only to people's words and actions, but even to their looks."

Notwithstanding the majority, however, the Bill was finally given up, after various other incidents which we cannot enter into. The anxiety of the whole "Court party" seems to have been intense. Sir Robert Walpole offered his resignation, or rather, as it seems, suggested to their Majesties that perhaps it would be proper that he should resign. "The Queen chid him extremely for having so ill an opinion of her, as to think it possible for her to be so mean, so cowardly, and so ungrateful as to accept of such an offer; and assured him that as long as she lived she would not abandon him. When Sir Robert made the same offer to the King, his Majesty

(as the Queen told me) made the most kingly, the most sensible, and the most resolute answer that it was possible for a wise, a just, and a great Prince to make to the most able and the most meritorious servant. But whether she dictated the words before he spoke them or embellished them afterwards," says the sceptical Hervey, never very enthusiastic about his royal master, "I know not." She had been "weeping plentifully" when her faithful attendant and chronicler went up to the drawing-room. One wonders if Queens and Ministers, not to speak of Kings, are as much moved at the present day when a favorite measure has to be abandoned. "The King walked about the room in great anger and disorder," and ordered poor Lord Hervey to send bulletins from the House. Sir Robert "stood some time after the House was up leaning against the table, with his hat over his eyes, and some few friends with melancholy countenances round him." The Queen, when she said, "It is over, we must give way," had the tears running down her cheeks. It is strange to hear of so much emotion all about an abortive measure which, in its own essence, was not of fundamental importance, and which came to nothing. Sir Robert was very near paying for it dearly from the insults and assaults of the mob. To show, however, the latent fire always ready to burst forth which existed in the country, it may be added that in the rejoicings made at Oxford over the defeat of Ministers, the health of James III. was publicly drunk. This was a very gaseous and harmless sort of treason, as we know now; but it looked dangerous and alarming enough then.

During the ten years of Caroline's reign, her lord made repeated visits to Hanover, during which intervals she was Queen Regent, and was at liberty to act in her own person without the trouble of influencing him. He wrote to her constantly during these absences—letters of forty or fifty pages each, Lord Hervey says; a long and close journal of all his proceedings, even of such proceedings as were unfit to be reported to any woman's ear, much less to his wife's. It was pretty Fanny's way, and there was apparently

nothing to be done but to give in to it. We repeat, a high-spirited and pure-minded woman could not have given into it; which, perhaps, only means, however, that no one could have done so who had lived into the nineteenth century and thought as we did. But Caroline was of the eighteenth century, and she did not think as we do. A mistress more or less did not matter in these days; it seemed to have been a thing taken for granted. And the Queen was a queen as much as she was a wife. She had come to her natural occupation when she ascended the new yet old throne upon which necessity and Protestantism had placed her race. She was necessary to the country—at least as much as any human creature can be said to be necessary to a world which, when they are removed, always finds it can get on reasonably well without them. The price of her high position, her unbounded influence, her reign, in short—for reign it was—was her continuance of the unswerving indulgence and support which she had always given to the King. She had borne Lady Suffolk very quietly. Nothing can be more visionary than the instances of trifling spite which she is alleged to have shown to that mild woman. Without doubt her own favorite, Mrs. Clayton, could have produced parallel passages had anybody taken the trouble to look them up. She seems, on the contrary, to have been very good to her “good Howard,” and remonstrated with her on her leaving Court, bidding her to recollect that she, like her Majesty’s self, was no longer young, and that she must learn philosophy, and not to resent the failure of her royal lover’s attention, of which she had complained—an almost incredible conversation to take place between the man’s wife and his “favorite,” yet true. “The Queen was both glad and sorry” (of Lady Suffolk’s retirement), says Lord Hervey. “Her pride was glad to have even this ghost of a rival removed; and she was *sorry to have so much more of her husband’s time thrown on her hands*, when she had already enough to make her often feel heartily weary of his company.” This is the point of view which seems to have struck the Princess Royal, who, with the frankness of the period, has also her

word to say about the domestic incident. “I wish with all my heart,” said this young lady, “that he would take somebody else, that mamma might be a little relieved from the *ennui* of seeing him always in her room.” Few people perhaps would venture upon the same boldness of suggestion, but yet we do not doubt there is something in poor Queen Caroline’s dismay in having more than her share of her husband’s company which will go to the hearts of many sympathetic women who know what it is. We may here quote a few instances of what the poor lady had to bear.

It was on his second visit to Hanover that George fixed his affections on Madame Walmoden, afterwards created by him Countess of Yarmouth. He had nobody to interfere with him in his nasty little Paradise; no Queen, no Minister to disturb his leisure with their projects, no house of Commons to worry him with doubtful majorities; and he enjoyed himself, it is evident, in his own refined way. He was very reluctant to return out of that Armida’s garden to the realities of life in England. His people, such as they were, were fond of him in Hanover; his Ministers were obsequious, and he was free to take his pleasure according to his fancy. When he left that Eden it was under the promise of returning some months later, a promise which he was careful to keep; and he came home possessed of such a demon of ill-temper as made the lives of the unfortunate inhabitants of St. James’s a burden to them. Nothing English pleased the King. “No English or even French cook could dress a dinner; no English confectioner set out a dessert; no English player could act; no English coachman could drive, or English jockey ride; no Englishman knew how to come into a room, nor any Englishwoman how to dress herself. Whereas at Hanover all these things were in the utmost perfection.” He came into his splendid banishment like an east wind, biting and blighting everything; everything he saw was wrong. The Queen had caused some bad pictures to be removed out of the great drawing-room at Kensington and replaced them with good ones—an arrangement which his Majesty immediately countermanded; he snapped at his

Ministers for going into the country "to torment a poor fox that was generally a much better beast than any of them that pursued him;" he behaved to his wife with the coarsest and most invariable ill-temper, and generally made himself disagreeable to everybody.

"One evening among the rest, as soon as Lord Hervey came into the room, the Queen, who was knotting while the King walked backwards and forwards, began jocosely to attack Lord Hervey upon an answer just published to a book of his friend Bishop Hoadley's upon the Sacrament, in which the Bishop was very ill-treated; but before she had uttered half what she had a mind to say, the King interrupted her, and told her she always loved talking of such nonsense, and things she knew nothing about; adding, that if it were not for such foolish people loving to talk of those things when they were written, the fools who wrote upon them would never think of publishing their nonsense and disturbing the Government with impertinent disputes that nobody of any sense ever troubled himself about. The Queen bowed, and said, 'Sir, I only did it to let Lord Hervey know that his friend's book had not met with that general approbation he had intended.' 'A pretty fellow for a friend!' said the King, turning to Lord Hervey. 'Pray what is it that charms you in him? His pretty limping gait (and then the King acted the Bishop's lameness) or his nasty stinking breath—phaugh! or his silly laugh when he grins in your face for nothing, and shows his nasty rotten teeth?'—(and so on for a couple of pages.) . . .

"Lord Hervey, in order to turn the conversation, told the King that he had that day been with a bishop of a very different stamp. . . . who had carried us to Westminster Abbey to show us a pair of old brass gates to Henry VII.'s Chapel. . . . Whilst Lord Hervey was going on with a particular detail and encomium on these gates—the Queen asking many questions about them, and seeming extremely pleased with the description—the King stopped the conversation short by saying, 'My lord, you are always putting some of these fine things in the Queen's head, and then I am to be plagued with a hundred plans and workmen.' Then turning to the Queen, he said, 'I suppose I shall see a pair of these gates to Merlin's Cave to complete your nonsense there' (this Merlin's Cave was a little building so christened, which the Queen had lately finished at Richmond). . . . 'Apropos,' said the Queen, 'I hear the *Craftsman** has

abused Merlin's Cave.' 'I am very glad of it,' interrupted the King; 'you deserve to be abused for such childish silly stuff, and it is the first time I ever knew the scoundrel to be in the right.'

"This the Queen swallowed too, and began to talk on something else, till the conversation, I know not by what transition, fell on the ridiculous expense it was to people, by the money given to servants, to go and stay two or three days with their acquaintance in the country; upon which the Queen said she had found it a pretty large expense this summer, to visit her friends even in town. 'That is your own fault,' said the King; 'for my father, when he went to people's houses in town, never was fool enough to be giving away his money;' The Queen pleaded for her excuse that she had only done what Lord Grantham had told her she was to do; to which his Majesty replied that my Lord Grantham was a pretty director; that she was always asking some fool or other what she was to do and that none but a fool would ask another fool's advice. The Queen then appealed to Lord Hervey, whether it was not now as customary to give money in town as in country. *He knew it was not, but said it was.* He added, too, that to be sure, were it not so for particulars (private persons), it would certainly be expected from her Majesty. To which the King said, 'Then she may stay at home as I do. You do not see me running into every puppy's house to see his new chairs and stools; nor is it for you,' said he, addressing himself to the Queen, 'to be running your nose everywhere, and trotting about the town to every fellow that will give you some bread and butter, like an old girl that loves to go abroad, no matter where, or whether it be proper or no.' The Queen colored and knotted a good deal faster during this speech than she had done before, whilst the tears came into her eyes, but she said not one word. Lord Hervey (who cared not whether he provoked the King's wrath himself or not, provided he could have the merit to the Queen of diverting his Majesty's ill-humor from her) said to the King, that as the Queen loved pictures, there was no way of seeing a collection but by going to people's houses. 'And what matter whether she saw a collection or not?' replied the King. 'The matter, sir, is that she satisfies her own curiosity, and obliges the people whose houses she honors with her presence.' 'Supposing,' said the King, 'she had a curiosity to see a tavern, would it be fit for her to satisfy it? and yet the innkeeper would be very glad to see her.' 'If the innkeepers,' replied Lord Hervey, 'were used to be well received by her Majesty in her place, I should think the Queen's seeing them at their own houses would give no additional scandal.' The King then, instead of answering Lord

* The Opposition newspaper, in which King, Queen, and Minister were very roughly handled.

Hervey, turned to the Queen and with a good deal of vehemence, poured out an unintelligible torrent of German, to which the Queen made not one word of reply, but knotted on till she tangled her thread, then snuffed the candles that stood on the table before her, and snuffed one of them out; upon which the King, in English, began a new dissertation upon her Majesty, and took her awkwardness for his text."

Perhaps the reader may some time in his life have assisted at a similar scene. One can imagine the furious feeble little man strutting and raging about the room, twisting every new subject, painfully started in the hope of diverting his ill-humor, into a new channel for its outlet. And the Queen, at her table by the light of her candles, anxiously talkative at first, then silent, knotting ever faster and faster, with trembling hands and tangling thread; and the courtier standing by grieved for her, yet half amused in his own person, ready to tell any fib, or make any diversion of the master's wrath upon his own head—knowing it was not, but saying it was, and telling us so with a beautiful candor. It was for want of Herrenhausen and his German enchantress that the wicked little monarch was so cross. On other occasions, he would take up one of his wife's candles as she knotted, and show Lord Hervey the pictures of his Dutch delights, which with characteristic good taste he had had painted and hung in Caroline's sitting-room, dwelling upon the jovial incident which was the subject of each with mingled enthusiasm and regret. He had vowed to go back to his love in May, and all the winter was spent in those sweet recollections and fits of temper. Nor was this all the poor Queen had to bear. Her Minister assured her coarsely and calmly that nothing was more natural; that she was herself old and past the age of pleasing; and that, in fact, there was nothing else to be looked for. He had the incredible audacity to propose to her, at the same time, that she should send for a certain Lady Tankerville, "a handsome, good-natured, simple woman," to make a balance on the side of England to the attractions at Hanover. We are not told that Lady Tankerville, whose recommendation was that she would be "a safe fool," had done anything to warrant the Minister's

selection of her. Caroline laughed, Sir Robert said, "and took the proposal extremely well." But her laugh, Lord Hervey wisely remarks, was no sign of her satisfaction with so presumptuous and injurious an address.

Lord Hervey throughout the whole seems to have been her chief support and consolation. He was with her constantly, spent the mornings with her, brought her all the news of the town, the Parliament, and what people were saying. When the Court went hunting, which was a very common ceremony, Lord Hervey, not the kind of man to care for that simple excitement, rode on a hunter she had given him by the side of the Queen's chaise; and while the noisy crowd flew past them the two discussed every movement in the country—every project of State,—every measure projected or proposed for the rule of England, as well as the involved and tangled web of wars and negotiations abroad. There is an amusing little sketch, included in the *Memoirs*, written by Lord Hervey for the amusement of his royal mistress, and setting forth, under a dramatic form, the manner in which the news of his death would be received by the Court, which gives, perhaps, a more distinct view of that curious royal interior than anything else which has come to our hands.

THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

A SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

As an embellishment to this number of the *ECLECTIC*, we present to our readers an accurate and admirable portrait of an eminent nobleman and peer of England. He has long been well and widely known for his distinguished course of life in the civil and military service of the English crown. The portrait has been engraved for our present number from a photograph from life. In the calm dignity of his position as seen in the engraving, the Earl may be regarded as resting upon his honors, after a long life of eminent usefulness in the public service. A brief biographical sketch in outline will add interest to the portrait.

The Earl of Albemarle has descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, whose heroic deeds have adorned the

historic annals of the past. Their descent was from one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Guelderland. The remote ancestors appear to have been Knights of Jerusalem so far back as the year 1101. The founder of the family was Walter Van Keppel, Lord of Keppel, a town on the left bank of the river Yssel in Holland. He founded a monastery at Bethlehem, and lived about the year 1179. A long ancestry of Lord Keppel occurred before their naturalization as British subjects. The family of Keppel always bore a prominent part in the deliberations of the Assembly of Nobles from the earliest formation of the Netherlands into a republic. One of the Lords of Keppel accompanied the Prince of Orange to England in 1688, and soon after the accession of his royal master to the British throne under the title of William the Third, was created Baron Ashford, Viscount Bury, and Earl of Albemarle, which is the origin of the family titles. This nobleman was one of the Dutch favorites against whom the English in those days used to inveigh. Of all the King's followers Albemarle possessed the strongest hold on his affections. After this period the annals of England are enriched by the deeds of this noble family in the public service. In 1712 the then Lord of Albemarle was despatched by the Duke of Marlborough with thirty battalions against Arras, which he reduced to a heap of ashes by a most terrible cannonade and bombardment of the place. Lord Albemarle's pleasing manners procured for him many complimentary embassies. On the death of Queen Anne he was sent by the States-General to congratulate George the First upon his accession to the throne. That same year he attended Caroline, Princess of Wales, from Hanover to Rotterdam; and in 1717 he was nominated by the Nobles of Holland to compliment the Czar Peter on his arrival in Amsterdam. A son of Lord Albemarle was appointed colonel of the third troop of Horse Guards and governor of Virginia. A son of the second Earl of Albemarle entered the British navy in early life, and in due time became an admiral, and was offered the command of the British fleet to put down the rebellion of the American colonists in their struggle for independence; which, greatly to his honor

of head and heart, he declined, from sympathy with the colonists—as we learned from the lips of the present Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, commander of her Majesty's fleet on the coast of China, who was our fellow-passenger to Egypt last year, as well as other interesting facts in this connection, which we must omit for want of space. This brief glance at the history of this noble family can hardly fail to interest the reader.

In regard to the subject of this brief notice, we find, in the annals of the British Peerage, that George Thomas Keppel, the fifth Earl of Albemarle, Viscount Bury and Baron of Ashford—a major-general in the British army, *F.A.S.* and *P.G.S.*, was born June 13, 1799. He was educated at the celebrated Westminster School, and, on completing his studies, went at once to join the 14th regiment of the British army in Flanders, and was present at the great battle and decisive victory of Waterloo. He was engaged in the public service for several years in the Mediterranean, chiefly in the Ionian Islands. For two years he was in the Mauritius as aide-de-camp to the governor. In 1821–23, he served in India as aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Hastings, who was both commander-in-chief and governor-general in that country. In 1824, Major-General Keppel made the journey from India to England, of which, in 1827, he published an interesting account. We copy the title-page: "Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to England, by Bussorah, Bagdad, the Ruins of Babylon, Kurdistan, the Court of Persia, the Western Shore of the Caspian Sea, Astrakhan, Nijnii-Novgorod, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. By Captain the Hon. George Keppel. In two vols." We must beg to quote one paragraph as a specimen. He had been describing the ruins of Babylon. He says: "It has been supposed that many curious trees are to be found on the site of the Hanging gardens. This is not the case. There is not but one, and that is in the most elevated spot. It is a kind of cedar. One-half of the trunk is standing, and is about five feet in circumference. Though the body is decayed, the branches are still green and healthy, and droop like those of the willow. With the exception of one at Bus-

sorah, there is no tree like it throughout Great Arabia. The Arabs call it Athete. Our guide said that this tree was left in the hanging gardens for the purpose of enabling Ali to tie his horse to it after the battle of Hilleh. Not far from this tree we saw indications of a statue. We set our men to work, and in two hours found a colossal piece of sculpture in black marble, representing a lion standing over a man. The length of the pedestal, the height of the shoulders, and the length of the statue, measured in each of their respective parts nine feet. I would venture to suggest that this statue might have reference to Daniel in the lion's den, and that formerly it stood over one of the gates, either of the palace or the hanging gardens. It is natural to suppose that so extraordinary a miracle would have been celebrated by the Babylonians, particularly as Daniel was afterwards governor of the city." Engravings of the tree and the lion are in the letterpress.

In 1826, he was aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Marquis of Wellesley, the elder brother of the Duke of Wellington, whose brilliant deeds are famed over the world. In 1829-30, the Earl made a journey in European and Asiatic Turkey, of which he published an account under the following title, which we copy: "Narrative of a Journey Across the Balkan, by the two passes Selimno and Pravadi; also a visit to Azani and other newly discovered ruins in Asia Minor, in the year 1829-30. By Major the Hon. George Keppel, F.S.A. In two vols."

In 1831, he was returned for the county of Norfolk to the first Reformed Parliament. In 1848 he was private secretary to Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, and became afterwards Member of Parliament for Lymington.

He retired from the House of Commons shortly before his elevation to the Peerage, in 1851. In 1853 the Earl published memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham. In the able speech of the Earl, relating to the "Benefit Clubs," were valuable suggestions, some of which were adopted by Mr. Gladstone in a bill before Parliament. Another eloquent speech of the Earl, which we have read on "Harvest Homes," had the effect of doing away with an old custom in England which was greatly injurious to the morality and well-being of the laboring classes. Such, in very brief and imperfect outline, are some of the works, achievements, and public services which have adorned the life of the Earl of Albemarle.

It is full worthy of historic mention in this notice that Captain George Keppel, the uncle of the present Earl of Albemarle, was commander of the British ship of war which captured the Hon. Henry Laurens, American Ambassador to Holland, in the war of the Revolution, with a full-length portrait of General Washington, designed for the Stadtholder of Holland, which led to a war with Holland on the part of England. This admirable historic portrait of Washington, represented with his right foot resting upon the English flag, is conspicuous in the art collection of the Earl of Albemarle, at his beautiful seat at Quidenham Hall, Norfolk. A note of introduction from Admiral Keppel to his elder brother, the Earl, procured for us a kind invitation to visit his Lordship's seat, on our return to England, and view this remarkable portrait, for which we are greatly indebted to the noble Earl and the members of his family, whom we had the honor to meet.

POETRY.

THE WET SHROUD.

"Ach, Sohn! was hält dich zurück?"
 "Siehe, Mutter, das sind die Thränen."
 MUTTERTHRÄNEN.

THEY gave her back again;
 They never asked to see her face;
 But gazed upon her vacant place,
 Moaning, like those in pain.

There was a brief hot thirst;
 A thirsting of the heart for streams
 Which never more eave in sweet dreams
 From that lost fount should burst.

There was a frightful cry,
 As if the whole great earth were dead;
 Yet was one arrow only sped,
 One, only, called to die.

Then all grew calm as sleep;
And they in household ways once more
Did go: the anguish half was o'er,
For they had learned to weep.

They stood about her bed,
And whispered low beneath their cloud;
For she might hear them speaking loud—
She was so near, they said.

Softly her pillow pressing,
With reverend brows they mutely lay;
They scarcely missed the risen clay
In her pure soul's caressing.

Last, from their eyes were driven
Those heart-drops, lest—so spoke their fears—
Her robes, all heavy with their tears,
Might clog her flight to Heaven!

E. L. H.

SPRING.

SPRING is coming! the sweet young Spring!
Her beauty and praise let the whole earth sing!
She's tripping along from the sunny land,
With the seeds of flowers in each lily hand,
With a smile of love, and a queenly air,
And a wreath of young violets in her hair;
There's sunlight and shade on her polished brow,
And the wind kiseth roughly her pale cheek now.

O, welcome to Spring, the laughing Spring!
For joy to each heart doth her coming bring.
Old Winter has fled to his ice-fettered zone—
His sceptre is broken, demolished his throne;
And the songs and the tears which attended his
flight

Were songs of rejoicing and tears of delight.
O, there's beauty and grace in bestowing a tear
To the farewell sigh of the Winter drear!

Thrice welcome to Spring! the emerald Spring!
Let valley and hill-top the loud welcome ring!
Whilst sweet warbling songsters their tribute-
song raise,

All tongues should be vocal with heart-gushing
praise.

How rosy the mornings! how balmy the air!
The perfume of freshness is breathed everywhere;
And the dew-spangled landscape beams soft on
the sight,

Like the eyes of a maiden, pure, sparkling and
bright.

O, welcome to Spring, the life-giving Spring!
With balm and with nectar on each zephyr's wing;
She comes to the chamber of sorrow and pain,
To quicken the hopes that have languishing lain;
The current of life in the sad heart to renew,
And mantle the cheek with health's roseate hue;
To cheer the desponding to battle again,
And polish the links in life's mystical chain.

There's a spring-time of life for the frost-bound
soil;

There's a spring-time of hope for the sons of
toil;

There's a spring-time of joy for the bleeding
heart,

For the sorrow that weeps from the world apart;

Then welcome to Spring, the glorious Spring!
Her lessons of love let us thankfully sing,
Whilst hope's golden pinions with rapture unfold,
To soar to the Spring which immortals behold.

BY REV. WILLIAM FORD.

JUPITER, AN EVENING STAR.

RULER and hero, shining in the west
With great bright eye,
Rain down thy luminous arrows in this breast
With influence calm and high,
And speak to me of many things gone by.

Rememberest thou—'tis years since, wandering
star—

Those eves in June,
When thou hung'st quivering on the tree-tops
far,

Where, with discordant tune,
Many-tongued rooks hailed the red-rising moon?

Some watched thee then with human eyes like
mine,

Whose boundless gaze
May now pierce on from orb to orb divine
Up to the Triune blaze
Of glory—nor be dazzled by its rays.

All things they know, whose wisdom seemed ob-
scure:

They, sometime blamed,
Hold our best purities as things impure:
Their star-glance, downward aimed,
Makes our most lamp-like deeds grow pale and
shamed.

Their star-glance?—What if through those rays
there gleam

Immortal eyes
Down to this dark? What if these thoughts,
that seem

Unbidden to arise,
Be souls with my soul talking from the skies?

I know not. Yet awhile, and I shall know!—
Thou, to thy place

Slow journeying back, there startingly to show
Thy orb in liquid space,

Like a familiar death-lost angel face—

O planet! thou hast blotted out whole years
Of life's dull round;

The Abel-voice of heart's blood and of tears
Sinks dumb into the ground,

And the green grass waves on with lulling sound.

LINES UPON FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

(WHO DIED 19TH NOV. 1867).

["If we never meet again, come and see me laid under the
sod of my own native village." were his sad words, spoken
to a friend when last in New York.]

CREATIVE song was thine,
With beauty's sweetest lines,
Which soothe and charm the ear,
And win our heart betimes,
In thine own native verse.

First 'mong our native bards,
Thy fame will ever be,
Who sang of Rodman Drake,
And Burns, beyond the sea,
In thine immortal verse.

The Poet's tomb is thine,
Where each shall wend his way,
Through all the coming years,
And through the live-long day,
To read thy works anew.

Not dead, but living thou,
Living for evermore,
And living still in song,
And living as of yore,
The first of living men.

By V. W. K.

POSIES FOR WEDDING-RINGS.

Thou hast my heart, till death us part.
Let us agree.
I have obtained what God ordained.
My love is true to none but you.
As sure to thee, as death to me.
Death only parts united hearts.
As true to thee, as thou to me.
Where hearts agree there God will be.
The gift is small, but love is all.
In God and thee, my joy shall be.
God did decree our union.
Endless my love, as this shall prove.
Happy in thee hath God made me.
God alone made us two one.

—Moonlight.

WOMEN.

YE are stars of the night, ye are gems of the
morn,
Ye are dew-drops whose lustre illumines the
thorn;
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
When no beam in your eye lights up peace in
the breast.
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the
heart,
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart;
'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend:
And adorn'd by the bays or enwreath'd with the
willow,
Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow.

THE BEAUTY OF THE HEBRIDES.

THE rocks of Skye were faintly burning,
As Day's red chariot westward rolled;
The wave its dashing spray was turning
To powdered rubies, dust of gold.

Alone upon those rocks, was beaming
Beauty more bright than beautiful Eve;
Such vision fancy, sweetly dreaming,
In fairyland will sometimes weave.

Slender and lithe as spring's young willow,
She stooped to gather samphire there;
The sun, half sleeping on his pillow,
Woke up to view a form so fair;

And lingered, smiling warmly, brightly,
On peach-soft cheek and rounded arms;
And as she tripped o'er rocks so lightly,
He bathed in richest beams her charms.

Back from her brow dishevel'd, glowing,
In long brown masses streamed her hair;
The breeze aside her mantle blowing,
Her tiny feet glanced white and bare.

Her eyes now rested on the ocean—
Great eyes that let out all the soul;
Her breast was like that wave in motion,
As sweetest thoughts upon her stole.

Yet naught of her own beauty dreaming,
She looked a Nereid, fairy sprite;
A lonely star, in ether gleaming,
Not more unconscious of its light.

Here life's young morning passed; the glory
Of southern climes—grand palace, tower,
To her a vague and dreamy story;
What to her heart birth, pride, or power?

The vales that boasted scanty tillage,
The venturesome fisher's sail unfurled,
The wandering goats, the mud-built village,
Seemed to her untaught soul the world.

Thus she grew, nurtured 'mid the roaring
Of that great ocean never still,
Free as the eagle sunward soaring,
Wild as the wild-flower on the hill.

Now see her nimbly, goat-like springing,
As lingering day's rich smiles depart;
Now bursts she into gleesome singing,
Venting the rapture of her heart.

O Island Beauty! would the splendor,
Wealth, pomp, by distant lands possessed,
Thy reckless life more lovely render,
Or make thy simple heart more blest?

By NICHOLAS MICHELL.

—Foreign Monthly.

LOVE AND THOUGHT.

Two well-assorted travellers use
The highway, Eros, and the Muse.
From the twins is nothing hidden,
To the pair is naught forbidden;
Hand in hand the comrades go
Every nook of Nature through;
Each for other they were born,
Each can other best adorn;
They know only one mortal grief,
Past all balsam or relief,
When, by false companions crossed,
The pilgrims have each other lost.

EMERSON.

THEBES.

We sailed by Thebes, when midnight's roof
sublime

Hung o'er the wide, dead desert and the plain,
Where rose the wrecks of warrior and sage,
Vast pyramidal tomb, dotting with age,
Huge gateway tower, stupendous colonnade,
And long sphinx avenue, shattered and decayed.

Tired with their lonely monumental reign,
Wearied with endless suns and silent time.
Ruins and stars alone loomed on the sight;
While from infinity a thousand spheres
Shed o'er the city's skeleton the light

First parted from their suns maychance in
years

When proudly reared the River Kings on high
Yon mountain relics of their majesty.

A POET in *Macmillan* thus sings: On I go,
resuming where I left off. But somehow Austria
and the song I have heard get jumbled in my
musings:

Who is Austria? what is she?
That all our swells commend her?
Doggèd, dull, and proud is she:
The heavens such gifts did lend her,
That she might destroyed be.

Say France, or Spain, or Italy,
I own the nomenclature;
For if I use my eyes, I see
These actual things in nature;
Even Russia may be said to be.

But what is Austria? Is it fair
To name among the nations
Some Germans who have clutched the hair
Of divers populations,
And, having clutched, keep tugging there?

They had their chance, for so in rough
All nations had beginning;
But Hapsburgs were not wise enough
For any solid winning,
Or else their task was overtough.

Then to Austria let us sing,
The world cannot endure her;
She is a doomed and used-up thing;
No statecraft now can cure her:
To Prussia let us garlands bring!

Mr. JOHN FLOUD expresses his private feelings
in the following verse:

I have lived so long I am weary Living,
I wish I was dead and my sins forgiven:
Then I am sure to go to heaven,
Although I lived at sixes & sevens.

A portion of poor Mr. Floud's wishes was realized very suddenly. His fatal illness of a few hours' duration, and his death, are recorded by one of the marriage house-keepers. He was

seized while celebrating a wedding. The man who records the decease only mentions it as occasioning him the loss of some marriage-fee which in the ordinary course of things would have fallen to his share.

Ocean.—Ever restless Ocean! life-pulse of Nature! Thou, like thy great Maker, knowest neither sleep nor slumber. All things rest save Thee, and rest refresheth them, but rest would be to Thee what a pause would be to the heart—stagnation and death. And so when the wearied world lies with her giant limbs relaxed in repose, thy heave is still seen and thy throbbing still heard, to tell that she "is not dead, but sleepeth!"

Not more naturally does the flame, kindled on the earth, mount up toward heaven, or the vapor on her bosom float skyward, than do the thoughts which have their origin in the contemplation of terrestrial things, rise by an almost natural necessity to their mighty primal Creator, "who dwelleth in the heavens." So from the moving ocean my thoughts passed to Him whose power first stirred it with life:

"The sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
His restless billows. Thou, whose hands have
scooped
His boundless gulfs, and built his shore, thy
breath,
That moved in the beginning o'er his face,
Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves
To its strong motion roll, and rise and fall.
Still, from that realm of ruin, thy cloud goes up,
As at the first, to water the great earth,
And keep her valleys green."

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Dramatic Studies: By AUGUSTA WEBSTER. *The Prometheus Bound of Æschylus, literally translated into English Verse*. By AUGUSTA WEBSTER. Macmillan. In her original poems there is unquestionable power. They are for the most part "dramatic monologues," after Mrs. Browning; and it may, perhaps, be considered refreshing that any minor minstrel has discovered that there is somebody besides Mr. Tennyson worth imitating. Mrs. Webster has chosen—it is the indolent habit of the day—blank verse as her vehicle: apparently the easiest, it is really the most difficult of rhythms; and the poet would be wise who resolutely refrained from writing blank verse until he had reached the age of forty. Mrs. Webster's blank verse has none of the sustained music, the organic rhythm, which is necessary to make blank verse endurable. "A Preacher," and "By the Looking Glass," are the poems which we prefer. In her rendering of the "Prometheus Bound," her version is both accurate and poetical. We quote a well-known passage, which is admirably translated.

"Oh marvellous sky, and swiftly winging winds,
And streams, and myriad laughter of sea-waves,
And universal mother earth. I call ye
And the all-seeing sun to look on me,
What I, a god, endure from other gods.

Yes, see racked with what tormentings
I must wrestle through time told by thousands
of years,

For the new king of gods has contrived for me,
Bondage thus shameful.

Woe, woe! for the pain that is on me now.
I groan, and I groan for the coming pain—
When will the end of this evil break
Like the dawn of a star in heaven?"

Mrs. Webster need not fear the comparison with
Dean Milman:

"Now let the forked whorls of fire be driven
Against me, and let the air be convulsed
With thunder and rage of boisterous winds,
Let the blast sway the earth to her lowest base,
To the very roots, let it heap the sea wave
In lashing surge on the path of heaven's stars,
Let it, whirling me high in resistless wrath,
Dash my body down to deep Tartarus—
He stays me not, do what he will."

Thus the Dean of St. Paul's:

"Aye on that head the lightnings hurl,
In sharp-edged flakes that blaze and curl,
With thunders rend the shivering heaven,
And blasts in frantic eddies driven!
The earth to its foundations bare,
Up from its roots let whirlwinds tear!
Confound wild ocean in its wrath
Even with heaven's stars in their empyreal path:
And let him hurl amid the storm
Deep, deep to Tartarus, my form;
Plunged in the gulf of dark Necessity;
Yet never, never can he make me die."

The Prince's Progress; and other Poems. By
CHRISTINA ROSETTI. London: Macmillan & Co.
No one can read Miss Rosetti's volume without
the conviction that whatever the comparative
rank to which she may be entitled, she takes an
undisputed place among true poets. Whatever
may be the indefinable criteria of poetical genius
as distinguished from clever verse-making, they
are unmistakable. Whatever the distinctive
qualities of her muse, Miss Rosetti has every
right to sing, that Wordsworth and Tennyson can
claim; no one can imagine that her thoughts
would be better said than sung. Her thought
is not so profound as Wordsworth's; her form
is not so perfect as Tennyson's; her passion is
not so intense as Byron's; her descriptive power
is inferior to that of Thomson; she has not the
humor and pathos of Hood; nor does she equal
any of these great masters in musical rhythm or
constructive power; yet is she beyond all ques-
tion a genuine poet. Her conceptions are fresh
and beautiful, and are inspired by the recognition
of underlying meanings and subtle harmonies.
Her feeling is deep and tender, although its sad-
ness is too predominant; and her verse is artistic
and musical. She sings as a bird sings, because
she must.

We have received a copy of the *Genealogical
Memoirs of the Huntington Family*. By Rev.
E. B. HUNTINGTON, A.M. This is one of the
oldest families of Connecticut, whose members
have acted conspicuous parts in church and state
from the early settlement of the country. It is a

book of great research and labor, and contains
much historic information.

In Memoriam of the Hon. David L. Seymour,
who died in October last. This neat volume is a
beautiful tribute to the personal worth of an
honorable man, whose life has been filled up
with usefulness, to a great degree, in the public
service. We knew him in Yale College, as a
hard student, almost a half a century ago, beloved
and respected. His laborious efforts in the State
convention last year, we are told, shortened his life.

SCIENCE.

The Great Eclipse.—Major Tennant is going out
to India to observe the total eclipse of August 18,
with a special view to photography and polariza-
tion; the cost of the expedition having been sanc-
tioned by the Secretary of State for India. Major
Tennant will be accompanied by three non-com-
missioned officers of the Royal Engineers, well ex-
ercised in photographic manipulation; so that good
pictures of all that takes place during this almost
unprecedented eclipse may be anticipated. The
instruments will be set up at Guntoor or Masuli-
patam. Thus, with the party under Lieut. Her-
schel, which we mentioned a fortnight since, there
will be two bodies of trained observers on watch
for phenomena. The more the better; and it
would be a great advantage to science if, along
the whole line of the eclipse, from Gondar to the New
Hebrides, where the totality begins at sunset, par-
ties were stationed to observe the eclipse hour by
hour, from its commencement to its close. Such a
series of observations would perhaps settle, once
for all, the question as to the real nature of the red
protuberances seen around the sun.

A New Hydraulic Cement.—Many excellent hy-
draulic cements are already known. A very sim-
ple and effective one has recently been added to the
number by M. Lorel. It is merely a basic hydrated
oxy-chloride of magnesium, and it is formed by
adding a more or less concentrated solution of
chloride of magnesium to magnesia. The magne-
sia may be very conveniently obtained by adding
quick-lime to the mother liquor, that is the residue
in salt works, which contains chiefly chloride of
magnesium; magnesia will precipitate, and is to
be calcined. Double chloride of calcium and
magnesium will remain in the liquid; and if chalk
or lime are added, an excellent material for harden-
ing common plaster on walls, etc., will be obtained;
or the liquid itself may be used for moistening the
materials in making the cement. Magnesium ce-
ment is extremely plastic, and forms a substance
like marble. It takes color well, and it has such
agglutinative power, that one part of it is capable
of uniting twenty parts sand. It is, therefore, ex-
pected to constitute a means of rendering building
easy, where building materials do not exist.

Printing on Glass.—Very cheap and beautiful
products are now obtained by printing on glass;
a large amount of the fine effect of stained glass
being had for a very small portion of its cost. The
inventor, M. De Mothay, uses for coloring matter
pigments mixed with a solution of silicate, or sili-
co-borate of potash and lead, and a solution of resin
in turpentine. The printing is effected with roll-
ers, and the colors are vitrified by heat, no dis-
tortion taking place.

The Eruption of Vesuvius.—The continued eruption of Vesuvius is creating considerable interest, and crowds of strangers from distant parts of the world are hastening to witness this grand effort of nature. A correspondent writes a very interesting description of the scene. He says: "Fifty miles from shore Vesuvius looks like a lighthouse, until seen through the glass, when irregular tongues of flame become visible. Twenty-five miles nearer it is seen in all its glory crowned with leaping flame and smoke, while about midway from the summit lava encircles it like a girdle of fire. To north country eyes the mountain seems to have a great bonfire on the top and a chain of coke ovens round it. So much for the sea view. Once at Naples you may drive to the foot of the mountain and then proceed on horseback. At first the road is steep and dusty, and full of stones and cinders. Then comes a tolerable bit of highway over the old lava, which is like some broad black torrent of thick mud suddenly petrified. After an ascent of about an hour and three quarters you can dismount and look down on the real lava. Last week some adventurous spirits took advantage of a lull to go partly down, and their report is that lava boils gently over the top of the crater, and, burrowing among the old lava, makes a tunnel for itself till it comes out as we saw it at the foot of the cone. There it separates into numbers of little streams about three feet deep and two feet wide. These have so little force in them that they change their direction every day, turning whenever any obstacle comes in their way. Scrambling down into the bed of the broad torrent of old lava, and walking along the smooth surface of a stream cooled since yesterday, we came close to the burning stream. It was flowing slowly on, a stream of clear red fire and the color of live coals. One of our party took a walking-stick and stirred it, bringing away a piece into which we stuck a sou. The heat was terrible. A sort of white steam, without moisture, or smoke, or blacks parching our faces, while the heat underground seemed to burn our boots. We sat and watched this for an hour, and saw a new stream break out, which had found its way under the lava for about six feet. It flowed very slowly, moving about three feet in ten minutes, and where it cooled it stood in thick leathery black folds like the corrugations of an elderly elephant's hide. We lingered until after sun-down; a single light fleecy cloud floated mysteriously toward the fiery cone—a cloud lit up by, and reflecting the shadows of the burning lava below; a mass of glowing smoke which, while converting the entire mountain into one huge pillar of fire, disguised its proportions and increased its size; a wild picture of destruction, of danger, and of desolation, recalling images of Tophet, and of the cities destroyed by fire from heaven; a standing comparison between our fleeting, petty life and the everlasting hills in the fast-deepening purple around; a longing to be silent and alone, which made the chatter of our guide, and even the grating of our horses' hoofs against the hardened lava jar harshly upon the nerves; and, above all, a solemn feeling of gratitude for the grandeur we had witnessed—were my last impressions of Vesuvius."

Ballooning.—The Aeronautical Society of Great Britain, of which the Duke of Argyle is Presi-

dent, propose to hold an exhibition of machines connected with ballooning in June. The objects to be collected are—1. Light engines and machinery; 2. Complete working aerial apparatus; 3. Models; 4. Ditto—working; 5. Plans and illustrative drawings; 6. Separate articles connected with aeronautics, including objects of interest illustrative and commemorative of previous experiments; 7. Kites or other similar apparatus proposed to be used in cases of shipwreck, traction, or in the attainment of other useful ends; 8. Painting and Drawing of cloud scenery and landscape as seen from a balloon. Four prizes are offered for various improvements in aeronautical machinery. The Shipwrecked Mariners' Society have devoted 50*l.* as a prize for "the best form of kite or other aerial arrangement, or modification thereof, for establishing a communication from a wreck on shore, or between two vessels at sea,"—the Crystal Palace Company have declared their intention of giving a prize of 50*l.* to the exhibitor of a machine to carry and be worked by a steam-engine or other motive power, which shall sustain and move itself in the air, at a height of not less than ten feet from the ground, for a period of not less than twenty minutes—the Duke of Sutherland offers a prize of 100*l.* to the inventor of a machine which, not being of the nature of a kite or balloon, shall ascend with a man to the height of 120 feet—and the Aeronautical Society offers a prize of 50*l.*, aided by the contributions of several members, to the exhibitor of the lightest engine in proportion to its power, from whatever source the power may be derived.

The natural sciences have to mourn the loss of one of their most distinguished cultivators, of a most amiable and excellent man. Prof. J. Vander Hoeven, Professor of Zoology at the University of Leyden, died on the 11th instant, at his house in Leyden. He was born at Rotterdam, on the 9th of March, 1801, and, consequently, had just completed his sixty-seventh year. He was fellow of many learned societies of his own and other countries, among the rest of the Linnean Society of London.

Molten Steel.—We read in a French contemporary that Mr. Galy Cazalat has invented an ingenious process for compressing molten steel, intended for guns, so effectually as to save all the labor of hammering. In the upper part of the mould into which the metal is run is an apparatus containing a small quantity of highly inflammable powder, which, in burning, generates gas in such quantity as to produce thereby, in a very short time, a pressure of ten atmospheres. This pressure expels the gases contained in the steel, and forces the metallic molecules in the closest union.

Palatine Hill.—Probably no ground, for its area, surpasses in archeological interest that portion of the Palatine Hill purchased by the Emperor of France from the ex-King of Naples. It is a mine of artistic wealth, teeming with statues, altars, ornaments, and rich marbles. Signor Rosa, to whom the excavations on this site are intrusted, has just discovered a large altar, bearing an inscription stating that it was erected by Cneius Domitius Calvinus, twice Vice-Consul, B.C. 53 and 40. He largely decorated the Palatine with treasures, granted to him by the Senate after the sup-

pression of the Iberian insurrection. The altar is supposed to have stood before the statue of Jupiter Victor, in the temple of that name.

Ammonia Engine.—Paris scientific papers state that M. Fort's ammonia engine, which created considerable interest at the late Paris Exhibition, has been further improved, and is likely to come into practical use. Careful experiments show that while an ordinary 15-horse power steam-engine consumes 247 kilogrammes of coal in four hours, an ammonia engine uses only 107 kilogrammes, being a saving of about sixty per cent. The objection to the use of ammonia that it destroys copper, is obviated by having all the parts of the steam-engine made of iron. The ammonia used is that known as liquid-ammonia.

Degrees of Volcanic Eruptions.—Apropos of the lion Vesuvius, now in full blast, M. Claire Deville, Member of the French Academy of Sciences, who has long investigated the phenomena of volcanoes, asserts that there exists a constant and certain relationship between the degrees of intensity of an eruption and the nature of the gaseous elements ejected from volcanic apertures. He states that, in an eruption of maximum intensity, the predominant volatile product is chloride of sodium, accompanied by other products of soda and potassium; in eruptions of a second degree, hydrochloric acid and chloride of iron predominate; in a third class of eruption, hydro-sulphuric acid and the salts of ammonia prevail; and in the last class nothing is ejected but steam, carbonic acid, and combustible gases. Thus, complete eruptions are of four degrees of intensity; and a great eruption, like that of Vesuvius at present, passes successively through these four phases, in proportion as it becomes weaker and weaker.

Recent Observations of the Moon.—At the meeting of the British Association at Belfast, in 1852, a committee was appointed to draw up a report on the physical character of the moon's surface as compared with that of the earth. In his address to the meeting, the President for the year dwelt forcibly on the interest that such a report would have for geologists and the cultivators of physical science generally. The moon presents to us the same appearance that the earth might be supposed to present if, stripped of all its sedimentary deposits—if, so to speak, the bones of the globe were all laid bare. These deposits were all formed beneath the ocean which covers so large a part of the earth's surface; the moon, as the observers assure us, has no ocean, and no sedimentary deposits; consequently, if we could get near enough, we might see plainly what its structure is, and learn something of the internal action by which its present configuration has been produced. The requisite condition of nearness being afforded by the telescope, we might, by a careful series of observations, draw a few inferences as to the action that has taken place within our own globe, and the nature and fashion of the surface hidden beneath our sedimentary deposits. Here was a promising field for research!—a prospect of increased and accurate knowledge of Tellus and Luna—of settling once for all the question of lunar seas and atmosphere—of throwing light on the very

primeval history of the earth, and of seeing a map constructed of its hidden configuration, and thereby ascertaining whether it presents any likeness to the moon. It is not surprising that observatories in different parts of the world promised to co-operate in the observations. The promises, however, were not fulfilled, and the hopes entertained of a speedy accomplishment of the much-desired object were disappointed. But there was one noteworthy exception. Prof. Phillips has, however, set himself to the task, and on all favorable opportunities has worked at it ever since. He has made numerous drawings of different parts of the moon's surface, and, representing the same object as seen by morning light and afternoon light, he reverses the shadows, and obtains a more accurate knowledge of the real form of mountains and craters than is possible with a single light. In a short paper read lately at the Royal Society, Prof. Phillips has embodied some of his principal results. Taken together with the drawings, it may be regarded as a report of progress, for it records the amount of work accomplished, and describes clearly the manner in which the work should be carried on. "Shadows thrown from objects on the moon (says Prof. Phillips) have exactly the same character as those observable on the earth, they are all margined by the penumbra due to the sun's diametral aspect; but in consequence of the smaller diameter and more rapid curvature of the moon's surface, the penumbral space is narrower. At the boundary of light and shade, on a broad gray level tract, the penumbral space is about nine miles broad, undefined, but perfectly sensible in the general effect, and worthy of special attention, while endeavoring to trace the minute ridges or smooth banks which make some of these surfaces resemble the post-glacial plains of North Germany, or central Ireland, or the southern parts of the United States, which, within a thousand centuries, may have been deserted by the sea."

VARIETIES.

The New York Historical Society.—At the last monthly meeting of this Society, an admirable historic paper on the Life and Times of Increase Mather was read by Prof. Henry B. Smith, of the Union Theological Seminary. Prof. Smith has, we believe, no superior as an ecclesiastical historian in this country, and few anywhere else. The paper was an ample vindication of the Mathers of the olden time in their character, public life, and influence in colonial times. A previous paper had been read, reflecting severely on Cotton Mather and the Puritans in connection with the witchcraft of those days. The able vindication by Prof. Smith seemed to cover the whole ground, and shut up the mouths of gainsayers, in a clear, courteous, and satisfactory manner.

Art Galleries of William Schaus.—We take pleasure in calling attention to the beautiful galleries of William Schaus at No. 749 Broadway, fully advertised in the April edition. It will be seen by reading the advertisement how rich

and extensive is his collection of engravings and artists' materials, and how much there is to admire in the fields of art on exhibition at the rooms of Mr. Schans. Our friends will be amply repaid by calling in to admire the works of art for themselves. The gentlemanly manager and his assistants are at the rooms.

The Academy of Design.—The forty-third annual exhibition of the New York Academy of Design was opened on the evening of April 14th to a private view of a few hundreds of invited guests. A brilliant assembly of ladies and gentlemen were present to grace the art saloons, though, by reason of the rain, the evening was adverse. A rich art enjoyment seemed to sit on the brows of all present, with a marked feeling of approbation of this, on the whole, best of the annual exhibitions of the Academy. The managers have good reason to be satisfied with their labors for the appreciation of the public. The genius of art lifts her standard higher and higher each year. The catalogues were not ready, but will be on the morrow, and the doors will be opened to the public. We have only time and room in this number for a brief notice of a few of the works. The number of good portraits is remarkable. We can only mention a few: Wm. H. Macy, a full length by Huntington; Dr. Edward Delafeld, a full length by Thomas Hicks; Parke Godwin, a very strong bust picture by Le Clear; E. V. Haughwout, a full length by Huntington; Egbert Egberts, a full size by Elliott; Solon Robinson, a full size by Carpenter; a daughter of Governor Fenton, one of the happiest of Huntington's efforts; Mrs. Governor Morgan, by George A. Baker, who also has a portrait of Henry Peters Gray; Erastus Corning, one of the best of Elliott's portraits. A spirited portrait of Mr. Bryant by Frank Buchser represents him as just having written the line, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," etc. He holds the manuscript in his left hand, and his pencil in the right. We shall notice further in our next.

A very remarkable gold coin has recently been brought to this country from India. Its value and importance appear in a few words of description communicated by General A. Cunningham. "But what," he writes, "is a double gold mohur compared to the great gold Eucratides which has just been brought from Bokhara by Aga Zebalun Bokhari? It is two inches and a half in diameter, and weighs ten *slata*, or eleven *guineas*! It has the usual helmeted head on one side, with the horsemen and inscription on the reverse. The owner has refused 700*l.* for it. It is genuine, and beats all the Greek coins hitherto discovered."

Consumption of Tobacco in France.—As an appendix to your note on the consumption of tobacco in England in 1865, inserted in your "Weekly Gossip" of March 7, I send you the following curious calculations, founded on the official returns of the French Government, of the consumption of tobacco in France in 1864, the French weights and measures being converted into English. In the year mentioned the French people consumed in the form of snuff 15,398,948 lb. of tobacco, representing thirty columns, each equal to the Column Vendôme (say the Duke of York's Column). They smoked 86,881,820 lb., sufficient to construct

in a compressed mass the Arch of Triumph de l'Étoile (say a mass twice the size of our Marble Arch). Besides this, they smoked 55,000 lb. of cigars at four sous each, which laid end to end would measure 398 miles, the distance from Paris to Bayonne nearly; of three sous cigars 126,000 lb., in length 992 miles, the distance from Paris to St. Petersburg; of two sous cigars 356,000, in length 2,357 miles, the distance from Paris to Teheran; of cigars at one sou, weighing 5,469,170 lb., in length 42,725 miles, or about twice the circuit of the globe. The total consumption of tobacco in snuffing and smoking in 1864 was 55,287,950 lb., or about twenty ounces per head—nearly the same as in England, where the consumption in 1865 per head (per mouth and nostril) was twenty-one ounces. We have not the data to enable us to make similar calculations for this country; but the 49,000,000 lb. consumed in 1865 in snuff and tobacco would give at least the representation of twenty-five London Monuments, a Temple Bar and the four lines of Trafalgar Square. Our cigars laid end to end would not extend so far as the French ones, but at the least they would represent a double set of rails from the Land's End to John o'Groat's, and branch lines to our principal seaports into the bargain.

J. K.

M. DUPREZ, whose energy is one of the most remarkable manifestations in the world of music that we can call to mind, has been writing an oratorio, inspired by Michael Angelo's picture, on no less portentous a subject than "The Last Judgment." This is shortly to be performed in Paris.

Influence of the Theatre.—To the dramatic treatment of history or of truth there is clearly no objection. Shakespeare's historical plays give, as is admitted on all sides, a better idea of English history than the old chroniclers. Parables well spoken or carefully penned are dramas, and all great teachers have used them. To the reading of dramas there can be no objection, provided we recognize certain conditions. Let the principal agents be virtuous, and the sentiments pure and noble; or, if they describe character or manners, the working of passion, in fact, as found in actual life, let them be truthful; and let them be read by those who are of an age to appreciate the thought, and who are not likely to receive mischief from the descriptions. Or, if they are dramas of wit and humor, intended for amusement and relaxation, then let them be read sparingly, and be made a relaxation and not a business. Even if they portray vice, they may be cautiously read, if they render it loathsome, and if the study is likely to help the reader to such knowledge of human nature as may fit him the better for real life. Subject to these conditions, the drama is, theoretically speaking, as harmless and as allowable as a novel, or a story, or a poem. But, as we have seen, many dramas are objectionable, and violate one or other of the four conditions we have ventured to describe. To dramas as acted, however—that is, to the theatre—there are serious objections. The company, the associations, the sensuousness of the whole scene, have most of them come to be mischievous; while the plays that are most popular are often questionable in character and lowering in tendency. Congreve, indeed,

defended the theatre in this respect by defining comedy, after Aristotle, as "the imitation of what is worse in human nature." But this remark, though a learned excuse for himself, is no plea for the stage. It is the opposite, and forms one ground of our censure. And even, if, by chance, the theatre teaches great truths, it fails to impress them upon the mind. The accompaniments, as Johnson held, distract attention and weaken impression. Its best defence is that it is a recreation; and, it is added, it may be a harmless recreation. But even if particular plays be harmless, it would be much better to seek recreation in what is less sensuous, more helpful to the cultivation of true taste, less injurious to our youth, and free from the fearful risks which experience and history have shown to be connected with the stage. In all this reasoning we have purposely taken the lowest ground. No argument against the theatre has been advanced which may not be conceded on the ground of morality alone; and, in fact, every argument has been conceded by moralists, and even by playwrights. If the theatre be estimated from a religious point of view, from its tendency to promote or to hinder the tastes and aspirations of spiritual life, our judgment becomes much more decided. It is not that religion is a system of gloomy restrictions. The delights of friendship and society, the exercise of every faculty in the investigation of philosophy, in the study of literature, or in the cultivation of taste, all arts and all knowledge, are within the range of the enjoyments it allows. Nothing is forbidden but what is evil either in itself or in its influence. Nor is it that religion is not aided by whatever can adorn and refine. The most exquisite relish for the grace and beauty of life is so far from being opposed to exalted piety, that they tend, under proper regulations, to elevate and perfect one another. But, in fact, a really earnest, spiritual man has no taste for such enjoyment as the theatre presents. It affords him no relaxation or pleasure. And if, through the decay of piety, he does find enjoyment there, his whole tone of character is lowered, his consistency and power of usefulness are diminished, and at length the vigor and the influence of his spiritual life will be lost. Religious instincts are, in this case, a safe guide; and if men set them at naught, their violation will be followed by rapid deterioration and bitter experience.—*Angus's "Handbook of English Literature."*

A Wife's Power.—The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness or it must be unknown forever. A good wife is to a man wisdom and courage, strength and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture and despair.

No condition is hopeless where the wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can bear bad domestic influences. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action; but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind and whole heart. He needs his moral in the conflicts of the world. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be a place of repose, cheerfulness, peace, comfort; and his soul renews its strength again, and goes

forth with fresh vigor to encounter the troubles and labors of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, or gloom, or complaint, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

Lake of Boiling Water.—The La Crosse, Wisconsin, *Democrat*, tells the following story: "This afternoon, about 2 o'clock, the residents of the eastern part of the city were startled by a loud report, resembling the discharge of a park of the heaviest artillery. Many supposed it to be occasioned by blasting operations at the stone quarries east of the city, but the fact was soon ascertained that the explosion occurred at the artesian well that has been sunk to the depth of two hundred and eighty feet, and situated about midway between the river and the bluffs. The workmen at the well became sensible of a remarkable change going on within the bore. The drill had been working through a substratum of dark porous rock for five hours, and had been making rapid progress, when suddenly the machinery stopped, the rods became violently agitated, and a deafening explosion ensued, followed by a stream of boiling water, gushing with mighty force through the tube from the depths below. The startled workmen were blinded by clouds of steam. George Hayes, the workman in charge of the drill at the time, had a very narrow escape. He received a jet of boiling water in his neck and breast, but was partially protected by heavy woollen clothing. William Marks, another operative, was badly scalded about the feet and ankles. Patrick Cox, Andrew Parkman, and Karl Snyder, the remaining workmen, were but slightly injured. The horses became panic-stricken, and reared and plunged violently, and extricating themselves from the harness, dashed madly over the frozen prairie in the direction of the bluffs."

Precious Stones.—Mr. Crawford gives the following details with respect to the sapphire and ruby mines of Ava: "The precious stones ascertained to exist in the Burmese territory are chiefly those of the sapphire family, and the spinel ruby. They are found at two places, not very distant from each other, called Mogaut and Kyatpean, about five days' journey from the capital, in an E.S.E. direction. From what I could learn, the gems are not obtained by any regular mining operations, but by digging and washing the gravel in the beds of rivulets or small brooks. All the varieties of the sapphire, as well as the spinel, are found together, and along with them large quantities of corundum. The varieties ascertained to exist are the Oriental sapphire, the Oriental ruby or red stone, the opalescent ruby or cat's-eye ruby, the star ruby, the green, the yellow, and the white sapphires, and the Oriental amethyst. The common sapphire is by far the most frequent, but, in comparison with the ruby, is very little prized by the Burmese, in which they agree with other nations. I brought home with me several of great size, the largest weighing no less than 3630 grains, or above 907 carats. The spinel ruby is not unfrequent in Ava, but is not much valued by the natives. I brought with me to England a perfect specimen, both as to color and freedom from flaws, weighing 22 carats. The

sapphire and ruby mines are considered the property of the king; at least he lays claim to all stones that exceed in value a *visa* of silver, or 100 *ticals*. The miners, it appears, endeavor to evade this law by breaking the large stones into fragments. In the royal treasury there are, notwithstanding, many fine stones of both descriptions. The year before our visit, the king received from the mines a ruby weighing 124 grains; and the year preceding that eight good ones, but of smaller size. No stranger is permitted to visit the mines; even the Chinese and Mohammedans residing at Ava are carefully excluded."

Mont Cenis Tunnel to be Completed in Four Years.—The prosecution of the works at the Mont Cenis Tunnel has passed into the hands of a company, having at its head the two engineers Sommeiller and Grattoni. The company undertakes to finish the tunnel in four years from the 1st of January last, and to pay a stipulated sum for every month beyond that time during which it shall not have been completed, while, on the other hand, should the work be finished before that time, the company is to receive the same amount for every month gained. It is stated that the chief difficulties lie on the Italian side of the mountain, where, in consequence of the greater hardness of the rocks, the cost of tunnelling is about £72,000 per kilometre, whereas on the French side the cost is only from £10,000 to £12,000.

Paying the Penalty in Advance.—The lease of a piece of ground at the west of London was recently offered for sale by auction, and one of the conditions of sale imposed a penalty of £1,000 on any attempt to turn it into a brickfield. The lease was sold to an American gentleman for £1,200, and on signing to complete the purchase, he handed the agent a cheque for £2,200. "The sum is only £1,200," said the man of business; "here is a mistake of £1,000." "No mistake at all," said the buyer. "I am going to turn it into a brickfield." And turn it into a brickfield he did, although threatened with innumerable actions by the residents around. The fact was, he had discovered that once a part of it had been used for that purpose, and so he could not be indicted as a nuisance by those who protested. From this very field is built a great part of the noblest metropolitan suburbs of London.

Determination.—"The longer I live," says Sir T. F. Buxton, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed in, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

Geological Changes in Italy.—The curious geological changes that have been remarked from time to time in the north of Italy, and especially on the shores of the lakes in that part of the country, are now attracting more than ordinary attention. An hotel, built many years ago at Dossenzano, on the shore of the Lake Garda, is gradually sinking at the rate of six inches daily, and the ground-floor has already disappeared. The immersion is

taking place imperceptibly, and without any shock. A scientific commission from Milan has been appointed to examine and report upon the phenomenon.

The Imperial Ball at the Tuileries.—At this last ball of the season, some Americans were presented on the occasion, and among the number Mr. F. C. Chickering of New York, with Mrs. Chickering, and their niece, Miss Lilian Chickering. The ladies were most tastefully and richly dressed, the toilette of Mrs. Chickering being one of the most beautiful in the imperial salons. It was of pink silk, cut in the Pompadour style, with rows of deep *point d'Alençon* upon the skirt, over which was *tulle diamanté*. The lady's *coiffure* was formed of pink ostrich plumes, and a rich aigrette of jewels; the hair being like the dress, à la Pompadour. Miss Chickering was dressed in white, wearing one of those *toilettes de demoiselles* which the French *couturières* know so well how to render rich and yet simple. It was noticeable that whereas, on former occasions, the Parisiennes seemed to appear in less beautiful toilettes, they were resplendent at this ball. The Empress, who wore a magnificent toilette of white silk, relieved with silver, was literally ablaze with jewels. Her tiara was a shining light. Around her neck she wore a pearl *collier* of fabulous price, and the corsage of her robe was a mass of diamonds. The Princess Metternich, as usual, created a sensation, by the eccentricity of her toilette. Over a white silk skirt, she wore a tunic of green satin, trimmed with sable. Her *coiffure* was formed of green ostrich plumes and diamonds. Spite of the fact that there was far on the dress, it seemed inconceivably light and elegant. The Misses Beckwith were at this ball, and attracted much attention by their beautiful toilettes.

Learn all you can.—Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that even in the stage-coach he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is therefore a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom we think to be ignorant; for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you some things, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are by persons of this kind, respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was journeyman stone mason, and in a quarry. Socrates well said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make up the heap. A gold-digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a large lump some time. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over good or instructive talking with the first you meet.

Collieries.—There are in the United Kingdom considerably above 3,000 collieries, which have a value of more than £100,000,000 sterling; and in these are employed about 320,000 men and boys.



ENGRAVED FOR THE GAZETTE OF FRANCE.

NAPOLEON IN THE PRISON OF NICE. 1804.

